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# THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

324th HEAVY FIELD ARTILLERY  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES



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# THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

Three Hundred and Twenty-Fourth  
Heavy Field Artillery

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Served with the 32nd Division and 4th Army Corps in the Argonne Sector, operations around Montfaucon. With the 18th French Division, 17th French Corps, and 29th Division U. S. A., west of the Meuse and north of the Verdun Sector in operations culminating in the capture of Grande Montagne and Bois d'Etraye, supporting also the 26th Division U. S. A. With the 32nd Division, 3rd Army Corps, west of the Meuse and operations thereafter up to the signing of the Armistice, at which time the Regiment was attacking from the Bois d'Ecurey. Marched with the 3rd Army into Germany and served with the Army of Occupation as part of the 32nd Division Artillery.



Officially Published by the Battery

September 1st, 1919

151-24  
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NOV 14 1919

PRINTED BY  
HYDE BROTHERS, MARIETTA, OHIO

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THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



MAJOR ALFRED L. RICHMOND

## Dedication

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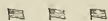
We, the men of Battery D, dedicate this book to our former Captain, Major Alfred L. Richmond.

It is a battery book in the sense that it is the work of, and represents chiefly the experiences and the sentiments of, the enlisted men in the battery.

We are not dedicating it to Major Richmond so much because he organized us as a battery and remained with us through the larger part of our time in the army. Nor so much because of his exceptionally clear and well-trained intellect, which signalized him as an officer of Artillery and obtained him his transfer to the post of Operation Officer on the brigade staff, and later a majorship. No. For this would be out of a sense of duty, and heaven knows that to a man we are fed up on military duty.

But because through his gentleness, through his consideration and his justness, and through his manifest care for our individual wellbeing, he has won our lasting affection and esteem.

# In Memoriam



FRANK J. HENN

CHARLES E. HINKLE

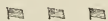
CLYDE D. LIVINGSTON

CHARLES R. LOONEY

CALVIN R. OVERHOLSER

GEORGE L. VINSON

HARRY G. WRIGHT





## In Memoriam

From factory, school, office and farm we came together into Battery D. Together for a time we played the soldiers role—endured the fatigue of it, tensed to its dangers, traveled a share of the world, enjoyed the soldiers fun. It was a good fellowship; and now we have come back again to the old life, richer in experience,—if not better men.

But these fell by the wayside—

It is of little purport how and when they fell. Some by disease, some by sheer accident, one on the field of battle. They gave their lives for you and for me, for the welfare of our country, for the welfare of humanity.

We will remember each one's smile. We will remember each one's generosity toward us, and the evident love each one bore for certain dear mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and sweet-hearts at home. We make loving record of their service. Each in his own way made the great surrender

“to light men's feet,  
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.”

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



BATTERY D, DURING THE WINTER OF '17-'18, AT CAMP SHERMAN, OHIO

# HISTORY



## Historical Foreword

Four years of terrible misery and struggling between the Allied and Central Powers of Europe had almost passed when our Nation was brought face to face with a situation which involved our neutrality; and, furthermore, demanded either concessions by Germany in regards to her cruel methods of warfare, or inevitable war between Germany and the United States. The administration which controlled the welfare of our Country had adopted a policy of watchful waiting. Reams of note paper had passed between the two governments. Finally, however, the United States awoke to her duty, and, in April 1917, War was formally declared against the German Empire.

We have neither time nor space to record in our History the development of the events which followed. But one of the gigantic tasks which was undertaken by the United States was for us to mobilize man power enough so as to enforce the demands we had made on Germany.

At the time war was declared the standing army of our Country was a very small one. We only had some 60,000 Regulars, and these were so scattered along our coasts and in our island possessions that their strength was insignificant. Yes, we had the National Guard units whose numbers were about 40,000. But the sum total of all available troops was a mere bit in comparison to the millions of veterans on the Western and other Fronts.

It was apparent that if the United States was to take a prominent part in the War our Army would have to mobilize troops by the millions. And it was done, and done so successfully that the war was brought to an end much quicker than even our military experts had dared to hope.

Conscription is the only method a nation can adopt when the emergency requires the greatest of exertion. So on June 5th in 1917 all men between the ages of 21 and 31 were required to register with the local draft board in their immediate counties. After the completion of this registration ten million were found available for service. Men from every walk of life; men who had no previous military training; men who in the role of civilians had helped to mold our nation into the greatest and best of modern states; and who, when asked to protest the Nation's honor and integrity, eagerly applied themselves so diligently and so earnestly that on November the 11th, in 1918, just nineteen months after we had entered the war, the Central Powers of Europe were forced to sign an armistice.

During the year 1917 our Nation sent three of the Regular Divisions over seas. These men were the forerunners of the great army that followed. They inspired and instilled confidence in our allied armies, which had so valiantly defended the world's democracy for four long years of most awful warfare, so that the lines were held until the American hordes could arrive to turn the defensive fighting into offensive and hence victory.

In the spring of 1918 our National Army Divisions, as well as those of the National Guard, began arriving in France. By June they were in the field and in July our Army of two million men, which comprised the American Expeditionary Forces, became the controlling factor in turning the Huns back.

This, in general, shows the development of the National Army of the United States. As a whole it was the chief factor of our success abroad. The ranks of every Division "over seas" contained men who had been drafted. Regular Army and National Guard Divisions could not have been brought to full strength without them. And the effectiveness of the National Army divisions themselves is proven by their individual records. So, in writing the History of our own Battery, we are justly proud of recording a brief outline of the efficient body of soldiers of which we were but a small unit.

## Introductory to History

By Major Alfred L. Richmond

The history of an organization is the result of the daily accomplishment of each individual member of the unit, and, therefore, each person whether he has been with the organization continually or for a short period of time can feel that he personally has to a greater or less degree contributed his part to the forming of its historical character.

Battery D, 324th F. A., being a National Army Organization, its personnel came from all walks of life and were thrown together under conditions strange to all of them. They were to live together for an indefinite length of time in a very intimate relationship, enjoying pleasure, enduring hardships and privations, and making personal sacrifices for the common good. The ultimate result of all of this is an individual character slightly different from that which you possessed before entering the military service. Involuntarily you have now acquired a broader view of life, a better understanding of human nature, an education beyond the power of books, and, above all, a comradeship which you will cherish throughout life. Thus each one in contributing his share to the character of the unit has in return received a commensurate value for the building of his own personality.

Although it has not been my pleasure to command the battery from start to finish I can claim the start and about thirteen months out of its twenty-one months of existence. During the remainder of the time I have been able to watch its progress with keen interest and have always felt the closest relationship with the organization.

The period of service for the battery may be divided into three parts, namely; organization and training in the United States; training in France; and service at the front including the march to the Rhine and occupation of the Coblenz bridgehead. Each of these periods have been marked by a commendable spirit of cooperation and devotion to duty, and the final result has been the achievement of success and an unblemished record of which anyone may be justly proud.

Your military duties are now at an end and with your return to civil life it is my sincere wish that each one in his individual pursuits may have equal success to that which you have made possible for the battery to attain.



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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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# Battery History

September 5th, 1917 to June 5th, 1919

### Organization

D Battery was the first unit of the 324th Field Artillery (Heavy) to be organized. The first quota of men from Clark and Licking Counties arrived September 5, 1917. The officers at the time were; Captain A. L. Richmond, First Lieutenant Hole and Second Lieutenants Thompson, Feldman and Bevington. The first thing to be done was to clean up in and around the newly completed barracks. At the first formation the command "cover off" was given and immediately every rookie's hat came off.

On September 20th and 21st the second quota came. After the men had been examined, vaccinated and "shot in the back" they were ready for work, and drill started in earnest. On October 3rd and 4th the last quota arrived. The Battery was now full strength. Close order drill, gun drill and sitting up exercises filled every minute of the day. Gradually from a group of assorted individuals arose a working unit. The men were learning how essential it was that every man should play a definite part in the machinery of war.

### Division Reviews

On October 16th, the first Division Review was held by Major General Glenn. Battery D. was especially recommended by him in a letter to Colonel Ashburn. This high praise did much to increase the esprit de corps we were beginning to acquire. This feeling was always strong in the battery and did much to preserve the feeling of unity which characterized always its work. October was the month of reviews. On the twenty-second there was one for Governor Cox and on the twenty sixth another for Assistant Secretary of War Crowell and General Chamberlin.

November 3, 1917 Captain Tommy Martin came to the regiment; he was a skilled French Artillery officer and now the work took on a different tone. He pointed out the errors in the dugout Batteries C and D constructed along the Scioto. Then came some out of date Russian pieces. Every one in the battery learned to use the panoramic sight and lay the gun. Some real progress along strictly Artillery lines could be noticed.

### Second Platoon goes to Columbus

On Thanksgiving day Lieutenant Thompson's platoon, the second, went to Columbus to partake in the big celebration held there. The platoon had been chosen as one of the three best platoons in the regiment and hence qualified to parade in Columbus. With sharply creased blouses and breeches, glistening puttees and shoes—for in those days a buck could wear leather puttees—the platoon was a credit not only to the battery but to the regiment. Unfortunately in Columbus some committee had fallen down and after a big parade only a small box lunch was furnished. In the afternoon a boxing tournament was put on to show the results of Johnny Kilbane's instruction. At Camp Sherman the remainder of the battery feasted on turkey and all the trimmings.

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### First Quarantine

On December 16th, Battery D was quarantined for the first time, due to an outbreak of mumps and measles. This was the beginning of the imprisonment of the battery for that long cold winter of 1917-18. The first quarantine lasted three weeks and then was lifted. Despite the quarantine part of the men, about thirty per-cent got to go home for the Christmas holidays but the remainder spent the time quarantined in the barracks. In spite of that, however, a holiday spirit prevailed, the mess hall was completely decorated and the Christmas dinner, which Sergeant Arthur put out, was one long to be remembered. The quarantine was lifted early in January but only for a day or two and then was clamped back on due to suspected out break of scarlet fever. At this time the whole camp was quarantined.

### Artillery Range

In January a detail of men from D went to Stoney Creek—also called Pride—Ohio to make an artillery range for the 158th F. A. Brigade. It was bitterly cold and the snow was deep but the men worked hard and the range was completed early in February. On February 9, the battery having had a few days freedom was again quarantined. A big party had been scheduled for February 16th and 17th but the quarantine was extended an extra week so this dance never came off. On February 23, 1918 two 4.7" howitzers arrived and now the regiment could boast of real high caliber guns.

### Hikes and Gas

In March, hikes began in earnest and the men learned how to build fires for individual cooking, how to march with the least fatigue, how to go into battery position, and the rudimentary principles of locating a battery and digging in. The men thoroughly enjoyed this phase of the training and entered into it with much zest. Some months later when the battery was going into position along the Meuse river many laughing comparisons were made to the all day hikes at Camp Sherman. Running true to form the battery was quarantined for scarlet fever March 4 but this was the last time and lasted only one week. On March 25 gas instruction started. For a week nothing was talked of but chlorine, phosgene, sneezing gas, and tear gas, and gas masks were worn at all times. Finally the test of actual gas in the trenches was given, the men standing in them while they were filled with gas from a gas wave attack. Earlier the battery had gone through the "Gas house."

### Rifle Range

April was largely taken up with rifle instruction and work on the range. For a week, daily instruction, lectures and then practice in sighting, position and trigger squeeze, under the direction of Lieutenant Colonel McNab. From April 15 to April 23 the battery was on rifle range at Mount Logan. Reveille blew at five, then breakfast, and with packs the men marched to the range a distance of about five miles. The regular course was fired, the men making splendid records, especially so considering that few of the men had ever used a rifle. The first few days a high percentage of the blisters resulted from the strenuous hiking but the men soon became hardened. No one has forgotten, it is hoped, how big Ed Nethers shot the "bar" winning commendation from the Colonel; also how good those apple pies the farmer's wives baked for the hungry crowd. On April 30, the first night hike took place,

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about twelve miles were covered. The purpose of the night hikes was to train the men for work on the front since all marching there had to be done at night and with no lights.

### On the Artillery Range

On May 3 Batteries C and D marched with full packs to the Artillery range at Stoney Creek. The men now had a chance to really put into practice the principles of artillery fire. Work was varied, everyone had a turn at digging trenches, ammunition pits and dugouts; practice in telephone work was had; and the men were given an opportunity to witness the effect of shell fire. Much swimming and fishing occupied the time for recreation and the men felt the two weeks at the range was more like a camping trip for pleasure than army training for the work had been so planned and was so varied it did not become monotonous. May 9, 1918 a consignment of forty recruits from the 158th Depot Brigade arrived; they did not go to the artillery range but started in with their course on the rifle range. The training given the recruits was very intensive. Upon the Battery's return from Stoney Creek the recruits were mixed with the more experienced men and they learned gun drill in surprisingly short order. About May 20th word came that the regiment would leave shortly, everything was at high tension; inspections began to be almost daily occurrences, men were routed out at twelve and one A. M. to draw a hat cord or shoe laces. Never was there better spirit for all the men were anxious to get across. At that time the German menace to the Allies was great; their line was gradually moving toward Paris and seemed only checked not halted. Everyone wanted to go across in a hurry to do something.

### Our Last Sunday in Camp Sherman

On Sunday, June 2, Section S was crowded with friends and relatives for it had been announced that no more visitors would be allowed after taps Sunday night. The barracks was filled all day with visitors. In the evening the band gave a concert. It was hard to say good bye and a good many people had trouble swallowing that lump in their throats. The next morning field mass was given by the chaplain and the final packing done. D Battery left on the first train which pulled out at noon; going over the Pennsylvania route from Columbus to New York, Camp Mills was reached the afternoon of the fourth. Here the regiment remained until June 11th. Much new clothing was issued and there were two physical inspections so the men were all prepared for overseas service. About half of the Battery got to see the Great White Way since ten per cent could have passes each day. On the morning of June 11, the Battery left Camp Mills, embarking from Hoboken at noon.

### Embarkation

On the eleventh day of June we embarked on the British steamer Leicestershire which was waiting at the pier for its human cargo of men who were destined to play a very important part in the great conflict then raging in Europe. After taking our equipment to the place which had been assigned to us, we returned to the upper deck from where we could get a view of the harbor of the great metropolis. It was from here that we saw our first camouflage as it was used in the great fleet of ships, both merchant and naval, that carried supplies and soldiers to and from Europe. Every ship of any size was covered with irregular patches of gaudy colors. This method of painting made it nearly im-





Above:—Lt. Crego givin 'em "By the numbers".  
Below:—The field kitchen on a hike.

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possible to see a boat at any distance as the colors used blended with the surroundings in such a manner that it was hard to distinguish the outline of the ship unless only a short distance from it.

### The "Frog" Steamer

While we were still on deck a French passenger steamer moved slowly away from the adjacent pier. We all seemed to be more or less interested in this ship because we realized that we, too, would soon start on a dangerous voyage across the great Atlantic. So when the boat steamed away there was a continuous exchange of farewells.

### Amusement on Board

As there was no other source of amusement singing was soon heard from all parts of the boat. Everyone joined in on some old familiar melody and forgot himself for the time being. This continued until rather late at night. Eventually all wended their way to the different holds and prepared to take a snooze in the hammocks. This was the first time most of us had had the opportunity of sleeping in a hammock on a boat. These hammocks, as you probably remember, were hung on hooks which were fastened onto heavy timbers in the top of the holds. None complained of having too much room for we were certainly crowded to the limit.

### We're Off

After a short nights rest we were out bright and early on the morning of the twelfth but were soon ordered below. At six o'clock the machinery was put into motion and soon the boat began slowly but surely to move away from the pier. It wasn't long before we were permitted to come on deck and view the sights about us. There we were in the midst of a convoy of some thirty or more transports and destroyers. The destroyers were to accompany us on the voyage for the purpose of protecting us against attacks by submarines.

### Last Sight of Land

As the whole convoy slowly moved down the harbor we took our last look at old New York. On and on through the fog, we finally came to the Statue of Liberty. There it was showing faintly through the briny mist. All eyes strained to get a glimpse of the wonderful Statue. What a thrill came over us when we beheld "Miss Liberty," realizing that we were off on a perilous journey to the assistance of the Republic, then in dire need of help, which gave to our own great nation, this wonderful Statue. It was now that many of us first began to realize how hard it was to leave those things which had meant so much to us. Soon, however, the shores of the United States disappeared from sight and we were riding the the foaming waves of the ocean headed for "Over There".

### Sea Sickness

We hadn't been many hours at sea when it seemed as though our stomachs had forgotten their duty. We began to "feed the fish" and in no selfish manner either. Most of us still remember that awful sickness. The first few hours we were afraid we would "croak" and next several we were afraid we wouldn't "croak"; so terrible was our sickness.

### Ben Musser Stars

The first to fall a victim of this sickness was Ben Musser. I shall never forget the picture Ben presented as he sat on the steps, eyes

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closed, elbow on knee, head in one hand and his rifle in the other. It seemed as though Ben had been deserted by his last friend. But far from it for many more were feeling just as Ben did. R. J. Herrick soon contributed his meal to the fish. From this time until most of us had got back on our feet again, you could hear many shouts of, "two bits he comes" etc.

### Boat Discipline

As soon as we had sufficiently recovered from our attack of sea sickness we were given drills for the purpose of keeping us in condition and also to get us familiar to moving about the boat so that when an alarm sounded we could get to our proper places with little loss of time. After a few drills we could all clear out of the holds and get to our proper places on deck in about three minutes. This pleased the Captain of the ship quite well.

### Inspection on Board

Upon leaving Camp Mills we thought we were through with inspections until we arrived in Europe. We were disappointed because the entire ship was inspected daily. This necessitated a thorough cleaning every morning. So it fell to those who weren't sick to clean the boat. This cleaning was quite necessary as the lives of everyone on board would have been dangerous with the filth that collects on the boat.

### Precautions

Owing to the danger from the subs we weren't permitted to have lights on deck after night. This was quite a hardship on the smokers as they had to crowd in the hatchways and each take his turn to get a "drag" on the "pimp". Everyone realized the necessity of such orders and so all kept a watch lest some one forget. This prevented the boats from being sighted by subs after dark.

### Submarines

During the entire time we were on the boat there were men and officers who did nothing but keep a constant watch for the dreaded submarines. During a foggy day some of the officers, who were on guard, saw what they thought to be a torpedo coming toward the ship. Immediately they shouted, "Submarine! Submarine!". Needless to say that everybody was excited. Upon turning our eyes to the rear we soon recognized the "submarine" to be nothing but the ship's log. This was the only sub scare we had. The much dreaded submarine failed to materialize and so we were deprived of the privilege of seeing one.

### The "San Diego"

There were several reasons why the subs made themselves scarce. One of the chief reasons was the San Diego, which battle cruiser was ploughing the water in search of game in the form of under-sea craft. But despite the protection which she gave us she was sent to the bottom of the ocean on her return trip, a victim of the game she was playing.

### Armament

Some other very good reasons for the shyness of the subs were the destroyers, sub chasers and the big guns which fired the much dreaded "depth bomb." There were four of these guns on our ship and they were ever ready to hurl their projectile at an unsuspecting submarine.

### Ship's Canteen

Although far from land we could still line up for canteen supplies

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just as we had done many times previous to our sailing. From early in the morning until the supplies were all sold there was a line of soldiers waiting their turn to purchase tobacco, cigarettes, apples, oranges, pop, etc., which were sold by the Englishmen who operated the Canteen. Many an American dollar was spent for smokes, eats and drinks which were sold at a very good profit. This was the first of a series of robberies we bumped up against on our trip.

### The "Y"

When we got tired of looking for whales, sharks, subs, we could get a good book at the "Y". Many were the hours spent in reading some interesting story as related by some novelist. Here the "Y" did a good service which was appreciated by all.

### "Chow" ! ! ? !

An army fights on its stomach—Napoleon. From the way we were fed we are doubtful about the amount of fighting that bunch could have done. If they had lined up that bunch of English cooks I know there would have been some of them go "over the top" then and there. When a person has eaten rabbit, porridge and a few more appetizing dishes he is liable to do most anything desperate. Pies and cakes could be purchased from the cooks. These same things should have been put out for our mess but instead, we had to pay high for them. Along about this time some of those feeds we used to kick about would certainly have satisfied our appetites.

### Route of the "Leicestershire"

Upon leaving the harbor of New York the convoy moved towards the north. The course followed was quite zig zagged. This made it more difficult for submarines to locate the ship. We wended our way northward until within one hundred miles of Iceland when the course was changed to a south-easterly direction. We continued in this direction until we rounded the northwestern coast of Scotland. From then we went in a southerly direction to our destination.

### First Sight of Land

On the morning of June twenty-third we saw land for the first time in eleven days. We were more than glad to see the sunny shores of Scotland. Several men and officers had field glasses and through these we enjoyed the beautiful sights of the not far distant fields. It was at this time that we saw the first castles and light houses placed upon the rugged rocks near the water's edge and overlooking the sea for many miles. We could also see the green fields. The villages seemed to be very quiet as this was Sunday.

### Sunday on Board

About ten o'clock, Chaplain O'Toole held services, which were for all, and gave thanks to Him who had protected us on our long and perilous voyage. Even though all were not present at those services I think everyone silently gave up thanks that he had been spared a watery grave.

### The Irish Sea

As the day passed we kept moving along the western coast of Scotland, passed through the North Channel, which separates Scotland, and entered the Irish Sea. Now we could see land on both sides. To our right lay the land of the Shamrocks; to our left was Bonnie Scotland.



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Even though we were in the Irish Sea and within sight of land, it was necessary that the sub chasers keep a sharp lookout for submarines. We were quite near the harbor but that didn't seem to be any reason for the subs not appearing and doing their damage as we could see by the four masts of the sunken Tuscania—a sub victim. So up to the very mouth of the harbor we were accompanied by the little chasers which so diligently did their work of safeguarding the lives of so many troops who were on their journey to the bloody fields of France.

### Liverpool

Between nine and ten P. M. on Sunday June twenty-third we saw the gleaming lights of the harbor. The lights of the boat were turned on, cigarettes were lighted and everything was astir. Everyone was on deck to get a view of the harbor as it appeared in the dark. These sights will never be forgotten. There were the numerous tugs, trawlers, patrol boats, destroyers, cruisers, steamers and in fact nearly every kind of boat was seen in the harbor. The signal lights of the boats flashed in every direction. The buoys sounded and lighted as they were raised and lowered by the waves which rushed toward the shore. In the distance shone the lights of Liverpool. Light after light was left behind and finally we came to a stop near the dock where we were anchored until the following morning. Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth we weighed anchor and moved for the dock where we disembarked thus ending our long ocean voyage.

### Disembarkation

After docking everyone was in a rush to get his belongings together. We were soon ordered on deck by Captain Richmond. As it was some time before we had to disembark we lunched on "bully" and hard tack which had been previously issued to the different squads. As we sat on deck feeding our faces we took in the sights of the harbor, which we could see from our positions on the boat. At 12:30 we loaded our packs on our backs and beat it down the gang plank. We were lined up in column formation in a long warehouse prior to making the march to the railroad station.

### Toasted to the Nth Power

With overcoats on and packs on our backs we marched thru the streets of Liverpool puffing and sweating under a very hot sun. All along the route taken we were given a very rousing reception. Colors were flying; men and women were packed along the sidewalks shouting their greetings as we wearily trudged on and on. British bands turned out to help in the welcome. They even tried to please us by playing up-to-date American ragtime, such as Alexander's Ragtime Band. But to say the least the welcome the people of Liverpool gave us made us feel very happy.

### English Trains

It was here that we got our first view of an English train. The cars seemed like dwarfs when compared to our own American cars. Although the coaches looked very "dinky" they were arranged in compartments, accommodating eight men, and were quite comfortable. The engines were much smaller than the ones we were used to seeing but they had the power and speed.

At 3 P. M. we boarded the trains, put our packs out of the way and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. Soon we were going away from the station on our way to Oxley.



THE GUN PARK AT KAUSEN, GERMANY

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### Traveling Through England

Rural England presented some beautiful scenery. The fertile fields surrounded with stone fences; the hills covered with the beautiful trees; the streams flowing quietly toward the ocean; the winding but well improved roads; all these attracted our attention as we were speeding along our way. The towns with their brick and tile buildings and the clean streets made a good impression on us. The absence of the farm houses seemed rather striking to us who had come from a place where they were numerous. Farming was carried on intensively. The fields of grain, hay and potatoes presented a scene quite different from what we had seen for several days on the boat.

### Camp Borden, Oxley

Our first meal at this place consisted of soup, cheese, bread and coffee. Our appetites were keen and so we certainly ate our portion of the eats. Immediately after breakfast we were lined up in traveling squads and were assigned to tents in which we could stay during the short time we were to be at this camp. Next we proceeded to get a little rest which was much needed by all. A couple hours rest and we were out again. We now got busy bathing, washing clothes and cleaning up in general. Those baths were certainly cold but with a liberal application of soap and "beaucoup" rubbing we succeeded in removing a few coats of dirt that had collected on our bodies.

### British Veterans

Here we had an opportunity to talk to some British soldiers who had seen service on the battle fields of France and Belgium. Many interesting and thrilling stories were told by these men who had been over the top. Vivid pictures of the conditions in the trenches were painted by these fellows who insisted upon making everything bloody. Even though we had never seen the front we figured that there was lots of "con" in their stories. It may be that they weren't trying to hand us anything but never-the-less some of those tales were certainly exaggerated to no small degree.

### Canteen Service At Oxley

At this camp we had a chance to buy some things at the British Y. M. C. A. Tobacco, cigarettes, candy, cakes, paper towels, etc. could be purchased. In exchange for our American money they gave us English money. This offered no little difficulty as we were not familiar with the value of different denominations of their money. Some of this was kept for souvenirs and had quit a trip along with us through France and Germany.

### To Southampton

After resting and cleaning up we were on our way again. Eating an early lunch on June 27th we were off to the station where we en-trained for our last lap across the Old Albion. A few hours travel brought us to Southampton the chief port on the southern coast of England. We were soon off the cars, lined up and given orders as to what we could do and where we could go. Next we were given a physical examination which, strange to say, everyone passed. After this we loafed around the docks, bought coffee, cakes, meat pies and crackers, and in fact did most anything to pass the time.

### On Board Again

At 6 P. M. we were ordered to board the steamer Caesaria which carried us down the harbor and across the channel. As we moved

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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slowly down the harbor we viewed both shores. Many beautiful castles were to be seen along the way. A boat load of Red Cross Nurses was seen anchored in the harbor. Cheer after cheer passed from boat to boat as we passed by. On down the channel we silently steamed along, headed southward for France.

### Across the English Channel

The trip was made in darkness because of the danger of submarines. As there were numerous patrol boats we passed across the channel without any misfortune. The rest that we received on this short trip across the channel was very little. We were crowded to the utmost. You could see fellows nearly everywhere trying to grab off a few minutes rest. In the room which was assigned to us the fellows were piled in every direction without regard as to whether they were on the floor or on some other fellow's feet. Imagine the consternation of Bucher when on awakening he found Ed. Nethers peacefully snoozing using U. J. for a mattress. That the fellows would sleep was shown, when upon looking behind a board which was rested upon one of the funnels, I found "Shrimp" cuddled up with Dickerson, both enjoying the comfort afforded by the warm funnel.

### La Havre

Up and about early so as to get a glimpse of the French coast as it appeared through the ocean's mist, we were soon on deck viewing things as we passed on our way towards the harbor. Our breakfast on this morning consisted of a sliver of cheese, hard tack and coffee. As soon as we had downed our few bites we were ordered on deck with packs on our back. We then disembarked and were then lined up prior to hiking to the rest camp.

### The Hike to Camp

On this hike we received some lasting impressions of La Havre. Many were the filthy, foul smelling streets through which we passed. Here we saw the screens back of which men stopped on either their way to or from their work. Despite the fact that the place was far from being sanitary there were many magnificent dwellings, surrounded with the customary stone wall, or fence and placed in such a way that they were noticeable.

Here too, we had the pleasure of gazing at some Mademoiselles. As we trudged along with our packs we were given a few minutes rest occasionally. This was welcomed by all as it was rather a tough job carrying those packs especially when going up hill most of the time. During these rests we purchased things from the French. Oranges, figs and nuts were sold to us by women who seemed anxious to get rid of their supplies. During these purchases we had our first display in French money, francs and centimes, which were to cause us any amount of trouble later.

### The Rest (?) Camp

A couple of hours hiking brought us to the rest camp. Here we were quartered in squad tents. About ten men to each tent. Being tired from our hike we took a few hours rest but were soon out viewing the sights in the vicinity of the place. While here we put in quite a lot of time at the British Y. M. C. A. writing to our friends back home. We took in a couple of movies which were shown at the "Y"; also pur-



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chased cigarettes, candy, cakes, tea and lemonade. Up to this time the "Y" had served us well but hereafter our praises for its work for us amounted to nil.

### Belgium Refugees

When the Germans invaded Belgium many of the inhabitants fled to France, especially to the cities. Here we saw quite a large number of these refugees who had fled before the terrible Huns. They presented a rather pitiful sight which imbued us with a stronger desire to get those barbarians who had thrust untold sufferings upon the civilized world. As these refugees seemed to be suffering from hunger they were handed some bits of food by the soldiers who sympathized with them in their state of utter helplessness.

### "Doc" Watkins Gets in Bad

This handing of food to the orphans was the cause of some excitement. "Doc" Watkins who gave some of his meal to a small Belgium child was caught in the act by the guard who walked that post. After coming to "port" arms he halted "Doc" and immediately informed him that he was under arrest. While awaiting the arrival of the Corporal of the guard, Dock used a little strategy. He asked the guard if he could rest. The guard gave him permission and at the same time came to "order" arms. "Doc" seeing his chance for escape immediately made one grand rush toward the tents. After knocking Johnson, Doesburg and a few others head over heels he dodged behind a tent and was out of sight, thus robbing the guard of the honor of being a prisoner catcher.

### Other Happenings

Several other happenings kept things interesting. "Stilly" insisted on washing his mess kit where he wasn't supposed to wash it. As a result he received a few compliments from the Sergeant of the guard. "Huff" persisted in buying "vin" from the French and Belgians until he was caught by the guards. These few happenings together with many others kept things from being monotonous.

### Again on the March

We were scheduled to leave this camp on the 28th but were forced to lay over another day. On June 29th at 3:30 P. M. we left camp for the station. The hike to the station was much easier than the one from the boat to the camp as we were going down hill most of the way. All along the way we were greeted with cheers from the inhabitants who were to be seen everywhere and who seemed to be more than glad that we had come to their assistance at this critical time when everything looked rather gloomy with the allies.

### Palace cars

Upon arriving at the station we were assigned to "Chevaux 8's", commonly called side door pullmans. As cars were scarce they decided to put only thirty-eight men in each car. There wasn't hardly enough room for a person to turn around when the allotted number were in each car. We stacked our packs in the cars and then roamed around the station for half an hour. At 7:30 P. M. we started on our journey through western France. This was our first experience at riding in "Chevaux 8's". I don't think any of us will forget the way we spent that night. As there was about one third enough room for us when we wanted to sleep, the first to get down were the ones who had enough room. The others had to do the best they could. All were glad when



A VIEW OF KAUSEN

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the night was over and we could take a view of the country through which we were passing. The greater part of the 30th was spent riding through this beautiful part of France. Along the way we noticed the farms or rather the patches of land. Instead of the familiar fields we here saw innumerable patches of different crops, arranged in such a manner that the whole landscape looked like a crazy quilt. The patches of grain were alternated with patches of buckwheat, cabbage, and beets. No corn or tobacco was to be seen. This was due to the fact that the climatic conditions are not favorable for their growth. Along the way we saw many yokes of oxen slowly wending their way along the roads and through fields. The dinky carts to which they were hitched were rather odd looking. In fact most everything was different from what we were used to seeing in the States.

### Stone Houses

The houses, which were of stone, in connection with the barns presented a rather unsanitary appearance. From the Kitchen it was possible, with only a few steps, to feed the horse, milk the cow and clean the stables. All of these things presented a scene novel to us.

### Bain de Bretagne

About 6 P. M. we arrived in Bain de Bretagne. Marching from the train to a field we were ordered to pitch our pup tents. As soon as we had completed this we went to the station to get our barrack bags which we then carried to our tents. Upon the completion of this job we made our bunks and were soon in them snoozing at the rate of about 60 per.

### New Quarters

The following morning July 1st, we struck tents and then had muster after which we again loaded our packs on our backs and moved into billets which were scattered throughout the town. Some were quartered in lofts, some in an old church and the remainder lived in pup tents which were pitched in a church yard.

### "Parlez Vous Francais"

The next few days were spent in drilling, cleaning up ourselves and the town and taking in the sights of the old French village. As we hadn't had real eats since we left the States we surely did relish the omelets, butter and other eats that we purchased at the Cafes or restaurants. A new difficulty now presented itself. It was now necessary that we learn to speak a little French. Everyone had his "Parlez Vous", book trying to master a few of the most important words. Some of the fellows who had studied French in school succeeded in mastering enough to enable them to get along with the French people of the village. Others who had never studied the language were up against it, so to speak, when it came to pronouncing the words, but, with the assistance of those who knew the fundamentals of the language, were soon able to "Parlez" for themselves. Many promising "Frenchman" were to be found in the organization by the time we left France.

### Restrictions

Here, as at every other place where soldiers were billeted it was necessary to have certain restrictions so as to preserve order among the soldiers and civilians. The cafes were open to soldiers only between certain specified hours. After 9 P. M. no soldiers were permitted to be

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on the streets. Taps sounded at 10 o'clock. As was to be expected there were always some who failed to get to their billets at the proper time. This gave the M. P's, who were constantly on duty, a little pass time. When some one sipped too much wine he occasionally insisted on staying out after the prescribed time, thereby getting to sleep in the "lock up". Despite the temptation our battery had very few who failed to live up to the regulations.

### July 4th

On July 4th these orders were suspended and everyone had a chance to "shine" for a day. In the forenoon of this day a ball game was played between battery C and D in the field in which we had stayed the first night we were at Bain. In the afternoon a regimental review was staged before Colonel Ashburn and the Mayor of the town. Here the Mayor gave us an address of welcome. His speech was interpreted by a French Lieutenant who was present. The band had played several selections including the Star Spangled Banner and the Marseillaise. Following this we were dismissed for the rest of the day with nothing to worry about. As we all know there was some real celebrating done after the bunch was turned loose. The "big heads" on the following day was "beau coups" evidence that there had been some who had spent a night of dissipation and revelry.

### Drill and more Drill

A drill schedule was soon posted so that all could see what was to be done each day. This was a rather sad blow but all survived it. Hikes and drills occupied most of the time. As the fellows became tired of the same routine day after day, they began to plan some way in which they might get out of the hikes. All of the customary excuses were sprung for not going on the hikes for those whose dislike for said hikes prevented them from going with the other fellows. But these same fellows could be seen walking the streets until the time for turning in had arrived. Without a doubt some of the fellows did have sore feet, game legs, and the other common complaints but one noticeable thing was the fact that on Sunday no "crips" were to be found. Such is the army life.

### Again in the Pup Tents.

Because of the unsanitary conditions of the billets our battery moved to a field where each man lived in a pup tent, until the battery moved to Coetquidan. This was a much more healthful place to live in but it had its inconveniences especially during the rainy weather when every one had to use every means he could contrive to keep himself and his equipment dry.

### Military Police

A detail of eight men and one corporal from our battery was used for M. P. duty. They were on duty one third of the time. They had orders to see that every soldier was off of the streets and out of the cafes by the prescribed time. Occasionally "Vin rouge" was the cause of considerable trouble by causing the dissipator to insist on staying on the streets after the time for "turning in" had past. When some one insisted too strongly on staying on the streets it was the duty of the M. P's to give him a night's lodging in the jug. Our battery had very few who had the distinction of being "jug dwellers".

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### Our First 155 M. M.'s

The daily routine was changed when the 155 M. M. howitzers arrived. Instead of doing squads right and squads left we now did cannoners post. This being the first work that we had done with the 155's it was quite interesting to all. Every one wanted to learn all that he possibly could about the howitzers. In addition to the drilling we received instructions on the use and care of the guns as well as the names and uses of each and every part. The amount of drill and instruction was limited owing to the fact that there were only three howitzers for six batteries. But the knowledge gained here was the foundation of what was to follow sometime later.

### Horses

Now that the regiment had some material it was necessary to provide some means by which it could be moved from place to place. Accordingly some fifty horses were procured by the regiment. This demanded another slight change in the schedule. Details from the different batteries groomed and fed the horses every day. Lessons in equitation were given daily so as to familiarize the men with the duties of drivers. Although this work wasn't so unpleasant at first it afterwards caused many a man to say a few words that never looked good in print.

### Hikes to the River

The weather being exceptionally hot and the roads quite dusty, it was necessary for the men to bathe and wash their clothing quite frequently. To give them this opportunity a hike to the river was made about three times each week. The men all enjoyed the cool and invigorating swims they took at the old swimming hole. As soon as they were through with their swim they washed their dirty clothes. In this way the entire battery was kept in a clean, healthy condition.

### Positions

At Sherman the battery took up positions, established an O. P. and telephone connections. Here they did the same thing over several times. The "Y" line was the cause of no little trouble. Lieutenant Thompson and "Red" Grimm tramped all of the clover down in a five acre field trying to find the said line. As their efforts to locate it were unsuccessful they were forced to prevaricate a little. As no one came around later they got away with it all right. Even though there were numerous "fakes" pulled they were valuable.

### Contribution to Orphans

Among the children of Bain were a number of orphans who were unfortunate in losing their parents in the war. A campaign to raise money for their support was started by the regiment. Sergeant Wright was in charge of the campaign in our battery. With a good cause, for which to work, and plenty of pep and perseverance "Jim" succeeded in raising some five hundred and fifty francs. This, considering our pay, was no small donation. Had we done nothing else this one act made us an organization long to be remembered by the inhabitants of the small French village.

### To Coetquidan

Everything was astir on the morning of August 13th because we had received orders to strike tents and pack our belongings preparatory to moving to the Artillery camp at Coetquidan. When everything was packed we carried our barrack bags to the station where they were



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loaded on to the train. About 10 o'clock we, with our packs, loaded into trucks and we were soon on our way along the dusty roads. As everyone was quite hungry and thirsty the machines were halted and every one was permitted to get something to eat and drink. After which we again started on our way. At 2:30 we arrived at the camp, dust covered and tired from the trip. We were assigned to barracks in which we stayed that night. The following day we moved to different barracks where we were permitted to stay the greater part of the time we were at this place.

### Camp Coetquidan

This camp is located in the hills of Brittany four kilometers east of Guer and thirty kilometers west of Rennes. It had been a camp prior to this war, as Napoleon, when he made the thrones of Europe totter because of his military genius, used the same place as a training camp for his artillery. Because of its location on the hill, from where one could see the surrounding country for several miles, it was an ideal place for an artillery camp and range. The hills across the valley, which surrounded the camp, afforded excellent targets. The camp consisted of three main parts. Namely the barracks, stables and range. There was room to accommodate about 20,000 soldiers. The stables covered the eastern part of the camp and accommodated several thousand animals. The range to the west was one of the best in France.

### The Great White Way

There were many cafes, stores and restaurants along the road leading along the southern end of camp. This, commonly called "The Great White Way" offered the soldiers a chance to get rid of their money. And without a doubt many were the francs that were squandered at this place.

### O'Grady

Our first drills at this place were the O'Grady drills. Many were the steps taken by those who failed to do as O'Grady said. Those who had the bighead from the night before, were usually seen chasing back and forth from the line to the telephone post. This being the penalty for not doing the proper stunt. Those drills together with several games came in the morning and therefore served to limber us up for the day's work which followed.

### Special schools

It was necessary to send men to school for special training and instruction. Liason, telephone, radio, machine gun, materiel, camouflage and orienting. Very valuable and necessary instruction was received by the men on these subjects. Besides these schools there was some practical work done on the dugouts by a detail of five men. The knowledge acquired by them served quite well in the construction of places of safety later on when we were on the front.

### Horses

Several days after landing at this place we received a bunch of horses which had been collected throughout Western France by the detail of men who left while the battery was at Bain. We soon knew what it was to care for a bunch of old horses. A detail of men fed them every morning before breakfast. The same detail fed at noon and in the evening. The remainder of the time they were busy cleaning the stables and the picket line. Every man in the battery had a chance



DUGOUTS AND SCENES IN "CANAL STREET"

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to use a curry comb and brush. Grooming at the best is a rather unpleasant job but in the army it is worse than ever. It has to be done by detail. Most of us still remember orders in which the commands were given.

### Equitation

In addition to the instructions on the care of the horse we took some lessons in riding and driving. Many interesting happenings occurred during these instructions. Some of the fellows who had never ridden a horse before furnished the rest with plenty of laughter. Some real wild west stunts were pulled off.

### Manouvers

While at Bain we had been drilled on arm signals. Here the signals were given and the different movements were executed by the drivers. Every man in the battery knew most of the signals as well as the way in which the different guns and caissons were to move. All this required a great amount of drill which became quite monotonous especially when the sun was beating down on us with its most intense heat. But despite all the difficulties Captain Richmond never gave up until he had secured the desired results. The value of their instruction was shown when the battery took positions on the range and also, when we took hikes.

### Guns and Drill

While at Bain the regiment received four 155's. Each battery took its turn at drilling with them. The men became more or less familiar with them during these drills but because of the small amount of time that each battery put in on them the men still had lots to learn about the guns. Not long after we came to Coetquidan we received our full quota of guns. Now it was possible to do unlimited amount of drill with them. Nearly every day the entire battery under the instruction of Lieutenant Crego was given an opportunity to be on a gun squad. The pieces were unlimbered and limbered innumerable times so as to familiarize the men with the duties of each position on the squad. Even though the men knew the duties of each cannoneer they never realized the extreme amount of hard work that was before them.

### Gas

Back in Camp Sherman we had received a small amount of gas instruction, had gone through the gas house, and had drills with the gas masks. Here we were impressed more strongly with the extreme destructiveness of the poisonous gases that were used by the Germans against the Allies. One half hour each day was spent in listening to lectures given by Lieutenant Row. These lectures besides being interesting were very valuable because of the information they contained concerning the detection and the action of the different gases.

Now that we had received this valuable information, the next thing was to drill in the use of the mask until we could get it on in the least possible time. To that end all efforts were bent, until the desired results were obtained. The next thing to be done was to get used to wearing the masks. It was surely a most difficult thing to do. I think all will remember how we dreaded the hour during which we had to wear the masks. We were told that on the front it was necessary for the men to wear masks for several hours at a time and at the same time do their work. In order to be able to do the work while wearing masks



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it was necessary to drill us while we were wearing them. Many hours were spent in this torturous way. After all of these instructions and drills we were able to get our masks on in exceptionally good time and were able to wear them for a couple of hours. Gas ! !

### Range

The effects of the hard drilling we had done, together with the instructions we had received were shown when we went to the range to do some actual firing with the big guns. So thorough had been our training that in a little over four weeks, a record never equaled by another brigade, we were ready to move to the front and try our skill with the guns on the Germans. This work on the range was done under conditions that resembled the front as nearly as possible. Of course there weren't G. I. cans coming our way. Problem after problem was fired until every one became familiar with his own part of the work. On several occasions gas masks were worn during the firing. This slowed up the work but made it none the less effective. After becoming familiar with the work while firing during the day we went to the range for thirty-six hours. During this time we did some night firing as well as taking part in a barrage which was the first we had seen.

During all this work the one thing that impressed one most was the smoothness in the execution of the work of the different sections. Here too, each man gained some idea of the importance of his particular work as well as some of its disagreeableness. The work on the range was highly satisfactory to all concerned.

### Night Hikes

The bane of army life is night hikes. While at Sherman we took several hikes but as we had no bases or materiel it was necessary that we go through the same torture again. Horses, guns, caissons, four-gons and the kitchen were taken on these trips. The drivers as well as the other men received some very valuable experience but our hiking had only begun. It seems as though we walked an awful distance but when compared to the walking we did later it was only a drop in the bucket.

### Non-Com's Banquet

Captain Richmond gave an exceptionally fine dinner for the non-commissioned officers of our battery a few nights before we left Coetquidan. This occasion was one long to be remembered by all who were present. The numerous courses were delicious and every fellow's appetite was satisfied when he had eaten his share. The eats weren't all. Smokes and fine wines were there in unlimited supply.

Captain Richmond acted as toastmaster. Short impromptu talks were made by the officers and several of the non-com's. These were very interesting as they covered numerous subjects, including George's mustache. After enjoying the festivities and sociability of the evening we returned to our barracks well satisfied with our evenings entertainment, and with a better understanding of our officers under whom we worked.

### We're Off for the Front

The day for which many had wished had come. Our training was completed and we were ready to move to the front, which at that time,



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was any thing but quiet. Everything was in readiness and about eight thirty on the morning of September 23rd we were off on our way to Guer. Arriving there about nine-thirty we immediately began to get our horses and materiel loaded onto the cars which were at the station. The loading was done in record time. Every movement showed the effects of a master supervision.

As soon as the loading had been completed the men were assigned to cars, eats were distributed and everyone partook of bully, hard tack and tomatoes. We were all set for our trip. At 1:11 the train left the station and Guer was soon left far in the rear.

Thru France a la  
"Chevaux 8"

Many beautiful places were seen along the way, especially along the Seine. Some of the most important cities through which we passed were Rennes, Le Mans and Melon. We were within sight of Versailles and Paris. The Eiffel tower could plainly be seen from the train on which we were riding. The country near Paris was quite different from the hills and rocks of Brittany. As we entered the valley along the Seine the country was rather hilly again.

Rodorigo Stopped  
to "Cushez"

The trip was without incidents, except that Rodorigo who had stepped off of the car in which he was riding, with the intention of getting on a car in the rear, failed to catch said car. It looked as though "Roddy" would be left some where in the rear while the rest were continuing our trip. But the train was brought to a stop and he once more boarded the train all the wiser from his experience.

Penquite's  
Imagination

While we were about one hundred miles from our destination Sergeant Penquite, whose imagination is rather keen, informed us that he had heard the booming of the big guns which were at the front. We were used to Penny's "wild spells" and paid no attention to his continued assurance that he could plainly hear the roaring guns. Even though no others could hear the roar, "Penny" could never be convinced that he hadn't heard the guns.

Revigny

A three day ride in our "Chevaux 8's" brought us to Revigny on the morning of September 26th. We immediately began to unload our horses and materiel. As it was raining we had a rather disagreeable job but despite the inclement weather we were ready to move away at the proper time. As we moved through the streets of Revigny we saw some effects of German air raids. Several of the buildings had been wrecked. Here too we saw some American "Y" women, the first we had seen since we left the States.

On the Way to  
the Front

A hike of several kilometers brought us to a field where we halted at six P. M. A picket line was soon put up, the horses were fed and then we got a few bites to eat. Several airplanes flew over the field in battle formation. They had done their day's work and were returning to their hangars. Some of our men went to see two wrecked American planes in a nearby field. Near here were several graves of men who had fallen on the field of battle. After taking in the sights we found places where we could rest a few hours. Our rest was soon

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interrupted by the whistle. Every one had to get out and do his share of work in order that the battery might move out at the proper time. Everything was in readiness and at midnight we pulled onto the road and headed for Waly Woods at which place we arrived at 9 A. M. September 23th. Here we halted for a rest. The woods were quite muddy and it was rather a hard job to find a place at all suitable to pitch a pup tent. Brush piles, limbs, boards, hay and leaves were used to keep us out of the mud while we slept. All drivers were roused at about three P. M. so that they could care for their horses. As soon as we had eaten a lunch the teams were hitched ready to pull out as soon as it grew dark. In the evening it commenced raining and darkness was soon upon us. One of the guns was stuck in the mud and so we failed to get out at the proper time. At eight o'clock we were all moving from the woods through mud and rain. A darker night would have been impossible.

### **Captain Richmond Transferred**

At this time a hard blow was dealt the battery when Captain Richmond was assigned to Brigade Headquarters. Every man in the battery felt rather blue when we found that the man who had done so much for us had been taken from us when we needed him most. Had it not been for the Captain's able assistants we would have been in a rather perplexing situation. Lieutenant Palmer took charge of the battery and under his efficient command we remained until after the armistice was signed.

### **Bois de Hess**

A long disagreeable hike brought us to the shell shattered town of Parvois about 2 A. M. Sunday September 29th. We had a rather difficult task to find quarters in which to grab off a handful of sleep. It didn't take long to "roll in" after we found a spot in which we could keep dry. At 8 o'clock we had to "roll out" and get our breakfast. We then prepared to move on our way toward the front. This next lap brought us to the Hesse Woods where we pitched our pup tents and rested for several days.

During our short stay in these woods we saw quite a few things of interest. The battle field which had been the scene of some severe fighting two days before was strewn with the debris of shell-fire. Barbed-wire entanglements, shell craters, shells, trenches, grenades, rifles, machine guns,—in fact everything that is found on any battle field could be seen here. Although the Germans had been driven back several kilometers they were still able to drop shells in the neighborhood of Montfaucou, which could easily be seen from the edge of the woods. One lanky corporal was kind enough to carry back a Hun helmet to show his comrades. He won the name of "Souvenir Hound" and ever afterwards lived up to all expectations. Some thrilling air fights were witnessed. Two Bösche planes were brought down one forenoon. Several other fights and pursuits were witnessed by those who had field glasses.

Several doughboys who had been wounded or gassed stopped in this place on their way to some first aid station. It was only natural that we converse with them and get some real live news from the front.





LIFE IN KAUSEN

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Many thrilling experiences were related by these fellows who had been over the top.

Here we saw many big guns that had been used in the big offensive against the Huns. The "Frogs" were moving them up to new positions in the valley of the West.

Gas ! !

While we were snoozing away one night we were awakened by the gas alarm. Every one immediately grabbed for his mask. Some had been mislaid and so those fellows to whom the masks belonged were out of luck. Some in their excitement even tried to put their heads in rubber boots. No deaths resulted as there was no gas. It was only a false alarm.

On to Nixeville  
Woods

On the afternoon of October third we got everything in readiness to move out at six o'clock. We were off at the proper time but before we had gone very far we were held up by a motor supply train. About ten o'clock we were able to move on our way. We arrived at Nixeville about ten o'clock on October fourth. We immediately found places to sleep for a few hours. In the afternoon every thing was prepared to move but new orders came in so we stayed at this place until the following afternoon. From here a reconnaissance party was sent out to get some information concerning the position which we were to take up.

First  
Position

Three "Chariot du Parcs" left Nixeville for the position at noon with ammunition. The remainder of the battery left in the evening and arrived at Marre at two o'clock. From here the guns were moved across the Meuse river and the Nord Canal to the position along the east bank of the canal. The fourgons moved to a clump of trees to the left of the position but after a few G. I's landed close to the place, orders were given to move to another place. Some of the men went to the position while the remainder of the men with the fourgons went to the picket line.

At daybreak on Sunday morning October 6th the cannoneers began to work on the gun positions. The first thing to be done was to camouflage the positions so that they couldn't be detected by the Huns. As soon as the camouflaging had been completed the men began to enlarge the positions which had previously been occupied by the 75's. This was a rather laborious undertaking but it had to be done and so every one did his utmost to finish the work as soon as possible. Two days work with pick and shovel completed the positions. On the afternoon of the seventh the guns were adjusted and laid so that everything could be ready for the following morning. Everything was all set but the ammunition hadn't arrived. About 8:30 in the morning the French began to bring in the shells and fuses. Several barges with 155's were unloaded by the available men. In all over fifteen hundred rounds were unloaded at our positions. This done the gun crews were dismissed so that they could get some rest before the "H" hour arrived.

Our First  
Barrage

The gun squads "hit the deck" at 4 A. M. Several shells were cleaned and greased, the bores and breech were cleaned thoroughly,

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powder, fuses and primers were distributed properly, everybody and everything was now ready for the command—"Load", which was given two minutes before the "H" hour arrived. At 5:30 on the morning of October the eighth, No. 4 gun was fired, thus commencing the terrific barrage which drove the Germans back some six or seven kilometers. This firing was continued until 12:30—seven hours—during which time our men and guns sent nearly twelve hundred shells over to Fritz who didn't seem to be able to withstand the blow. Much credit must be given the cannoneers for their work during the firing. It was no easy job to handle "pig iron" for several hours.

### Effects

This was the first barrage in which we participated while on the front, but despite the fact, it produced the desired results. The German's entanglements, trenches and dugouts were destroyed and the Huns who were in the trenches were either killed or forced to retreat several kilometers.

### Second Position

As we were now out of range it was necessary that we move to a more advanced position. On the afternoon of October ninth everything was put in readiness for a move to a new position. Under cover of darkness the battery was moved about seven kilometers to a place a short distance northwest of Samogniux. We arrived at this place about one o'clock and immediately began to fix places to sleep until daybreak when we were ousted. The guns were soon put into position and camouflaged. Quite a lot of firing was done throughout the day. A few of Fritz's shells came our way but they did no damage.

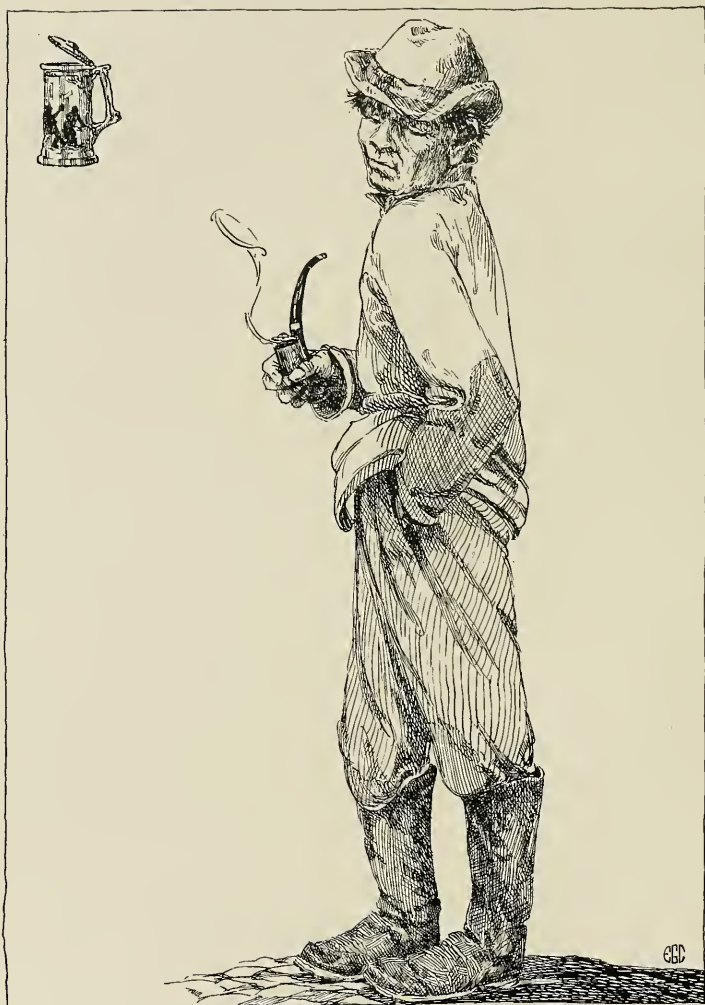
The gun squads kept improving the gun positions which were just at the edge of the road in a very exposed place. Several barrages were fired and intermittent firing was kept up during the entire time we were at this place.

During the time the men weren't busy firing or unloading ammunition they were working on dugouts. Many varieties could be seen along Canal Street and along the road. Even though these dugouts would never have stopped a G. I. Can the men felt more at ease than when in pup tents. The picket line was about a kilometer in the rear of the position. The drivers were kept busy cleaning their horses, hauling gravel and ammunition, wading mud, digging dugouts and dodging Hun shells which were fired at the railroad guns on top of the hill. Their life while on the front and on the trip to the Rhine was one of hardships and trials. Their work is sometimes overlooked by those who did other work.

### To Vilosnes

On October 28th we received orders to suspend work on the dugouts and get things ready to move as we were ready to be relieved and would move back to a rest camp for a few days rest. At 9:30 P. M. we moved out of the position. The guns and caissons with the gun crews moved to Camp Moujouy while the fourgons and chariot du pares were held at the picket line until the following morning when they, too, moved to the same place to which the guns and caissons had moved during the night. The hike was a long and tiresome one and so when we arrived at rest camp we were all glad to spread our blankets at the first available place. Some of the men stayed in buildings while the remainder were content to live in pup tents. Some of the buildings had this one





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word, "COOTIES" on the door. That was enough. No one bothered those buildings in the least. The following day was spent in taking things easy. Every one was willing to rest every time a chance came his way. Orders to move back to the front were received on October 31. We were to move out at 1:00 P. M. but for some reason we were held up until 2:30 at which time we once again started on our way toward battle fields. At one o'clock on the morning of November 1st we halted for a short rest. All were chased out about six o'clock. After eating a few bites of breakfast we were off again. This day's hike took us through the bloody fields where severe fighting had been carried on only a couple of days previous. The roads were in a terrible condition. They had been torn up by the heavy shells that had been fired at the enemy, who had occupied the territory but were forced to retreat. Travel over these roads was rather slow. We halted in the Argonne Forrest for the night. Finding a place to pitch a pup tent was a rather difficult job because of the great number of shell craters, broken trees, and mud holes. Breakfast was eaten the following morning and then the teams were hitched preparatory to moving. It began to rain about 8 o'clock and kept it up the remainder of the day. Because of a rather steep hill and the difficulty encountered by the organization ahead of us we were unable to move until two o'clock. The hike was a most miserable one. The rain and mud made walking rather difficult. Every one was ready to express his opinion of the army on the slightest provocation. On and on through the mud we moved slowly until we halted near the shell shattered town of Cierges. Here we found places to sleep in the dry. Along towards morning some Hun shells went sizzling over the town. They worried only a few as most of us were too tired to pay any attention to such a small thing as a ten or twelve inch shell.

We were out at 7 o'clock, ate breakfast, hitched the teams and were off on a short hike to the hills to the east of the town. The distance we had to go was small but the road was nothing more than a strip of mud through which travel was most difficult. We finally arrived at our destination and immediately began to pitch our tents so that we could have a place to rest. We made things as comfortable as possible as we had been told that we would be there a couple of days.

We were now at a place where the effects of the fighting could easily be seen. It was a good place for our souvenir hunters to make an addition to their collections. They were warned about the danger in picking up anything from the fields or dugouts. This failed to cause any pause in their efforts to gather in a few curios. Luckily no accidents occurred.

The day of the fourth was spent in cleaning up a little. Baths were taken and the dirty clothes were washed. This was the first opportunity we had to clean up for quite a few days.

Things were quiet on the fifth, with the exception of a few Hun shells that landed at the cross roads a short distance from the woods. We turned in at the usual time only to be chased out at 11 o'clock. We then had to pack things and get ready to move out. This was an awful job but it had to be done. The night was exceptionally dark but with the aid of lanterns we were able to get on the road without any mishaps. Guns boomed all along the way. It was nearly daybreak when we pulled into the "mud hole" or Bois de Rappes.

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At this place we all got used to wading through mud. It was every where. Those who slept in pup tents had to build platforms so as to keep out of the mud. Some new clothes were issued to the fellows who needed them most. The wireless reports were eagerly read so that we could keep tab on the news from the different fronts. The souvenir hunters again took the field and made several valuable additions to their collections.

On November the ninth we pulled out of the mud onto the road and were off on our last move before the Armistice was signed. Our hike ended at 12 o'clock, midnight, at which time we ate supper and then rolled in for a short nap. On the morning of the tenth the drivers whose horses were able had to help move the guns of the other battalions to their last positions which were about fourteen kilometers from Vilosnes. The remainder of the battery moved to Vilosnes where they found or built places in which to stay out of the weather. Here we were when the Armistice reached us.

A detail of men went to Montfaucon to get horses for the battery. On the same day Major General Haan inspected the battery. A bath house was fixed up and every man in the organization had a chance to take a bath and clean up in general.

### The Armistice

The armistice was signed. In the minds of all the war was practically over. Each knew that peace was just a question of days. When we received the news, there was no great demonstrations of joy; no cheering, no shooting, no noise of any kind. Had the news come as a surprise undoubtedly the effect would have been more pronounced. But for many days we had been expecting such a report, and although the effect was not so great as could be expected under the circumstances, yet on the face of all was an expression characteristic of the victor. That grave and determined look was changed slightly. Every mind turned instinctively toward home and friends. Each thought of the future and at that time the past and the present were forgotten. In the hearts of all was a thankfulness to God for the cessation of hostilities.

Discipline which previous to November 11th had been so necessary was lessened to a certain extent. The danger from aeroplanes had necessitated the showing of no lights during the nights. All windows had to be light proof; no one could smoke cigarettes upon the streets; headlights upon vehicles were prohibited. Now it was all changed. All the above restrictions were abolished, and many plans of the future were made around the camp fires that following night.

### Attached to Army of Occupation

But our army life was not so near completion as so many of us had expected. Major General Haan, commanding the 32nd Division in an address to the officers and the non commissioned officers of the regiment stated, "that according to the present schedule the 32nd had been selected as one of the divisions to establish a watch on the Rhine in accordance with the terms of the armistice." Its selection was partly because of the fact of its effective work upon the front and because of its citations by General Pershing himself. The boys were pleased at the prospect of the coming trip. No thoughts of hardships entered our minds. The Rhine, that famous river which the majority of us had read of in our



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school years or to be more specific, Coblenz or its immediate vicinity, was to be our goal.

### New Assignments

Many of our horses which had been assigned to us at Camp de Coetquidan were unfit for further service, and as many had died during our activities at the front, we were sadly deficient in the number of horses required for the long march. This was corrected by a new assignment of harness and horses.

### The Start

Early on the morning of November 17, 1918 we were awakened by that most despicable of all bugle calls, namely the first call. Hastily preparing our packs, and leaving behind us many billets better than any which we had hitherto possessed, we assembled all the materiel. All men possible and all men having some experience were immediately detailed to fit the new harness to the horses. The morning was cold, in fact too cold to work without gloves, and this fact combined with the darkness and unruly horses made the task a disagreeable one. But after a short time which seemed hours to a good many of the idle ones, everything was ready and at six o'clock we started in an easterly direction, in the usual formation, i. e. guns leading followed by the chariots de parc and fourgons.

### The Route

Our line of march lay in a north-easterly direction and there were not many kilometers lost in out of the way traveling. But every one can remember a certain day, when we traveled from Mundershied to Dries, a distance of twenty-eight kilometers, and then were informed that we were three kilometers nearer Coblenz. On that day we traveled in a north-westerly direction, or in other words at right angles to our original line of march. At one point in our journey near Longuey, France, we were able to see France, Belgium and Lexembourg.

### The Trip

The trip was a very successful accomplishment. The actual time upon the road was seventeen days, and the trip was approximately two hundred and forty-two kilometers in length, making an average of fourteen kilometers per day. The entire one hundred and fifty-eighth brigade was highly complimented by men of high rank upon the record made and the splendid morale and discipline of the troops during the march. Gen. Lassiter, our new commander of the 32nd Division, in a letter of congratulation to the regiment stated that:—"Throughout this long march and its many difficulties the division has kept closed up, prepared for action and it now stands on the Rhine concentrated, and ready for whatever may come. This feat will stand among the many memorable achievements of the division. Hereafter officers and men will recall it with pride."

One of the sayings of the late J. P. Morgan, the financial king, is:—"To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision," and I believe the regiment followed this policy, for whenever difficulties such as a hard climb or a bad road presented itself we never dodged it. We made the climb and at no time in the whole journey did we meet with any insurmountable difficulties. The roads, or rather the majority of them were in fine condition especially the French and the Luxembourg roads, and this fact combined with the fine weather undoubtedly accounted for the record made.



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### The Morale

At the beginning of the trip the boys were in fine spirits. The hope of going home soon, kept them from becoming pessimistic. In fact a rumor was soon spread to the effect that at the end of our trip a surprise awaited us. A surprise in the shape of being relieved, and an early return to the States. At all times during the trip could be heard this rumor, although slightly changed each time. The most persistent version of it was that we would be relieved on the fifteenth and sail on the eighteenth. Although the majority of the boys did not believe this yet it sounded so good that it produced a cheerful effect. And although the rumors were afterwards proven false, yet had it not been for them the morale of the troops would have been greatly weakened. At the end of a twenty-five or a thirty kilometer day's hike when the spirits of all were lading, when every one was cold and tired, when every one was hungry and sleepy, and to quote from "Doc" Watkins;—"You feel like checking," there was nothing so encouraging as that rumor. The most discouraging thing was to start early in the morning, march all day without much dinner or supper and then finish the trip at about ten o'clock that night, stretch picket lines, help take care of the horses, find your roll and start for an unknown billet, and then hear that pleasant voice of the top sergeant say:—"Hey you! You're on guard." Then and especially then will you use some very strong words. Considering all of the hardships which we had to endure the morale of the troops were something remarkable, and that characteristic, "stick to it," which is so emphasized in the Yanks was surely shown in Battery D. It cannot be denied but that the trip was nearly unbearable to the majority, but the fact that there was scarcely any knocking gave proof that the fellows were made of the right stuff. As one of the boys remarked:—"She's a great old fire, but we're going to put her out" and we did put her out and although volumes could be written pertaining to the morale of the troops, yet it could be briefly summed up in three words namely:—inferior to none.

### Discipline

The same saying could easily be applied to the discipline of the battery. When at Vilosnes, France, our discipline was lax. Men marched where ever they wished, packs were not attached to the wagons in a very uniform manner; rifles were tucked into the wagons. Some men had rolls containing seven or eight blankets while others contained only three. Each man carried on his back the equipment which he most desired. Many were without packs. Some of the men wore helmets, some caps, while others wore knit caps. No pride was taken in our equipment. From a military view point the outfit presented a very bad appearance and it even would have produced a bad effect upon any civilian who by chance should have happened to watch the march. Although many knew that we were deficient in that respect yet the fault was not corrected until we stopped at Brouch, Luxembourg. Then by a series of rigid inspections, it was discovered that our greatest fault laid in the lack of uniformity. Consequently, a long list of orders pertaining to the above were enforced. As a result a greater burden was shifted to the soldiers. Each one now was compelled to carry his rifle, and a pack containing certain specified articles. Each roll was to contain the same number of blankets, all men were compelled to walk directly back of their pieces, and through the larger towns at attention, and although it made the trip more disagreeable to a certain extent, yet we



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were amply repaid by the remarkable change which the enforcement of such orders produced.

### Drivers and Cannoneers

In writing of these subjects it is advisable to consider the drivers first, as they played the more conspicuous part in the trip. Just sheer grit, perseverance and a forgetfulness of everything except duty kept them on the job. Their work was by far more disagreeable than that of the cannoneers. Before breakfast they were at it and at the end of a long trip they were the last to "turn in" for the night, usually getting the worst billets. Their only advantage was that they rode and the cannoneers walked. Their advantage was not so important upon a cold day but when it was warm,—many were the envious glances directed towards the drivers.

The cannoneers, the soldiers who hiked in the true sense of the word, marched back of the piece or the wagon to which they were assigned. To them fell the lot of guard duty, fatigue details, assisting the drivers, and other small jobs from which the drivers were exempt. One of the disagreeable tasks to which the cannoneers were subject, was pushing a howitzer or wagon up a hill assisted by the horses. One of the slogans of the brigade was:—"Don't kill the horses, let the men do it." Nevertheless many of the horses died, and still more were put in the unfit class.

### Points of Interest (en route)

The larger towns through which we passed could all be considered as points of interest. Places such as Longuey, Bitburg, Daun an Karlick were especially interesting in comparison with American cities of the same size. Near Munderschied was a deep ravine which was noted for its natural beauty. But owing to the fact that we passed through it in the night we were denied the pleasure of seeing it. Luxembourg and Coblenz were both seen from the distance and the fact that we expected to march through both of them caused a large amount of grumbling. The Rhine river was a bitter disappointment to the majority of the boys. Our expectations exceeded the real thing. We were expecting ruined and modern castles, high cliffs, etc., and crossing the river at Urmitz, we naturally were disappointed. Villers, Brouch, Oetendung, Kelberg, Breitenau and Kausen were the villages in which we billeted for more than one night.

### Brouch and Thanksgiving

On November 23 after an eighteen kilometer hike we moved into a small village in Luxembourg by the name of Brouch. In looking back over the trip, Brouch was about the most disagreeable stop of all. It can be briefly described in three words:—"rain, mud and inspections." We were so near the evacuating German troops that it was necessary to stop here for one week.

Thanksgiving was a farce, although the day was a holiday for all except the drivers, yet it was undoubtedly a failure. For four consecutive days it had been raining and on that day contrary to our hopes it did not cease. We pulled out on December 1, 1918. This date was a memorable one for it marked our entrance into German territory.

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### Attitude of Germans

The reception by the Germans was all that could be expected. In each town where the battery was billeted the German populace received the boys in silence and in many instances with welcome. Although orders were strict as to fraternizing with the natives yet many of the boys enjoyed free meals which reminded them of the days when they put their feet under "Dad's" table.

### The Finish

In the evening of the 14th of December, the date of our crossing the Rhine, we were billeted in a small town located three kilometers from the river. The next night we billeted in Sayn. Early next morning we started on the last lap of our trip, it being in a north-easterly direction and at three o'clock in the afternoon we marched into Breitenau. For thirty days we fed, groomed and exercised horses, cleaned materiel and washed harness. Christmas was a repetition of Thanksgiving with snow being substituted for rain. Many of the boys received Christmas boxes from home and all of the fellows received a box from the Y. M. C. A., both being greatly appreciated.

### Leaving Breitenau

On December 27th we were given orders to move and early next morning we hiked what really was the last lap of our trip. The trip was by far the shortest ever made in one day. Its total length being only three kilometers. Likewise it was by far the most disagreeable days march of all. The rain which had fallen during the previous day had frozen in the night, and the roads were practically a sheet of ice. During the trip, scores of horses which had not been rough shod suffered many a hard fall. Rain and sleet also added to the unpleasantness of the trip. It required one-half of a day to complete the trip, and many of the boys were half frozen at its conclusion.

### Kausen

Kausen, although not as large as Breitenau, undoubtedly furnished us with better billets. Many of the fellows did not like the town at first on account of its size, but in time this feeling gradually passed away. It can be briefly described as a typical German village containing one saw mill, one flour mill, one school house, one Gasthaus and thirty-three houses. We were given the best billets possible and seemed satisfied. The regular old duty routine was again enforced, and the caring for the horses and keeping the materiel in fine shape occupied most of our time.

### Motorization of Regiment

Altho our Regiment departed from Camp Sherman as a motorized outfit, yet all thru our campaigns on the Front and the March to the Rhine, horses were used. But shortly after we arrived at Kausen we were informed that we were to be really motorized. Consequently Battery D was reorganized in accordance with the original tables of motorization and now, after the need of motors was not so urgent, we were fortunate enough to secure eleven trucks, two White touring cars and ten caterpillar tractors; also one motorcycle and two bicycles. The necessary reorganization of the battery made the drivers suddenly lose their significance, and the ninth section, which previously had contained a mixture of cooks and mechanics, now secured quite a number of chauffeurs, both for the trucks and for the tractors. Battery D soon proved

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itself an efficient unit in its quick and successful adjustment to these new conditions.

### Suspense Ended

Shortly afterwards we were notified that the 32nd Division was scheduled to sail during the first part of May. Although three months seemed a long time, yet the announcement eliminated all suspense and the eternal question, "when are we going home," was soon forgotten.

### Review

In the latter part of February, near Dierdorf, Gen. Pershing reviewed the entire 32nd Division. In this review Battery D still upheld its supremacy and was highly commended for the appearance and condition of both personnel and materiel. Such a commendation, coming as it did from the commander of American Forces in Europe, was greatly appreciated, for the boys had previously worked very hard to make a creditable appearance.

### Recreation and Amusement

Our long wait of three months was relieved of some of its monotony by the Y. M. C. A. located upon the second floor of the Gasthaus. It contained a canteen, (a God-send to the boys), a piano, a victrola and games of all sorts. Dances of the old fashioned sort were held at least twice a week, and once upon two different occasions we were honored in having a number of Y. M. C. A. girls with us.

Passes were issued to Coblenz, Neuweid, Paris, Aix-le-Blaine and England, and nearly all the boys secured a pass of some kind.

During all of this, the date of departure was drawing nearer and then in the first part of April, rumors were spread to the effect that we were not going home with the 32nd Division and upon April 9 at retreat, our captain read us a letter from Gen. Pershing verifying the rumor. The sentences which destroyed the last hope of an early departure for the States were as follows:—"The one hundred and fifty-eighth F. A. Brigade will not go home with 32nd Division. At the present time no definite date can be set for its departure and it will continue to occupy its present territory unless military operations change."

We were cast into the deepest pits of despair and then one-half an hour later the fire call was blown and in less than two minutes the battery was assembled in front of the school building and although the captain tried to hide the smile on his face yet all of the fellows knew he had good news. He stated that orders had been changed and that we would go home with the 32nd Division. His announcement was greeted with cheers followed immediately by a snake dance. Our actions that night made the natives wonder whether the Americans had lost their wits.

### Preparations for Leaving

Immediately preparations were made for turning in all of our materiel. Everything was washed and for the next week everybody was busy. But it was not work now, it seemed more like play. Gradually our gun park became deserted. Guns and caissons disappeared, followed by trucks and caterpillars and finally we were ready to depart.



Top left: Mayor's ship of welcome at New York. Top right: Going thru Brest.  
Center left: Men going on passes leaving Kausen. Other pictures taken at Camp Mills.

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April 22, 1919

This is one of the most important dates in our army career. We were scheduled to leave Kausen at three o'clock, and long before time the boys were waiting for the trucks. Thru some mistake the trucks did not arrive until eleven o'clock that night, and it was a tired but happy bunch that boarded them. The entire population of the town was on hand at that late hour to "see us off;" whether their motives were one of thankfulness for our departure or whether they experienced any grief would be hard to state, but it is safe to say that many were sorry to see us go. We entrained at Engers, a small village located upon the Rhine.

Trip Across  
France

Our trip to Brest was similar to the trip to the front in that we used box cars for transportation. Starting at six o'clock April 23 we followed the famous Moselle River until we arrived at Metz. We there began on a westerly direction passing through Nancy, Chaumont, Troyes Auxerre, Tours, Le Mans, Rennes and on the morning of Saturday April 26, 1919 we arrived at Brest. We then enjoyed the four mile hike to camp, most of which was up hill. Brest, although it has been advertised as one of the beauty spots of France, proved to be just the opposite. It rained eleven consecutive days while we were in camp, nevertheless we had our details out working night and day. Many of the boys after hauling coal all night would be compelled to fall out for inspection the next day.

The only good points which Brest possessed were amusement and good food. No where in Europe had we ever been fed so good as in Brest. Their system of feeding the troops was of the finest. The plan of distributing canteens throughout the camp was a big advantage to the boys.

Departure  
from France

On the morning of the tenth of May, just exactly fourteen days to the hour from the time we had entered camp, we stepped from our barracks ready for embarkation. One of the speediest movements which we had ever performed was our trip to the boat. There was no delay. We had previously been drilled in the checking off system at the pier, and within two hours after we left the barracks we were on board the Seattle. The trip from the pier to the S. S. Seattle was made in a tug.

The Seattle formerly was a four funneled cruiser carrying forty two guns, during the war it had been converted into a transport. When fully loaded there was approximately twenty-two hundred and fifty men on board.

The ship pulled anchor shortly before one o'clock and three hours and forty minutes afterwards, the shores of France faded into the distance. The trip across the Atlantic was a monotonous one, being similar to the one which we had made nearly one year previous. Except that the first trip was filled with curiosity and an ever present danger from submarines, and now every one felt safe and not even sea sickness could dim the gladness which all possessed. Every night moving pictures were shown upon the aft-deck and during the day time the boys spent the long hours in reading and day dreaming.



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### Disembarkation

Early on the morning of May 22 we entered the harbor of New York, but owing to the fog it was found impossible to continue. The ship was supposed to dock at nine o'clock but it was nearly one o'clock when she pulled into pier number eight at Hoboken, New Jersey.

Again no time was lost and before we realized it, we were on a ferry crossing the east river to the Long Island side. We boarded a train there and it was then that we began to realize that we were in the United States. The differences in both speed and comfort was quickly noticed by the fellows.

### Parade in Columbus

We arrived at Camp Mills in mid afternoon and were immediately shown to our barracks. Our life while at Camp Mills was one series of passes. With the exception of the cooks and the K. Ps., no one worked, and fifty per cent of the battery was permitted to go upon a pass each day. But even then such a life soon grew monotonous, and the boys were really happy when they entrained for Columbus, Ohio. Our route was the same as that of a year previous and we arrived at Columbus on Saturday May 31 at ten-thirty. We were then given a few hours of freedom and at two-thirty sharp we assembled at Goodale Park prepared for the parade. The parade proved to be a success, the Columbus citizens stating that it was one of the finest military spectacles ever seen in Columbus.

### Once More Civilians

During the parade our cars had been switched to the N. and W. tracks, and it was not long before we were speeding toward Camp Sherman. We arrived at Camp Sherman about nine o'clock at night and after undergoing a physical inspection we were given freedom until the following morning. Many of the boys visited at home over Sunday, but all were on hand Monday morning when demobilization work was started. Many of the fellows discovered that it was harder to get out of the army than in. During the next four and five days we were busy turning in equipment, listening to lectures, undergoing inspection, and filling out blank sheets and then upon the fifth and sixth, Battery D was discharged. So passed into oblivion a unit whose efficiency and high rating of personnel could not be doubted. It contained men from twenty-eight different states and men from all trades and stations of life. Men who did not want to fight yet when the time came they were not found shirking. Captain A. L. Richmond in an address given at a banquet for the non-commissioned officers at Coetquidon, stated what is perhaps the most highly prized commendation. In concluding his address he remarked:—"I know what I think of the battery, I know Major Morris's opinion of the battalion, I realize that Colonel Ashburn regards the 324th Regiment as the finest in the army, and I am aware of the fact that in Major General Glenn's eyes the 83rd Division is the finest in the world,—so by a process of elimination Battery D must be the best".

## Short History of the 158th Field Artillery Brigade

The 158th Field Artillery Brigade was organized at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, as part of the 83rd Division, beginning August 22nd, 1917.

The original Regular Army personnel assigned to the Brigade was as follows:

Brigadier General .....	Charles McKinstry,
Colonels .....	T. Q. Ashburn, L. T. Boiseau, A. B. Warfield,
Lieutenant Colonels .....	W. F. Morrison, T. F. Osborne,
Majors .....	Barrett, S. R. Hopkins, Hugh Brown, Earl Biscoe, H. L. Morse.

Of the above, General McKinstry and Major Barrett never joined and Lieutenant Colonels Morrison and Osborne. Majors Brown and Biscoe served but a short time with the Brigade.

Colonel Ashburn assumed command of the Brigade and also of the 324th Field Artillery; Major Hopkins the 323rd Field Artillery; Colonel Warfield the 322nd Field Artillery; Major Thomas Fitzgerald the 308th Ammunition Train, and 2nd Lieut. Don R. McGill the 308th Trench Mortar Battery. Lieutenant Colonel Morrison subsequently arrived and was placed in command of the 323rd Field Artillery, Major Hopkins going to the 322nd Field Artillery. Col. L. T. Boiseau arrived in a few weeks and took command of the 323rd Field Artillery.

Minor changes were made between this time and June 1, 1918, when Brigadier General A. S. Fleming arrived and took command of the Brigade, Colonel Ashburn retaining command of the 324th Field Artillery.

The Officers and enlisted men of the Brigade were mostly from Ohio, with some Pennsylvania, and a few officers from West Virginia. Many of the officers came from Fort Benjamin Harrison and many later graduated from the School of Fire at Fort Sill. The Brigade was never brought up to full strength until just before departure for France, when a draft of about 600 men from Kentucky arrived and were assigned to the regiments.

During the first few months there was very little materiel to work with and the training was largely done with improvised guns, instruments, etc.

It was decided, after about three months, that the 322nd and 323rd Field Artillery Regiment should be horsedrawn, and that the 324th Field Artillery Regiment should be motorized, and with this end in view, transfers were made, bringing the regiments on the base indicated for their final organization. However, at the beginning of their training in France the 324th was equipped with horses and sent to the front horsedrawn, finally receiving its tractors after the march to the Coblenz Bridgehead had been completed.

The first materiel to arrive at Camp Sherman was four 3 in. rapid fire American field pieces, and these were supplemented from time to time until finally the total armament of the Brigade consisted of four 3 in. guns, 12 British 75's, two 4.7 in. howitzers and four 2.8 in. mountain guns. In the midst of a very severe winter a target range was established at Stony Creek and target practice was held by the various regiments over the period extending from January 14th to May 24th, 1918.



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Attached to the Brigade in the capacity of instruction was Capt. Jean Tommy Martin, 108th Regiment of Artillery, French.

On its departure from Camp Sherman, Ohio, the organization of the Brigade was as follows:

Brigade Commander .....	Brigadier General A. S. Fleming
322nd Field Artillery .....	Colonel Augustus B. Warfield
323rd Field Artillery .....	Major S. R. Hopkins
324th Field Artillery .....	Colonel T. Q. Ashburn
308th Ammunition Train .....	Major Thomas Fitzgerald
308th Trench Mortar Battery .....	Captain Don R. McGill

Lieutenant Colonel Otis R. Cole joined the Brigade in July 1918 at St. Malo-de-Phily, France, and assumed command of the 308th Ammunition Train.

During the first week in June, 1918, the Brigade proceeded by rail to Camp Mills, Long Island, where it received additional equipment. The various units of the Brigade were assigned to different ships, some sailing from New York, others from Philadelphia, and still others from Boston, the ships leaving between June 10th and 14th. All the ships carrying the Brigade made the voyage through the submarine infested seas without accident and landed the Brigade at Liverpool and Portsmouth, England. After a day or two spent in the rest camps in England the Brigade crossed the English channel, again without loss, and landed at La Havre, France. From here the Brigade proceeded by train to a billeting area in Ile et Villaine, Brittany, comprising the towns of St. Malo-de-Phily, Pechatel, Bain-de-Bretagne, Messac, Guipry, Loheac, and Maure. So many Brigades were in training in France that there was not room for the Brigade in any of the Artillery Training camps and it remained in these billets from the first week in July until the middle of August when it proceeded, by marching, to Camp Coetquidan, one of the oldest French Artillery Training Camps, which had been taken over by the Americans and greatly enlarged and improved. At Camp Coetquidan, as in the billets it had occupied previously, the Brigade went through a very intensive training course, perfecting and rounding out the work which had been carried on at Camp Sherman. The course in service firing was completed by a Brigade problem on September 11, 1918. Lieutenant Colonel Walter Sturgill, Inspector, from the office of Major General Ernest Hinds, Chief of Artillery, A. E. F., being present. Major General Glenn, Commander of the Division at Camp Sherman and later in charge of the LeMans Replacement Camp, visited the Brigade before its departure for the front and witnessed the firing on the range September 13, 1918.

Because of the great demand for horses and guns during the heavy fighting of midsummer, the Brigade received its guns only in time for its firing course at Camp Coetquidan, and its horses during the week preceding its departure from that camp; in fact its departure for the front was unavoidably delayed two or three days by the failure of all of its animals to arrive in time, and two or three additional days while waiting for railroad equipment as the demand for the latter for transporting supplies to the grand offensive which began shortly thereafter was very great.

The first train for the front left Guer, the entraining point of Coetquidan, 1:01 A. M. September 19, 1918, with the Horse Section of the 308th Ammunition Train on board. Trains were leaving every six hours thereafter, each being the usual French troop train consisting of 50 cars.

All trains moved via Rennes, Laval, LeMans, Chartres, Villaneuve, Melun and circled Bar-le-duc, the first units detraining at Souilly and the remainder at Revigny.

Meanwhile, General Fleming, traveling in automobile via Chaumon and Souilly, arrived at the 79th Division P. C. on September 20th at 18:00 o'clock. The Brigade was initially assigned as divisional artillery to this Division. On the 21st orders from General Alexandre, Corps Artillery Commander, 5th Army Corps attached the Brigade to the 32nd Division, (in reserve at Autrecourt), but to reinforce the 58th F. A. Brigade of the 91st Division for the attack. The 5th Corps of which these Divisions formed a part, was disposed as follows:

37th Division on the right;	35th Division on the left, and the
91st Division in the center;	32nd Division in reserve.

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The 322nd arrived in time for the attack of the 26th but the 323rd and the 234th were still enroute to the front. The 322nd moved up by battalions and took cover in the woods just north of this location until the night of September 25, 1918, when they moved out into position.

It will be remembered that the great offensive extending from the Argonne to east of the Meuse began on the 26th of September and was still in progress when the armistice was signed the 11th of November. The 308th Trench Mortar Battery was enabled to take part in the battle with the Trench Mortar Battery of the 58th F. A. Brigade. During the following two or three days the 308th Ammunition Train and the caissons of the light regiments rendered valuable service in replenishing the nearly exhausted ammunition of the artillery farther to the front. The Divisional Chief of Artillery of the 91st Division urged Fleming, (who, in accordance with the French custom under these circumstances had not been given any command by the Chief of Corps Artillery,) to accept the command of a provisional brigade to be formed of light artillery, consisting of the 122nd, 124th, and 322nd Regiments. Although the operations of this provisional brigade were confined to the 26th of September, they are a part of the history of the 158th F. A. Brigade to the extent that Brigade Headquarters, the 322nd F. A. and the 308th Trench Mortar Battery were a part of this provisional brigade and as such took part in the great battle waged that day. It is of interest to note that the organization of this provisional brigade, the preparations of the plan of accompanying fire, (which was unique because the divisions on either flank of the 91st Division were advancing at different rates of speed), the installation of communications, practically the entire transport of ammunition and supplies, reconnaissances and occupation of their positions by eighteen batteries was all accomplished within a period of less than two days, the finishing touches being given less than half an hour before the attack opened.

As stated above the line of battle which began before daylight on the 26th of September stretched from the Argonne to the Meuse, but the 158th F. A. Brigade was immediately concerned with that part of the line between Avocourt and Vanquois, which is a crater shaped hill. The Germans held the northern side and the French the southern side of the crater, where during former days bloody battles had been fought and thousands of men killed in vain efforts by either side to secure possession of this Hill. Avocourt will be remembered as the city of many fierce encounters in the mighty battles for the possession of Verdun waged in 1916, since when the battle lines in this sector had remained unchanged.

The positions for each battery of the 322nd Field Artillery, having been selected on the previous day or two, it was learned that D day would probably be the 26th and H hour 5:30 A. M. On the night of the 25th and 26th of September, the 322nd Field Artillery was placed in position in an open field, perhaps 800 meters long and 300 meters deep along the road to Vauquois, south of Less Allieux Farm. The position in day time was in view of the enemy from the heights of Vauquois, thus necessitating the employment of more than ordinary care in occupying the position. The road was jammed all that night with troops going forward for the attack and was shelled most of the night by 77 and 105 calibres, which happily caused no casualties.

A defense barrage was fired by the enemy on the morning of the 25th, and from the knowledge gained later, we know that following this he must have retired speedily to his position of the Kriemhilde Stellung.

After a two hour preparation by Corps and Army Artillery, the firing commenced on the enemy front lines at 5:00 A. M. and continued for thirty minutes when the barrage started rolling and the infantry advancing. The success of the First Army attack is well known.

When the Divisional Artillery of the 91st Division went forward those elements of the 158th F. A. Brigade which had participated in the battle were not permitted to accompany it, as the high command desired to concentrate the entire Brigade for service with the 32nd Division which occupied the position just vacated by the 5th Corps in order to be prepared for the repulse of a strong counter attack by the Germans, which, however, failed to materialize. Within the next 24 hours, the entire Brigade was in position ready to accompany the 32nd Division, which had advanced as far as an east and west line running about through Montfaucon. It was expected that the 158th

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F. A. Brigade would immediately follow the 32nd Division in order to replace the artillery of the divisions with-drawn from the line, and with this expectation reconnaissances had been made by the Brigade and Regimental Commanders of the new lines to the northward. The Brigade did not accompany the 32nd when it went into the line but on September 31st, General Fleming went forward to arrange the relief of the 55th F. A. Brigade. On the following day he was ordered forward with part of the staff to take command of the 55th F. A. Brigade. Colonel Ashburn assumed command of the 158th F. A. Brigade upon the departure of General Fleming. At 22:00 o'clock on the 2nd of October a telegram was received from the First Army transferring the Brigade to the 29th Division. On the following morning an order received detaching this Brigade from the 32nd Division and assigning it to the 5th Corps as Corps Artillery, but Corps Headquarters decided that the previous order was effective and on the night of the 3rd a forced march was made to the Bois de Nixeville, near Verdun.

The night of October 4th Brigade P. C. was located at Charny near the fort de Vacherauville and the regiments started moving into position. On the 6th and 7th practically the entire Brigade was placed in position behind the Cote de Talou along the banks of the Meuse River, one battalion taking position on the west side of the river. Ammunition was brought up by all available means, caissons, trucks and canal boats.

The attack started early the morning of the 8th, the infantry of the 29th American Division was under the command of the 18th French Division until certain objectives were reached, the 158th F. A. Brigade now being attached to the latter French Division forming a part of the 17th French Army Corps with Headquarters at Regret.

The attack was held up on our right by the inability of a French Division to make much progress through the Bois d'Hautmont, consequently slowing down the 18th French Division which the Brigade was supporting.

The officers commanding the various elements of the Brigade were as follows:

Brigade Commander, Colonel Thomas Q. Ashburn until noon 9th October when the permanent Brigade Commander, General Fleming resumed command:

322nd F. A. ....	Colonel Augustus B. Warfield,
323rd F. A. ....	Colonel Louis H. McKinlay,
324th F. A. ....	Lieutenant Colonel Harry L. Morse

until noon 9th October when he was relieved by Colonel Thomas Q. Ashburn the permanent Regimental Commander.

308th Ammunition Train—Lieutenant Colonel Otis R. Cole,

308th Trench Mortar Battery—Captain Don R. McGill.

The Battalion Commanders were as follows:

1st Battalion 322nd F. A. ....	Captain Henry A. Marting,
2nd Battalion 322nd F. A. ....	Lieut. Colonel Samuel R. Hopkins,
1st Battalion 323rd F. A. ....	Major Francis G. Baldwin,
2nd Battalion 323rd F. A. ....	Captain Michael J. Fibich,
1st Battalion 324th F. A. ....	Major (now Lt. Col.) James A. Brice,
2nd Battalion 324th F. A. ....	Major Richard P. Nash,
3rd Battalion 324th F. A. ....	Captain (now Major) Walter M. Sackett.

On the afternoon of the 9th of October the various battalions began to move forward, the movement continuing until the next day, when all of the guns including the 155mm howitzers had been pushed far to the front.

The grouping under the command of Colonel McKinlay was on both sides of the road near Malbrouck, another under the command of Colonel Warfield was placed in the ravine east of the cross roads just north of Samogneux. The 324th Field Artillery was placed along the road from Samogneux to Brabant in the ravine of the Cote de Roche.

The 29th American Division had been released from operations with the 18th French Division

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on October 10th and had become a separate Division under the 17th French Corps; liaison on the left was maintained with the 33rd American Division which had crossed the Meuse near Sivy-sur-Meuse and on our right with a French Division. The next concerted attack was made the morning of October 15th at 8:30 A. M., the Artillery preparation commencing at 8:00 A. M. It was not exceptionally successful, heavy enfilading machine gun fire from the Bultry Bois taking heavy toll from the infantry. 2nd Lieutenant John Morrison, 322nd F. A., acting as liaison with the infantry, was killed by machine gun fire during this attack.

The attack was resumed the 16th and our infantry pressed forward into the Bois de La Grande Montagne. After hard fighting for these two days the first exploitation objective was reached but not without great loss to the infantry. Strongly posted machine gun nests in front and on our right flank gave considerable trouble. The enfilading fire of all calibres was especially disagreeable.

On the 15th the 26th American Division moved forward to relieve the French Division on our right, the first of the infantry reaching their positions the same day.

On the 18th and 19th the Battalions of Major Baldwin and Lieut. Colonel Hopkins moved forward, taking position not far from the battalions of Captain Fibich and Captain Marting, comprising the McKinlay grouping. The two regiments of light artillery were now all south of the Bois de Consenvoye, in and around Malbrouck.

On the 20th of October we received the information that an attack to the east was being planned in conjunction with the 26th Division on the right. The 21st and 22nd of October were spent by the infantry in consolidating their positions and the preparation for the attack which was scheduled for the 22nd but which was postponed until the 23rd.

The attack started on the 23rd, the artillery preparation began at 5:30 A. M. and the barrage at 6:15 A. M. Desperate opposition was again encountered and the gains made by our infantry were small and costly. On the right the 26th Division exploited the Belieu Bois and the Bois de Waville.

It was in this attack that the 308th Trench Mortar Battery immortalized itself; emplacing its guns close behind our infantry during the two nights preceding the attack and carrying some 50,000 rounds of ammunition by hand along the trails through the woods which could be traversed by no vehicle, and at daybreak of the 23rd of October when the battle was launched the enemy directed a heavy returnfire at our infantry 500 yards in front of the Trench Mortar Battery. In the first two minutes of battle this battery had two of its mortars blown up, their crews all being casualties. Nevertheless it continued to operate its remaining six mortars until one by one from one cause or another they became useless. At the end of 55 minutes this battery had one gun left fit for service, but no man who was not too exhausted to serve it, and had suffered a loss of 13 killed and 23 wounded out of a total of 55 men engaged.

This particular part of the front line has been described as the hinge of the door which the Germans were trying to keep closed in order to bar the entrance of the Allies; if this hinge could be broken the German retreat would degenerate into a rout, since the German lines of communication ran close behind this part of the front. This accounts for the desperate resistance which the Germans made to the progress of the Allies. During all of October this desperate resistance continued, stubborn and sanguinary battles being fought for the possession of the Bois de Consenvoye, Molleville Fme., Bois de Grande Montagne, Bois d'Etraye, Bois d'Ormont, and others. In all of these battles the 158th F. A. Brigade bore its full part in supporting the attacks of the infantry. The 29th Division had, about the 10th of October, taken over the sector of the 18th French Division and it was this Division to which the 158th F. A. Brigade was attached during all the fighting participated in by this Division north of Verdun until the end of October. The French Division on our right had been unable to dislodge the Germans from the commanding heights of the Bois d'Ormont and with observatories on these heights the Germans were enabled to deliver very effective fire against our troops in the lower ground to the west towards the Meuse. The Boche strafed every road and took continual toll for all of the ammunition and supplies which had to pass along them in order to reach the troops at the front. The Boche also fired innumerable gas shells so that our troops were con-



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tinually under the necessity of keeping their gas masks ready for the emergencies which constantly arose, but notwithstanding the fact that the Boche had the advantage of ground and position he was forced back slowly but persistently, the Bois de Consenvoye, Molleville Fme, Bois de Grande Montagne and Bois d'Etraye being successively captured. Night and day the roads behind our lines were congested with traffic for the nights were not long enough to get to the front all the necessities for the fighting army.

During these various attacks the artillery fire delivered by the 158th Field Artillery Brigade was extremely heavy, especially so on the 23rd of October when in addition to the 72 guns of the Brigade all of the Corps guns, over a hundred in number, were placed at the disposal of the Brigade in a grand attack on the Bois d' Etraye.

At the end of the attack of October 23rd we learned that the 29th Division was to be relieved about the 29th of October, but as yet definite information as to our status was lacking.

On the 24th, 25th and 26th reconnaissances were made by all battalions for positions more concealed, in the event that the Brigade should remain in the sector.

On the night of October 26th we received information that we would be relieved at the same time as the division and further reconnaissance was unnecessary.

Lieutenant Goodall of the 322nd F. A. was wounded at the battery position, Lieutenant Abele of the 324th F. A. was wounded while on liaison duty and died later.

General Fleming was taken sick with influenza and a high fever and evacuated to the hospital at Glorieux on October 27th. Colonel Ashburn took command of the Brigade and arranged for the relief of the Brigade which moved out the 28th and 29th. The 322nd went to Camp Gallieni, and the 323rd to Bois de Claude near Moulin Brule; the 324th went farther south to the Bois de Cinq Freres.

On the 31st of October we were again assigned to the 32nd Division and were ordered into the 3rd Corps sector at once. Orders were issued for the movement to the Bois de Montfaucon, to clear Bethlainville by 11:00 P. M. the 31st. On November 1st we reached the Bois de Montfaucon, parked along the road for the night and at 1:00 P. M. 2nd November were moving forward.

The 324th F. A. went north via Montfaucon and Cierges to the Bois de Bengé, where they bivouacked, the last elements not getting off the road until late in the afternoon of the 3rd. The light regiments marched via Montfaucon and Nantillois to the Bois de Cunel. On November 5th the 324th F. A. moved forward via Cunel to the Bois de Pultiere.

General Fleming rejoined the Brigade on November 1st.

The 5th Division had been charged with securing possession of the bridgehead at Dun-sur-Meuse, and as soon as this mission had been accomplished the 32nd Division advanced, accompanied and supported by the 158th F. A. Brigade, crossed the repaired bridge at Dun-sur-Meuse and on the 9th of November advanced via Liny and Haramount to Ecurey, where the first serious German resistance was developed on 10th of November. Our infantry suffered a temporary check just east of Peuvillers due in large measure to the fact that the French on our right had failed to make progress against the high ground east of Damvillers. All three regiments of the Brigade were in position in the vicinity of Ecurey by dark on 10th of November, advanced reconnaissances for these positions having been started at daylight on that day. An attack was made at seven hours on 11th of November, the artillery preparation beginning at six hours and thirty minutes. At seven hours and nine minutes information was received that the armistice had been signed and a cessation of the attack was ordered. At that time the German reply to our artillery fire was very feeble, and shortly thereafter ceased, but later on the enemy emboldened by the fact that we had discontinued our attack began to shell Ecurey and some of our positions quite heavily. In accordance with the orders of the Division Commander retaliatory fire at the rate of ten rounds for every German round was returned, where upon the Germans ceased firing. This Brigade fired its last hostile shot at ten hours and twenty-five minutes 11th of November 1918.

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The total casualties suffered by the Brigade during the Meuse-Argonne offensive from 26th Sept. to 11th of November, inclusive, were as follows:

	Killed	Wounded
322nd F. A. ....	19	139
323rd F. A. ....	8	64
324th F. A. ....	3	14
308th Ammunition Train .....	0	6
308th Trench Mortar Battery .....	14	25

Decorations were awarded the following members of the Brigade:

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDALS

Captain Georges Borelli, French Mission, Brigade Headquarters.

### DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSSES

Captain Don R. McGill, 308th Trench Mortar Battery.

2nd Lieutenant John Morrison, 322nd F. A. (Posthumous.)

2nd Lieutenant Harold W. Burns, 308th Trench Mortar Battery. (Posthumous.)

2nd Lieutenant Roy B. Foureman, 308th Trench Mortar Battery.

Sergeant Horace L. Holloway, 308th Trench Mortar Battery.

Sergeant Elever J. Bowles, 308th Trench Mortar Battery.

Corporal Carl F. Turkopp, 308th Trench Mortar Battery.

Corporal John M. Crocker, 322nd Field Artillery.

Corporal Elvin L. Pierson, 322nd Field Artillery.

Private Urban V. Craft, 322nd Field Artillery.

Private 1st Class Joe J. Donahue, 323rd Field Artillery.

The days immediately following the armistice were spent in fitting the Brigade for its march to the Rhine as divisional artillery, 32nd Division, which was to be one of the front line divisions of the 3rd Corps. Horses were drawn from other Brigades and from the remount service, all necessary equipment was forthcoming and everything not of great importance was salvaged.

The march commenced on the 17th of November when we crossed what had been the front line of November 11th. A march of good length on the 18th by way of Longuyon, placed us in Longwy where we rested a day.

Resuming the march on the 20th, we crossed a small corner of Belgium and went into Luxembourg and on the 21st we passed by the City of that name. By the night of the 23rd we had crossed Luxembourg where we halted for a week before entering the Rhine Provinces of Germany.

On December 1st the elements of the Division and Brigade crossed the Sauer River into Germany and by the 9th we had reached Mayen, a City of some size. On the morning of the 13th we crossed the Rhine between Coblenz and Neuwied at the town of Engers. On December 14th and 15th the regiments took up the billets they were to occupy during the winter.

The Brigade had for its part in the defense of the Coblenz Bridgehead the support of the 32nd Division with the 1st Division on its right and the 2nd Division on its left. It engaged in tactical exercises for the defense of the sector and manouvers for advance in case of a resumption of hostilities.

General Fleming left to attend a school for General Officers at Treves on February 15th and then afterwards for a tour of the front. While away he was relieved by Brigadier General Daniel F. Craig on 17th of March, 1919, General Fleming going to the 5th F. A. Brigade, 5th Division. However, General Fleming returned to take the Brigade to the United States on April 12th, General Craig going to the 5th F. A. Brigade.

The Trench Mortar Battery left the bridgehead sector for the United States on 9th of January and was followed by the 308th ammunition Train on the 19th of January. The following changes in



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regimental commanders has been effected during the occupation:

322nd F. A. ....	Colonel T. W. Hollyday,
323rd F. A. ....	Colonel Harry L. Morse,
	Lieut Colonel S. R. Hopkins,
	Colonel Fred T. Cruse (now Commanding)

The remainder of the Brigade returned to the United States for demobilization at the same time as the 32nd Division. The first elements of the Brigade entrained for Brest, France, on April 21st and the various units sailed for home between May 5th and 9th.



GERMAN LIFE AS SEEN BY CARNEY

# PERSONEL



With a few exceptions the following photographs were taken by a German photographer in Coblenz, Germany.

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### Captain Ellery S. James

Having served with the Yale Artillery Battalion Capt. James came to the 324th as an experienced officer. He was assigned to the Regiment as Adjutant of the 1st Battalion. In January of '18 our Captain was sent to the School of Fire for a period of three months. Captain James was placed in command and remained with us until April, when he was transferred to Hq. Company. On the March to the Rhine we were without a captain and on November the 18th Captain James was assigned to Battery D. He commanded us until Feb. 20th, 1919, when he was again transferred to the 133rd F. A. which was en route for the States.



### Captain Donald W. Fitton

Although Captain Fitton became our Battery Commander the last week in March, 1919, we had known him for some time. He had served with Battery E in our Regiment as a first lieutenant. His promotion as Captain in the first week of March, 1919, was not surprising to those who knew him, for he had persevered, had studied hard, and had won the good will of his men. To us his memory will always remain a pleasant one—for not only was he a captain, but he was also a man of high ideals, and an officer who was deeply interested in the enlisted men.



### 1st. Lieutenant Russell L. Palmer

After graduating from Akron in 1917 he enlisted in the Ohio National Guard and served on the Mexican Border. Later he was sent to the first O. T. C. at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He received his commission as second lieutenant and was then assigned to the 324th. At the time he was assigned to Battery D he was promoted to first lieutenant. During the periods we were without captains he was Battery Commander. He was specially interested in motors, having completed courses of instruction at various schools.



### 1st. Lieutenant Ralph E. Bevington

Having served in the Sanitary Detachment of the Ohio Field Artillery on the Mexican Border he was sent to Fort Benjamin Harrison to the O. T. C. He completed the course and commissioned a second lieutenant, and was assigned to our Battery in September 1917. He has remained with us throughout our service. In March 1919 he was promoted to first lieutenant.



### 2nd. Lieutenant George S. Crego

From the Case School of Applied Science he was sent to the first O. T. C. Here he was commissioned and was assigned to Battery E of this Regiment. On January the 8th, 1918, he was assigned to our Battery. He has served as the Battery Supply Officer.



### First Sergeant Fred V. Oldaker

As a "rookie" he once took his hat off at the command "Cover Off", but he soon became a snappy soldier and an efficient section chief. As "Top Kick" he set special emphasis on saluting. On one occasion he journeyed to Paris to take a special course in that important military courtesy.



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### Mess Sergeant Fred R. Gray

When Freddy landed in the kitchen our "chow" immediately improved. He knew more ways of preparing goldfish and hard-tack than any other mess sergeant in the A. E. F. He particularly cared for officers. He not only served the Colonel with an excellent dish of blood pudding, but he also saw to it that our own officers fed the same as the enlisted men did.



### Supply Sergeant Lamar S. Stillwell

"No partiality" was his motto. And so some times we would get shoes that would nearly fit us while most times we didn't get any. It has been predicted that he would start a clothing store in Springfield after his discharge, but we think that instead he will accept the presidency of Robin and Meyers.



### Sergeant Grover C. Johnson

"Johnny" was undoubtedly the most popular man in the outfit. He was quiet and unassuming, but when it came to shooting two-bits he was a "bear-cat". He gave his orders in a friendly but yet firm way getting his work done with a minimum of work and energy.



### Sergeant Ralph Pancake

Judging from Ralph's success with the mademoiselles and frauleins we surmise that he was some ladies man in South Charleston. At any rate he had a line that would make him famous as either a lawyer or a preacher. And he was no less popular with the men than with the wild women, for we all felt his friendship and kindness.



### Sergeant R. LaRue Cober

"Pete" means the same as pep,—that was Cober, always on the jump; organized the "Shrapnel", next the "Howitzer"; did everything from hustling advertising and interviewing the high moguls to reading proof and being printer's devil. On the front we wanted cigarettes and candy. "Pete" got 'em, where or how we didn't know or care—he got 'em!



### Sergeant James B. Wright

Croton, Ohio, which strongly reminds us of the infirmary, is where Jim hails from. He first had charge of the seventh section but later had the "fighting Fourth". He worked at many trades but seems to prefer the rubber factories. Reads poetry and likes it too, can you beat it?





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Sergeant Clyde Anderson

The huskiest and one of the biggest men in our bunch was "Andy." A happy go lucky fellow, he had before the war covered the whole United states in Pullmans—regular and side door. In the army he proved a general favorite with the men and officers.



Sergeant Pearl L. Penquite

"Penny", der Unter Officer, three stripes and a Gott mit uns belt. He was snappy in drill, good humored and easy to please, always willing to help out, a good comrade, a good soldier, a good worker. Always had a wad of beaucoup francs and we found him a friend indeed.



Sergeant John A. Williams

"Johnny" was always on the spot. When it came to figuring firing data he was a "bearcat" and always right. Could sit in a poker game, attract no notice, but only "Shrimp" need put his pants under his head that night. Kept harmony in the bunch of scrappers—the Detail Section.



Sergeant Lester R. Eshelman

"Esh" always did his share and usually that of a couple of others. Many times have his men enjoyed a few minutes rest while he was reporting his section "present". He previously belonged to the Third Ohio, which did its share on the Mexican border. Good luck, "Esh", going to raise any soldiers?



Sergeant James L. Griffin

"Jimmy" ran the orderly room, and you could always find him, morning, noon or night, breaking the speed laws on the typewriter. But, nevertheless, always had time to chat with any who came his way. His big Irish smile won friends wherever he went.



Sergeant Emerson S. Circle

Circle joined D Battery in September of '17. He served with us until November the 6th of '18 when he fell sick with the "flu" and was sent to Hospital No. 80 at Baume in France. After recovering he was unable to rejoin us and was assigned to the Central Records Office at Bourges, France. Circle was very efficient and capable and we were sorry to lose him.



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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### Sergeant Willard C. Moon

The dog's "Wids." There was no dispute about it in the battery. He foretold us accurately the number of the pier at Hoboken. He prophesied too that two hundred of us would remain in France to push up daisies. Third hole rumors, big leaguers, dangers of war fare, importance of keeping sober—"Wids" favorite topics.



### Corporal George H. Prosser

He thought himself an Englishman, the fellows called him the Englishman, and he really was in England three days once,—but he was absolutely the yankiest Yankee of us all. Tall, loose-jointed, sandy-haired, calculating gray eyes; George had all the time in the world to do his work. (Souvenirs!)



### Corporal Ulery J. Bucher

As an artist, a plodder, and as a good mixer, "Buch" was an all round man. Everybody knew his smile and his kindness. We sometimes wonder whether "Buch" was as bashful as he told us he was when he went to Paris. At any rate it's worth inquiring into.



### Corporal James F. McClintock

"Mac" was one of our charter members. In the Spring of '18 he took sick and consequently spent several months in the Hospital. After recovering he obtained permission to join us, and so he went over seas and found us at Camp Moujouy in October of '18. We were all glad for his return to the outfit for he was very capable.



### Corporal Eugene C. Rea

"Jean" served as gunner corporal for the Fourth Section. Altho small of stature that didn't hinder him from being exceptionally good on the sights. Also he was clever with a pen, and we enjoyed his humor and original ideas. As a ukalelee fiend, a heart-breaker, and as a judge of French "pop" he takes first prize.



### Corporal John T. Cambell

"Jack" was the longest, leanest man in the battery, and he always had his breeches pressed. Got the work assigned to him done so well that he got nearly every big cleaning up detail wished onto him. His poetic flow of language when peeved was a joy to hear.



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Corporal Hobart M. Chase

"Brook" could sleep the soundest and snore the loudest of any man in the A. O. He was one of our strong men but he never took advantage of his strength by working harder than less favored comrades. A good electrician, general telephone man and an all around good fellow.



Corporal Samuel M. Fansler

"Sam" specialized on gas and gas-masks and the barber trade. He was a member of the famous "Agony Quartet" which gathered nightly in Cober's dug out. In Kausen "Sam" had charge of the club room and canteen; can't you still hear him say, "What do you want Kid?"



Corporal Ewart G. Carney

A cool nerve, a sharp eye, a keen wit—that was "Carney, E. G.," otherwise known as "Kit". His ability as an artist is exceptional and much of the success of this book is due to him. Also he was a true pal to us all. The "Charlie Chaplin" effect on his upper lips was a model for all aspiring mis-placed eye brows.



Corporal Paul M. Culp

Paul was mighty snappy in appearance, hence in Germany he was detailed to Brigade Headquarters where he lived on the fat of the land. On the front he was Gunner Corporal in the Second Section and a darned good one.



Corporal Wilmer E. Gibler

Can't you hear Bill playing his banjo and singing, "At the Fountain of youth" and "Johnny and Frankie were Lovers"? What would we have done without Bill's laughter, his fun, and his entertaining ways? He was also an expert at polishing mess kits.



Corporal Roy J. Herrick

This great intellect pleasures itself not "Even as you and I"—but in the fluid expression of vast concrete thoughts. We confidently look forward to that time when we may take from its dusty shelf our choicest volume, and, pointing to it say reverently "hush my child—your father knew this man."

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### Corporal Roy Ireland

Roy's chief asset was his good looks. His tall manly form and remarkable handsomeness won many a fair maiden's heart. In the Battery he rose to position of acting motor sergeant, and many a weary hour he spent pleading and wooing those sick engines back to life.



### Corporal Harold W. Netzley

In ducking formations, getting out of details, and eating at the head of the mess line—Netz took the "cheese." He is going back to his old job of teaching school, so if any of you want to take up readin', writin' or 'ritmetic drop him a card at West Milton.



### Corporal John F. Stabler

We called him "Red" because he was a red head. He never got mad either. Also he never seemed homesick except on certain occasions—when we sang "Sweet Adeline." He never told us why that song made him feel so pathetic but we surmised the reason.



### Corporal Ralph H. Clark

It made no difference to "Dutch" whether the war kept on or not so long as it didn't inconvenience him too much. During his army life there were two things he could never get used to; French cooking and serving, particularly and the other was, work.



### Corporal Robert L. Jamison

"Bob" was one of our huskies and proved it not only on the front as a cannoneer but also in Germany. At Kausen he got into an argument with a Dutchman and threw him out of his own storeroom, the only efficient means of settling said argument.



### Corporal Max M. Markley

"Mac's" specialty was horses and so he was made acting Stable Sergeant. From the time he left Vilosnes until he got to Kausen his spare moments were few for the picket line had to be set up anew every night and "Mac" had to get it done.



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**Corporal Roy H. Wentz**

Roy looked like a newly escaped prisoner from Sing Sing due to that famous haircut at Aix les Bains which earned for him the nickname of "Egg." Good worker and was put in charge of the Fourth Section drivers at "Camp de Mud."



**Corporal Martin L. Cloud**

"Private" had one bad fault, he was always in an argument which he never won, always admitting "Well that defeats me." But not so in the old army game for he always won. He was always on the job and never ducked a detail.



**Corporal Charles O. Zerkle**

"Ching" used to keep the Battery posted on all news and rumors, he had the "Stars and Stripes" beat on army dope. He was a jack of all trades and was always busy. His worst failing was too much "Pride." Can be found any evening now on a cracker box in Bullskin.



**Corporal Ellsworth Allison**

From the Keystone State came "Bub" Allison. On the front he was a member of the second gun crew and was always on the job. In Germany he was promoted to Corporal. Bub's cheerfulness and smiles have meant a great deal to us.



**Corporal Herman D. Locke**

We know that "Hoiman" did not throw his knee out of place on purpose, so he could view the scenery from the top of a fourgon. He used to pound the typewriter long after everyone else was in bed, making out passes and fixing up service records.



**Corporal William T. Miller**

"Wil" liked to sing and he did sing, not even a G. I. Can from Fritz could stop him. But we all liked "Wil" as well as he liked to inflict his voice on us. His natural good nature and sense of humor made him a buddy to the whole battery.

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### Cook Roy D. Jones

"Jonesy" was right on the job, when it came to fixing grub. No matter how far we'd hiked he was always ready to pitch in and fix us up slum and monkey meat. Ask "Jonesy" about the chickens and hams sent up to the front by—the magazines.



### Cook Ralph L. Trowbridge

Trowbridge and Major Morse were very thick; the rest of us trembled when we saw that mustache start to quiver at inspection for we knew what was coming, but Ralph only grinned and was the only one who never got called. At home with a cleaver and hind quarter.



### Cook William A. Carey

"Bill" was sure at home in the kitchen and we all appreciated his efforts in the culinary line. He was always willing to lend a hand and helped us do many things from cutting down our clothes to slipping us some bacon to fry those eggs we'd swiped.



### Cook Frank M. Fravel

We don't know what Frank did before his enlistment, but surely it wasn't cooking. He was an expert, though, at peeling spuds and shining pots; and, when it came to dishing out small quantities to those he didn't like, he was more than an expert.



### Chief Mechanic Henry G. Fink

Whenever we ran short of provisions Fink saw to it that our larder was refilled. In fact he was always finding accessories for every branch of the Battery. As a mechanic he could not be beat; and as a friend he was one in whom we all had faith and confidence.



### Chief Mechanic George L. Thompson

Tommy and his corn-cob pipe were inseparable. Probably the pipe was charmed for there was no sick engine, no broken down gun, no second hand Ingersol that "Tommy" couldn't repair. Also his guitar and "down-in-the-cellar" voice helped us to pass many a weary hour.





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**Mechanic William R. Moulton**

"Sweet William" complained once at Camp Sherman that his No. 3 gas mask was too small. We remember distinctly on the Front, Bill got into a No. 1 mask during an attack. Also, Bill was great on relating adventures. Having been a sailor at one time he was all full of yarns.



**Mechanic Roy Russell**

As a barber Roy was some mechanic. He was an expert at clipping heads and horse's tails. He could sling the bull as far as Lt. Palmer, and so they became very good pals. When it came to "hoe-downs" he had everybody beat as a snappy "caller."



**Mechanic Stanley R. Steele**

As a carpenter Stanley was always kept busy. Specially was he in demand for constructing dug-outs, (for officers), on the Front. We think that Stanley has grown tired of butchering wood and will probably return to the railroad game after being discharged.



**Mechanic Myron E. Taylor**

"Bruce" was the plutocrat of the battery. Three days after pay day most of us were broke but not so Taylor. On several occasions he financed the canteen and enabled us all to have cigarettes and candy. Drew the line at stove pipe made of tomato and syrup cans.



**Saddler Willard L. Berry**

"Bill" could make the best money belts, pocket books and wrist watch straps to be had if you only had a stand in with him. After we were motorized he became known as "Gasoline Gus" but we remember him as "Saddler Bill."



**Wagoner Ezra F. Baker**

"Doc" served for a while as a "pill roller" at the remount but couldn't stay away from the battery. He served as veterinary for the battery and managed to keep busy, for long hikes and short rations proved too much for many a horse, but "Doc" usually cured them.

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### Wagoner John E. Baker

"Bake" comes from Springfield on the "Hump". When we went to the Front he was acting Caisson Corporal and served in that capacity until we started for the Rhine. "Bake" finally transferred to the Motor Section in which he drove a caterpillar tractor.



### Wagoner Edward F. Click

Until we motorized, "Ed" was a hash slinger, but he had such a knowledge of motors and machinery that he was transferred to the Motor Section. He served well in both capacities but preferred to handle a Quad and Snipers.



### Wagoner John E. Doyle

Usually an Irishman is only quiet when he sleeps but "Dumpy" used to often break that silence with snores of great power. Had bad luck and spent many months in the hospital; we were surely glad he came back. In Germany he drove a tractor.



### Wagoner Howard Fallon

Fallon always had a grin on his mug even when we'd hiked thirty kilos on hard tack and blood pudding. Nothing ever phased him and everyone liked him. Used to kid Locke and everyone who hung around the orderly room at night. Excellent driver and mechanic.



### Wagoner Edward G. Fisher

"Eddie" was in respect to neatness both of person and equipment the model of the entire Battery. He and Morrison bunked together and their pup tent and later dugout were the best ever. "Eddie" could sure "pound the ivories" and was always in demand.



### Wagoner Carl L. Frock

Frock went to the Machine Gun School at Camp Coctquidan and served in the M. G. Squad at the front. On our march to the Rhine he had charge of the wheel team of the Fifth Section's Chariot du Parc. Later he was assigned to the Motor Section.



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Wagoner Daniel A. Green

In Camp Sherman "Dan" had the cleanest rifle in the battery. In Germany his truck and later the reconnaissance car were just as clean as his rifle always had been. He was so lucky in the old army game that the expression "as lucky as Dan Green" came to be used.



Wagoner George H. Jones

"Jonesy" liked to devil everyone in the battery and when he and "Mississippi" got to going it the whole bunch watched, for it was a great sight. On the front George was one of Pancake's standbys but was transferred in Germany to the Motor Section.



Wagoner Mark R. Larkin

Mark was number one man in the first squad of the first section on the Front where he worked in a gun squad in the day time and on the Kitchen when it was dark. Drove a team of "goats" to Germany, where he was transferred to become a truck driver.



Wagoner Frank W. Locke

"Dizzy" was an all around man. He knew horses and his roans were the best pullers in the outfit. When the blacksmiths were swamped with work he came to the rescue. When we were motorized Frank drove a tractor. Also he knew how to manipulate "cognac" and "vin rouge."



Wagoner Francis M. Melloy

When we were motorized Melloy was given a tractor to care for. Although a new man in the outfit his ability earned him his position. Also he was a judge of good wines and he became acquainted with all the Gasthauses in Rhineland.



Wagoner August W. Miller

Gus had the inside dope of the officer's secrets. He drove the Battery car and so sometimes acted as valet as well as chauffeur. On one occasion he drove to Coblenz where he lost his car, but the next week, after his headache was over, he found it again.

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### Wagoner Ralph W. Morrison

Having been salesman of Bully Beef in civilian life he should have been a cook in the army. But as mistakes are often made he was instead made a wagoner. He drove his Quad like a touring car, and we used to breath deeply when he took us scooting around corners on two wheels.



### Wagoner Russell E. Murphy

After completing six months in a motor school Murphy came to our outfit in high hopes. But when he found that our motors were four-legged ones, and plugs at that, his hopes diminished. Finally, when we were motorized, he became attached to the motor section in which he proved his worth.



### Wagoner Allen S. Perkins

"Si" is the original strong man. Consequently he was made a blacksmith. He could shoe horses faster than he could eat—and that was some speed. Also he was a "souvenir hound." Officers often wondered why he had to have so many boxes to carry his equipment in.



### Wagoner Marvin W. Wears

Wears had just one complaint—he wished to be busted so he could associate with the boys! Until we were motorized he was stable orderly and Lt. Palmer's understudy. He became quite a Ladies' man in Kausen and many of the Madchen "fell" for him.



### Wagoner Gainor J. Weaver

"Buck" never thought much of the Mademoiselles until he went on leave, when he changed his ideas completely. His good nature was proverbial and everyone liked him from the Captain down. On the front a cannoneer in the Fourth Section but later transferred to the Motor Section where he drove a tractor.



### Wagoner Curtis Wells

When we were first equipped in France "Curt" asked for a team. He picked a good pair and with faithful thorough care he soon had one of the best teams in the battery. He rode the wheel swing team for the Sixth Section. Later he was given a tractor to care for.





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### Bugler 1st Class Carl H. Thompson

"Skick" was offered the post of regimental bugler but preferred to stay with the battery. While in action he was assigned to M. P. duty and he performed this unwelcome job well. In Germany Carl made a bunch of rings for the fellows to send home. Got ten letters a day.



### Bugler Henry Preston Beem

As member of the "Wind Jammer's Squad" Beem became an expert. Owing to his modesty he refused being made regimental bugler and consequently contented himself by pestering us with his "fish horn." On the March to the Rhine he filled the capacity as Captain's bugler. Ask Preston how he enjoyed his trip to Paris ? ? ! !



### Bugler James E. Slocumb

"Jim" enjoyed teasing "Dick" Morrow immensely and was generally able to have a row going in two minutes. A good forager, was well able to take care of himself and his buddies. Was able to turn his hand to any kind of work, especially adept at engraving rings.



### Private 1st Cl. Carl W. Achbach

"Bill" could spout German so was very valuable in the A. O. Always willing to work, interpret, "sit in" when we wanted a player—he became mighty popular. He served as a cannoneer in the gun squad of the third section.



### Private 1st Cl. John L. Ahern

"Johnnie" was Irish, a friend to the whole battery. He enjoyed a dry bed on the front while the medics hunted wildly for their stretcher. Learned German and could cuss and fight with a "squarehead" at the same time. His great weakness was a fondness for lemon-extract.



### Private 1st Cl. Levi H. Baker

Can't you still hear Levi spilling his imagination? He certainly had a "line" that was powerful! We hesitate to figure out the number of "mademoiselles" and "franceins" that are now mourning his absence. Levi believed in work—for the other fellow. But occasionally he would be found in a very business like mood.



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### Private 1st Cl. Stanley R. Diltz

The Detail Section had one man who never ducked details—S. R. Never needed a hair cut, shave and always kept his clothes clean. He drew clever cartoons and we used to look regularly at the bulletin board and in the club room at Kausen to find a sketch, "S. D." in the corner.



### Private 1st Cl. Henry E. Dickerson

"Dick" or the "Welshman" can eat more and do less work in a short time than any other man in D Battery. He never saw a deck of cards before coming to the army but before he was discharged he played seven-up and on one or two occasions went so far as to play penny ante.



### Private 1st Cl. Noah E. Davis

A "hoe-down" was not complete if "Punk" wasn't on hand with a fiddle. He could play "Arkansas Traveler" like the "Last Rose of Summer." In the Battery "Punk" was on the Second Section Gun Squad. After his equipment had been destroyed by a Boche H. E. he made his squad work harder than ever.



### Private 1st Cl. Fred A. Compliment

"That'll about make me bust out cryin'," we knew Freddy was around. He was a crack electrician and was usually busy wiring our telephones. Freddy was well known as a fighter having once bluffed the whole medical detachment! At another time he routed the whole police force of Coetquidan.



### Private 1st Cl. Frank E. Brown

While we were in Germany Brigade Headquarters sent a request for an expert accountant and Frank was the Lucky one. We have heard of some of the wonderful times he had at Rengsdorf. But for first hand information ask him to tell you about the good looking "frauleins."



### Private 1st Cl. Oscar Boring

Oscar was an animal trainer. At least he had his little gray and roan pair trained so that they never exerted themselves. He taught his horses the principle that when they wouldn't pull, the cannoneers would push. He also became famous with the little kids with whom he would trade chocolate and cigarettes for hen fruit.



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### Private 1st Cl. Delmar L. Drake

"Boar" was No. 1 in the gun squad of the Second Section. In civilian life he sold cigarettes but in the army could not push K. C. Cigarettes or Nebos on to any of the customers. Drake will always be remembered for his ability to shoot sevens.



### Private 1st Cl. Ohmer H. Engle

Always worrying about something and invariably good natured, that was Engle, called "Mother." Engle was particularly solicitous of our welfare. We did our best but he developed an under fondness for grenadine and le cidre. Sh! It's whispered he smoked a pack of Fatimas in Breitenau where he was battery agent.



### Private 1st Cl. Alpha E. Eyman

Because of his name they put "Sox" in the First Section where he remained permanently. He was the cause of our giving up our big dance. Sent to the hospital with scarlet fever, they called it diphtheria, and found out the next day it was only a sore throat—but it was too late.



### Private 1st Cl. Mathias Feichtmeier

While on the front "Matty" was a cannoneer in the Fifth Section. On the March to the Rhine he went ahead with the billeting party as interpreter since he could speak German fluently both high and low. While in Kausen he had charge of the officer's mess. He was efficient on every job.



### Private 1st Class Albert H. Forste

Albert was chosen as the wheel driver for the first piece. He had a fine pair and he took special pride in caring for them. He was always on the job, and his cheerfulness made the work much easier for the rest of us.



### Private 1st Cl. Walter Frost

Frost was so quiet that few suspected the keen sense of humor that he possessed. This once lead him to play a practical joke, but Walter had slightly misjudged his victim. Everyone in the Battery grew to like this dependable fellow and we wish him the best of luck.



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### Private 1st Cl. Donald O. Gillogly

"Don" or "Glo glo" was a big red headed Irishman whose good humor was never failing. Ask him about his friend, that Major in Paris. He covered himself with glory in Germany by his capture of a former Hun officer in an approved Doug Fairbanks manner, motorcycle, rock pile and all.



### Private 1st Cl. Earl C. Gleason

Earl was one of the lucky ones when the mail was put out. Every girl in Johnstown and vicinity wrote to him. Once a piece of shell tore a great hole in his tent but Gleason was uninjured. One of the best rifle shots in the battery.



### Private 1st Cl. Ralph K. Grimm

Introducing "Red" the well known driver of the Detail Section. Always had a fine team, if he needed a new horse went out and found one. When we were motorized at Kausen "Red" got on a tractor. Three things Red enjoyed: a good joke, big feed, sleep.



### Private 1st Cl. Clayton B. Hall

Clayton, (no, Alice, he's real rough at times), hails from Licking County. Former occupation—undiscovered. On the front he drove a team of oat hounds, generally pulling Stillwell around in the Ninth Section fourgon. Has a mustache, (almost), that looks like a mangy toothbrush.



### Private 1st Cl. Dean Hammond

Dean was the only man in the bunch who got a wound stripe. A piece of shrapnel got him but fortunately did not permanently disable him and we are all proud of that stripe. Dean never had much to say; it took some time to really know him and appreciate his good qualities.



### Private 1st Cl. Ward F. Hisey

The first thing that you noticed about Ward was his wonderful mustache; large, auburn, it was more imposing than the famous one of the ex-Kaiser. How feeble the efforts of others seemed in comparison with his. Our only fear—that his girl has made him shave it off.



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### Private 1st Cl. Claude J. Horner

Horner's nickname was "Hawkshaw"; earned, so the story runs, by his finding a place wherein to dodge unwelcome formations. In Camp Sherman he was dining room orderly and kept it in fine shape. In France and Germany he served as driver and later as helper in the Motor Section.



### Private 1st Cl. William C. Incho

Incho had two nicknames "Bill" and "Cinco". In Camp Sherman "Bill" was exceedingly quiet but in France a great change occurred, he became one of the noisy ones of the battery. Some blamed the mademoiselles for the change others claim he raised Cain to keep from being homesick for his girl.



### Private 1st Cl. Arthur W. Jones

Art was of the serious mind variety. He was always interested in things. And could argue, too. Also was quite a journalist, and his efforts in the Book have helped to make it what it is. At church socials he was always leading man.



### Private 1st Cl. Raymond J. Jones

"Jonesy" handed Stillwell a good line and got appointed Head Assistant to the Supply Sergeant. One pay day when he faced the pay master Ray discovered he had lost his records; he became quite upset but soon collected himself and after he bid all good night we found his records.



### Private 1st Cl. Lawrence J. Johnson

"Johnny" was one of the old timers and hailed from Licking County along back in 1917. He had a great fondness for girls, mademoiselles and frauleins and an almost equal liking for Beechnut. Perhaps Johnson did not like details any better than the most of us but he never shirked them.



### Private 1st Cl. Charles H. Keller

From the start everyone quickly grew to know Charley and like him. He was the wizard and could beat most everyone at Euchre. They say when Charley got back the neighbors all began to sing "How're they going to keep him down on the farm after he's seen Patee?"

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### Private 1st Cl. Charles A. Kline

To get a rise out of Charley, all you had to do was ask him how he liked his hike to the Rhine. We thought his good disposition lost but it returned in Germany. Liked to devil Engle and talk about Mother's cooking after eating in a French cafe.



### Private 1st Cl. Octave Londot

"Lonnie" had it on most of the battery because he could speak French fluently; while in France he acted as battery interpreter. He always stood in with mademoiselles and got his "vin rouge" at a big discount. Six feet two he was,—and a hard man to heat to the mess line.



### Private 1st Cl. Ralph R. Lookabaugh

"Lookie" was number one in the Fourth Section gun squad and we never could fire fast enough to suit him. Chief characteristic, a good disposition. Had a tendency to sing and reel off original poetry by the yard. Got even when anyone made him red. Transferred later to Motor Section.



### Private 1st Cl. John C. Lupton

Lupton went to motor school in Lyons before he joined the battery as motor instructor. Took lessons in boxing we think to lay out that slacker he talked about in his sleep—girl in the case? Learned by experience to get a meal in a French cafe.



### Private 1st Cl. Iven L. Lynn

"Where's my musette bag? Lynn Oh Lynn!" and a quiet voice always answered "Right here, Lieutenant." On our long hikes early every morning we would see a mammoth roll coming down the road and soon we could see that it was carried by a chap one fourth the size of the roll.



### Private 1st Cl. William H. Miller

"Bill" hails from the suburbs of Springfield. He was a faithful subscriber to the "Springfield Sun," and hence the rest of us "bums" were kept in reading matter. His curly black hair caught many admiring glances from the mademoiselles. It must be awful to be afflicted that way,—Eh Bill?





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**Private 1st Cl. Andrew P. Mitchell**

"Dad" was an especially good horseman and willing to handle anything walking on four legs. He had been quite an adventurer all his life and once in a great while could be prevailed upon to tell his experiences. With his drooping mustache and erect carriage he looked the old time soldier.



**Private 1st Cl. Russell F. Mock**

"Bobo" had a keen sense of humor and could always appreciate a joke even though it was on himself. Was one of the charter members of the hairless club at Camp Pride. After he'd been Kitchen guard on the front "Bobo" and the First Section did not go for a long time.



**Private 1st Cl. Benjamin F. Musser**

Ben has been fortunate for he has never had to do much "Squads east or west". He is a carpenter and he has always been in demand in that capacity. Just as he was a good carpenter, so was he a soldier. Everyone liked Ben, he was always glad to help the other fellow.



**Private 1st Cl. Howard A. Needles**

A very quiet and unassuming character. You couldn't tell when he was laughing or frowning. But after knowing him you could appreciate his worth. He was one of Sgt. Johnson's right hand men.



**Private 1st Cl. Edwin Nethers**

"Ed" was the biggest man in the battery, never licked but once and then by "Shrimp" Williams. The big event in his battery life was the shooting of the "bar" in the barracks at Camp Sherman. He was an apt pupil of Col. McNab and one shot did the work.



**Private 1st Cl. Wardie A. Sessler**

"Ses", "Red", "Toot", he answered to each name. He was a "dog robber" for several officers, but popular nevertheless. Could hear a gas alarm ten miles. Got an extra bath on the front in the cause. Went shopping—he and a friend, in Paris—Well, better ask "Toot" about it.

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### Private 1st Cl. Harvey L. Steele

"Chipmunk" was general handy man around the battery. Always willing to do anything, got a lot of hard work shoved on him which he did cheerfully. Said he liked it better than squads east. Had a roll that made us all greeneyed and would lend every cent he had to a friend.



### Private 1st Cl. Everett Van Winkle

"Rip" was another of those lucky cusses who always won, but he'd never admit that he was more than "just breakin' even". He was cannoneer in the Third Section and did his work well. Went on a horse detail and "Rip" used to tell some more tales.



### Private 1st Cl. William B. Wallace

"Oh' Wallace, where is my messkit?"—and then Wallace produced it. He and Capt. Ellery S. were pals. They were inseparable and probably had many secrets in common. We sometimes even think that Wallace was the one who originated many of the Captain's "wonderful" ideas.



### Private 1st Cl. Claude J. Wyeth

Claude served on the front as a driver. One day when he had just stepped away a short distance from his team a shell killed one of his horses. In the Argonne one night he and his pal made up their bed only to find they had a dud for a pillow.



### Samuel Albert

In Utica one of the big attractions was "Sam's" "Movie". Sam was always finding new ways for accomplishing his work. Especially do we remember how he showed Capt. De Wolf how to operate a breach block. On the front Sam was detailed by the Regimental Chaplain as his orderly.



### John A. Arthur

Above everything Arthur loved his gold fish. One night in Coetquidan the Kitchen Guard went on a tear, shooting many of our "fish hound's" pets. We ate stewed, fried, raw, roasted, fricassed goldfish for three weeks. "Art" got tired of hunting out goldfish and changed to handing out our mail.



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Francisco Bartolucci

"Barty" won all by his Italian ways. He was always on the alert trying to help others. His neatness and soldierly appearance made him conspicuous. And how he could sing. Many a hike's terrors were overcome by "Barty's" little cheerful songs.



John Battista

John was no rookie when he landed in Battery D. He had served for four years in the Italian army and had been fifteen months in active service against the Turks. He was quiet and very bashful, but as a soldier he was always on the job.



Frank Baumchen

Frank joined our outfit when we were in France. He has served faithfully and was one of our best drivers. He hails from the State of Michigan, and enlisted at Camp Custer prior to going "over-seas".



Ralph E. Beatty

Ralph has the distinction of having served throughout his enlistment in the Second Section. Probably because he was a very quiet fellow, he was an artist when it came to camouflaging,—especially manure piles. As an expert on the gun squad he knew his "stuff".



Charles Berrong

Enlisting in the 312nd Infantry, transferred to the 36th Engineers, and again to the 6th Provisional Engineers, and once more to the 116th Engineers, he finally found a berth in our outfit while we were in Bain de Bretagne. As a driver it didn't quite compare to being a railroad conductor.



Ernest H. Born

Do you remember how Born used to "slick" the Mess Sergeant or how he always led the line of seconds at mess time, (and sometime thirds), or what he told the Mademoiselles in gay Paree so as to evade them. But to be honest we can't disclose any black deed, for he has had none. And furthermore we have all admired him for his principles and the way he has lived up to them.

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### Clarence R. Bramel

In the "doughboys" Clarence would have made the Boches "high-ball" for he was a great big husky chap. He did no less, though, in our outfit for he was one of our best cannoneers, and he sure could handle those ninety-three pound shells.



### Stephen Brannick

Stephen to his mother, Pard to his pals at home, but just plain "Steve" to us. And he sure was some fighting Irishman too. When he worked he worked hard, and when he played he went the limit. Also when he argued he could tell us things we never dreamt of.



### Martin F. Brennan

"Murphy" found soldiering a bit different from being a printer. But never-the-less, he enjoyed himself,—usually at the expense of others, when it came to drinking Cognac and eating "Apfel Kucken". Many little Frauleins will probably have fond remembrances of Murphy for some time to come.



### James Bushy

"Buz" was a driver and had the hard luck to have a horse fall on him at the front. It never bothered, though, until we arrived east of the Rhine where fatigue details were plentiful. But we were glad that his injury didn't keep him from traveling Home with us.



### Elmer E. Byerman

Did you ever hear Elmer talk more than three words consecutively. Never, except when the cooks would give him too much chow (?), or when some other unhappy event occurred. The mademoiselles enjoyed talking to him but we never had their success.



### Stephen R. Campbell

"Steve" enlisted at Camp Custer in Michigan, and after a number of transfers, landed at last in our outfit one hot day in July, 1918. His special work was with our French "Plugs" and as a driver he did exceptionally well.





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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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**William E. Carson**

"Bill" was one of the best boxers in our Division. He won the Championship of the Regiment and was very prominent in Divisional boxing. He found army life a little different than railroading, but he was one of those fellows who could acclimate himself to any environment.



**Burnie L. Chambers**

What's this we hear, Bernie about a little mademoiselle at Aix le Bain? You want to be sure and send us invitations to the wedding when she arrives over here. Who could want more romance than that?



**Francis R. Coleman**

"Skinny" wanted to be a driver but when he found out that the French plugs couldn't "Parlez" our lingo he decided to be a cannoneer. He liked this work immensely, specially when he was given some nags to care for on the March to the Rhine.



**Leo V. Cross**

"Pat" was always happy. Specially when he was stationed in Grossermalschied. He was a great horseman and enjoyed (?) caring for his pair. As a driver in the First Section he was always on the job. "Pat",—here's to you.



**William J. Donald**

They say "Willie" got real mad when he found out he couldn't stay in Germany all summer. But then we fellows who aren't good looking never find many attractions, so possibly we couldn't appreciate "Willie's" anger. This was his big fault—being good looking. We never got a chance with the girls when "Willie" was around.



**Harry B. Dyse**

"Piggy" knew the army game and played it accordingly. He had served a "hitch" in the navy so he was wise to army methods. There was nothing "Piggy" had that we weren't welcome to. He even let "Pat" Buchanan borrow his coat once. When "Piggy" landed in the kitchen he sure did put pep to the chow.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### William B. Edgerton

"Bill" is a typical wild west rancher and he has often remarked that an artilleryman's outfit wasn't complete without chaps, rauled spurs, five or six gats, and a bandanna handkerchief. We are, however, glad that he was minus these additions,—especially the gats on the night we shaved his beard from his upper lip.



### Clemmon Edwards

Because he "done broke hosses fo' nine years on old Beam's ranch in the Lone Star State" we called him "Texas Pete". "And it was a dad burned good job at that! !". "Pete's" favorite expression was "dad burned",—which cuss word he taught "Sarah" Hall to use.



### Vauhn E. Esterline

There was never a successful meeting of the song birds without Vauhn. He was our best tenor and sure could warble. Also he was one of our best ladies' men. We used to enjoy calling on him whenever mail from the States arrived. Hershey's Chocolate. UM!



### Louis R. Evans

"Salt Lake" came from the land of the Mormons. He didn't quite live up to our expectations, for we imagined him to be strong for the "fair ones." But not him, for he had two perfectly good French plugs to care for,—and what more could a man want?



### Dominick Fagnillo

From the "petite Marie" in Bain de Bretagne to the stalwart Suzana in Kausen, "Fag" had everything his own way. Although no giant in stature he certainly soldiered with the best of us. His sense of humor and cheerfulness made friends of us all.



### George H. Fisher

George was one of our standbys. He was not only a charter member but he was with us to the end. George was a good driver and took excellent care of his plugs. When we went to the front he belonged to the Third Section.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



William Fitz

He was a driver and always did his share of the work. While in Germany he was used as interpreter. "Billy" had a rather a temper especially when somebody told him he could not eat cornbread. We were glad we had Fitz with us.



Charles E. Fown

"Red" was not only a great big fellow but also had a big heart. Everybody was a friend of Red, and his happy-go-lucky and cheerful way was a gloom killer. "Red" belonged to the "fightin' first".



Adam E. Frank

No, Adam wasn't the first man that ever was invented! In fact he didn't join our Battery until we were on the Front. But then he made up for lost time by "digging-in" immediately. In Germany he was of much importance to the Motor Section and did splendid work.



Frank Gallon

He was the biggest four quarts we ever saw. And being big—and short—he had a funny walk. Here's a tip though; if you're not a friend of Gallons' don't say such things. Back in Kausen a "Squarehead" did, and Gallon, hailing from Milwaukee, happened to "sprechen deutsche". The said "Squarehead" watched his step thereafter.



Thomas Gaffney

Irish; sawed-off; knew how to jig; knew how to take a joke—and to pass one on. We used to get pretty tired out and crabby on our hike to Germany. It was "hard lines". But Tom never lost his humor. When currying horses Tom was the only one to see the funny side.



Thomas A. Gillespie

As a souvenir hound and picture post card fiend "Tom" was on the job. Also very fond of a certain old penny clay pipe. After eating the stem off of this relic he accidentally broke it. But the pieces were carefully saved and now rest in peace. (piece).

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### Ohmer Goings

Industrious as the proverbial Scotchman—but did his job with a better humor. As a blacksmith he was always on the job. On our hike to the Rhine, (the hardest thing we went through), the horses needed shoeing constantly. It never was too cold or too wet for Ohmer, for his anvil rang just the same.



### Urvin Hartsock

Although one of the original members of Battery D, he was needed in the Supply Company to care for the horses. He did so well that they kept him most of the time we were over seas. But toward the last we had the good fortune to have him back again.



### James C. Holmes

Few are the fellows who are not familiar with "Jim" and his ways. Our evenings would have been quiet had it not been for his pep. He was one of the drivers and always took good care in giving the boys "Front", "tenshun", etc.



### Walter C. Hough

"Rev. Hough" could talk more and say less than any ten men in his profession. And he could also guzzle French "Pop". Outside of these accomplishments he was an expert cannoneer. His originality and humorous sallies kept us in laughter. Also he was very successful in bucking the mess line.



### James Howard

From the "Blue Grass" region came "Bud". He was at first a bit shy and very unassuming. But after being made a driver and seeing how important it was to make his "hosses" behave he came out into the lime light.



### James O. Hunter

Again Croton became famous by sending "Jim" to us. With his good looking curly hair and his snappy appearance he became a real soldier. On the Front he served as a cannoneer, and in Kausen he turned blacksmith. Later the Motor Section got him so his experiences have not only been varied but interesting.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



**John H. Hyser**

From Springfield came John in the first contingent to the Battery. It can not be said that he would ever choke from talking too much,—for he only talked on rare occasions. He was a driver in the Third Section and did his work in an excellent way.



**John M. Johnson**

"Swede," from the "Keystone" State, came to us in December of '18. We were snow-bound at the time and we guess army life didn't look very attractive. But he soon caught our spirit and began to play the game in earnest. He finally was assigned to the Fourth Section, in which he showed his worth.



**John Kolodzac**

Baring none, "Jack" was the smallest of us all. But size don't count now-a-days and he certainly did do his share. He was currying his "nags" one day and an officer noticed he wasn't using a curry comb. When asked why, Jack merely replied "the horse ate it". Some horse—but some how Jack managed to find the comb.



**Albert B. Kommel**

Brutus was initiated into army life in April of '18. He developed fast and was useful in many ways. One day he would be working on the guns, and maybe the next—the typewriter. He was also an expert at digging dug-outs and burying horses. Brutus had his principles and we admired him for the way he lived up to them.



**John W. McCoy**

"Kid" was in the vicinity of six feet five inches. He startled the English when we marched through Liverpool as they were not used to seeing giants. He was often imposed upon on account of his height and strength. But "Kid" took it all good naturedly and was never known to grumble.



**Claude Mc Dowell**

Do you remember the night Mac couldn't find his gas mask when the alarm was given? He explained afterwards that his strenuous weeping was caused by tear gas! How about it Mac? But don't forget that Mac was some driver. His experience at "night ridin" back in old "Kentuc" stood him in well on the Front.

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### Frederick A. Marker

No matter where we were or how beastly the atmospheric conditions Fred always had time to pull out his little broken mirror and primp. Outside of that we can't think of any other faults he had but this was such a gross one, (and the rest of us didn't have any mirrors), that we can't help but complain a little.



### William Meier

When Meier first came to us he was very quiet and bashful. No one could get a word out of him,—not even Capt. James! But finally he condescended an explanation by saying that “shavetails” should be seen and not heard.



### Edward J. Miller

“Dizzy” joined us at Verdun. He was made a driver in the Fourth Section. Later when the battery was motorized he was placed in the Motor Section and divided his time between washing tractors and Quads and driving.



### George D. Mirkin

“Ike” became so accomplished as a K. P. that he became cook in the officer's mess at Kausen. By profession he was a jeweler and it was with great difficulty that we kept him out of the little pawn shops on our march to Germany.



### Francis E. Montgomery

“Monty” was one of the best liked men in the outfit. He says his home is in Temperanceville, but we are a little skeptical at times. As a Fifth Section man he was invaluable and on the Front he was given an important job in the Second Section gun squad.



### Thomas Moriarty

“Tom” had a great little mustache that we are sorry he didn't keep. We don't know why he didn't keep it for this picture. Its historical value was of interest because he coaxed it into notoriety on the Hike to Germany.





## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



William H. Morrison

What would we have done without "Bunny"? Absolutely he was one of the happiest and funniest fellows in the outfit and he was a hard worker. The plugs he had to work with were famous outlaws. No one could make them exert themselves but "Bunny". Probably the songs he sang to them brought the results.



Fred A. Mott

Cannoneer on the Front, wielding one half of the short-rammer and hustling F. A.'s and O.'s and powder charges. His chief characteristic is a slow, easy going manner, although he was known to walk fast enough so that you could see him move when "soupy" blows.



Glendale Mount

While training at Coetquidan Mount's thoughts were roaming back to a certain little place in Ohio, and so he failed to hear Lt. Palmer give the command;—"Prepare to mount!" and the executive command;—"Mount" caught him unawares. He whirled with a start and rushing up to the officer said;—"Here I am, what do you want?"



Harry L. Neidemire

"Needie" came from the wilds of Montana. He was great at blowing the bugle but when he got to Battery D he dropped the bugle part. Who will forget the wild west exhibition when "Needie" salvaged his mount at Maiville and rode through Germany on it.



Anthony F. Osinski

"Tony" came to us in October upon the Meuse. When we were motorized his ability was best utilized for he became a splendid truck driver. His untiring willingness at all times made him well liked by everyone. He boasted that he did not hail from Clark or Licking County.



Vincent P. Petrousky

"Pete" was known as the "Kid from Chi." Before he came to us he had been a doughboy and an engineer. He could do battle with the best of them in the roped arena. He was driver in the Third Section the entire time in France and Germany.

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

Edward G. Pierce

"Eddie" used to say "Yes' call me a popeyed son of a gun" and then laugh. Said he'd not trade his back yard in Utica for all Europe. Could argue best with Penquite and always won. Tried most of the sections and chose the kitchen for he had a powerful appetite.



Guistino Rodorigo

"Rigo" came to us from Pennsylvania and with him brought a cheerful grin, which he never lost no matter what happened. Tried his best to get left usually, but we never left him, though in France he ran many miles, he claimed, to catch the train.



Fred G. Rogers

"Roge" drove the lead team for the Sixth Section and piloted them safely through many tight places. After motorization he utilized his time in taking on flesh and leading his buddies in the nightly forage on Zwei Bier. A good forager, earnest worker, pleasant companion around a campfire or in a billet.



Jesse Sanders

"Mutt" was one of the drivers in the First Section and an old standby in the battery. He could work and did if there was anything needed to be done, but couldn't see the sense of too much "right front into line,—as you were!"



William C. Schultz

"Pop" in Germany started to get a hump on his back from ducking formations, and, trying to put the visible food supply on the bum,—succeeded pretty well. Occupation on the front—One of Prosser's dugout hounds coming to the surface three times daily. Also called "Bill" and "Light mug".



John Shipley

"Ship" was a driver in the Second Section and always took good care of "Skinny" and "Matilda". Had a collection of souvenirs that cost him many hours and beaucoup francs. Never heard first call because he'd stayed up so late the night before arguing.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



Albert M. Slocum

Slocum was "Pete" Cober's right hand man. Originally a member of the engineers he was transferred to us at Bain-de-Bretagne. No matter how hard a job he had he always did it well and cheerfully. Whenever asked how he was, answered "I'm sassified".



Charles E. Sprague

"Red" was a cannoneer on the front, generally in charge of powder charges, a wizard with a gas mask. Saw funny lights over Verdun. Helped push carriages when the going was rough under the gentle persuasion of a certain brigadier. Sprague was quite a boxer, light weight class.



William H. Stabler

"Bill" was transferred from Headquarters Company to look after his brother John. It didn't pay to work him too hard for Uncle Sam was always short of mess funds if "Bill" hauled many H. Es. Said he'd go hungry for a slab of eating tobacco any day, but we doubt it.



William Stackhouse

"Stackie" alias "Bill" was one of the engineers who joined us at Bain after being over most of France previously. At Coetquidan he was given a pair of black stallions, the only original pair to go clear through to the Rhine. When you wanted "Stackie" you always looked around the kitchen.



Frank C. Steel

Steele hailed from New York City so could appreciate the metropolitan air of Kausen. He was very neat in appearance and obeyed orders without grumbling. He and "Sam" went to Paris together, ask Steel about it if you have plenty of time.



Lewis L. Sunkle

"Sunk" had a great hobby in the army—"slinging the bull". His philosophy was a wise man misses all fatigue details, and he was a wise man indeed. Had a house on canal street that eclipsed all the other edifices on the residential thoroughfare.

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### Howard E. Titus

Titus had a nick name but the censor wouldn't let us use it. As a driver he had an important job. He drove the kitchen horses and had to prod the cooks to boot to keep them with the Battery. That was one reason why he always was so fat. A good genial jolly pal.



### James C. Van Allen

His favorite job on the Front was "pulling the string," and his "Aw Hell let's put 'em over fast" was his constant expression. He was transferred to the Motor Section when it was organized. And they had to watch him to keep his foot off of the accelerator when driving.



### Horace Van de Water

He was a shark on the harmonica and therefor was dubbed "Windy". It wasn't necessary to ever ask him to play. Also was quite a musician with two or three spoons. He lived on "Toity-toid" street "New Yoik."



### Walter Van de Water

Also from "Toity-toid" Street, "New Yoik". Was formerly conductor on a taxi cab, but as we traveled "a la foot" his excellent experiences were wasted. He staged several "Cootie" battles and finally, after going to Rengsdorf for aid, came out victorious.



### George J. Vallier

George began his training in Fort Slocum in June of '18, and set sail for France July 21st. Finally joined the 308th Trench Mortar. The 308th having too many men transferred him to our Battery while we were at Brough. Was placed in the 7th Section and became "Sarah's side kick".



### Joseph L. Walker

Joe was well built, jolly and an excellent gun-man from the State of Florida. Saw lively fighting with the 308th when it was "shot-up". Is very fond of "shin-digs" and funny jokes, and as a worker was very dependable.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



Charles E. Watkins

"Doc" kept us up-to-date with the famous phrases. "Get-a-lang, dick," "Front," and "Leap upon 'em," were a few of his pet sayings. Outside of "breakin'" on the Third Section piece, his one diversion was to go "over the top". "Doc's" fun was half of our Battery life.



John R. Wears

Wear's life was uneventful until we dug in along canal street. John R. and his pal were very comfortable with plenty of hay, a stove and a pup tent. One night the bundle of powder used in lieu of kindling got too hot. Immediately a sheet of flame. "Put out that fire!" Wears calmly replied;—"I can't, I'm barefooted".



William H. Whitney

"Old Riley" was from "Frisco". He trained in Camp Fremont. He went "over seas" with the 11th Engineers, and came to us at Bain-de-Bretagne. His Irish smile and his jokes were familiar to all. He was a driver and did excellent work.



William H. Wilkinson

From the speed with which he hit the mess line he was called "Swift". He joined us in May of '18, and finally landed in the "Woolly" Second Section. He was very dependable and when "Swift" was given work to do he did it right.



Virgil Willey

No relation to the old timer who wrote Aeneid. On the Front he drove the water cart, frequently making trips under the heaviest kind of shell fire. Fortunately escaped any very serious injury. His dug-out was severely shelled, over thirty shells dropping nearby but he calmly wrote a letter home. Indifference—that's him all over.



Clarence Williamson

"Bill" had a varied army life until he hit us, having been in half the camps in the States and France, and had engineer, doughboy, and artillery training. In the Battery he became a driver having the bad luck to draw a horse with a temper and a disposition like the Kaiser.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### Ben Wilson

Hailed from Kentucky where they grow good tobacco and make "hard-licker". Was made a driver at Camp Coetquidan and served in this capacity until we motorized. Then made a cannoneer with nothing to do but wash guns, make gun posts, K. P., just to keep a man contented.



### William F. Wilson

Edgerton never told a yarn that "W. F." didn't tell a bigger one. He was full of those wild stories, and his exaggerations made us forget our troubles. A great big giant with kindly face and a genial smile. Is an expert with "gats".



### Adam Wolochawitz

We don't believe Adam can pronounce his own name,—none of us could. Came to us in July at Bain-de-Bretagne. Made a driver but later in Germany a cannoneer. Plays that famous little game but says "I'm check".



### Lon Wright

Whenever looking for Lon you could find him where Glendale Mount was. They were inseparable. The same height and the same dispositions. Lon was a first class driver and was always reliable. Quiet and very bashful yet he made good friends with the Burgomaster's daughter at Kausen.



### Sergeant Raymond Thomas

"Doc" was our pill roller. He had charge of the C. C's. and Scotch High Balls. He wasn't afraid to give 'em to us either. He was well liked by all of us because of the interest he took in his work.



### Charles P. Rymond

"Charlie" was one of "Doc's" helpers. He came to us while we were stationed at Kausen, and we learned to know his jovial manner and his friendly ways.



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



1st Lt. Robert M. McDougle

Lt. McDougle received his commission in January of '18 as a first lieutenant. He joined the 324th and was made adjutant of the 2nd Battalion when we went to the Front. When we were short of officers he came to Battery D and made many friends among the enlisted men. In February of '19 he went to England to take up studies in a British University.



Sergeant Robin R. Morrow

"Dick" was not very big but he was powerful when wrathful,—tho soon pacified. Absolutely dependable himself, required explicit obedience from his section. He alone was responsible for the poor showing Prosser made in collecting souvenirs, once a week "Dick" ruthlessly threw out of his chariot du parc, German machine guns, sausage balls, lugers, tin derbies and what not.



Sergeant Clifton W. Hall

"Sarah" is one of the best track men in the country. He broke the world's record in racing backwards in looks as well as in speed. In February he went to the French University at Beaume, but the details and work there soon headed him for Brest where he rejoined us on our Homeward journey.



Corporal William A. Gutridge

Bill was one of Lieutenant Palmer's standbys,—in fact some thought they were buddies. Bill became a corporal at Bain-de-Bretagne and served with Andy's section for several months. Later he was made Caisson Corporal of the Eighth Section.



Private 1st Cl. Patrick J. Buchanan

Besides spreading the Bull, Pat was invaluable to the Battery. He could quote more philosophy and dispute more arguments than all of us put together. He was usually out of luck when it came to being issued good clothes. But he nearly succeeded in arguing Dyse out of an overcoat, once!



Private 1st Cl. Irving Perlman

"Poilman" was our fiddler, he could take a wheezy old violin and make more music out of it than most players could do with a Strad. He was one of the Arkonites and like the rest of them distinguished himself by his good work. Liked week-end parties on Lake Erie.



Lewis C. Murley

Whenever looking for Murley it was a safe bet that he was in the kitchen. He became attached to the kitchen force for a while, but he ate so much that for the safety of the outfit he was placed in a gun section. But that didn't keep him from making the kitchen his headquarters.



Grover C. Scarberry

Grover served as cannoneer in the Sixth Section but often relieved the drivers in bad weather. He was one of that party of trail markers who got lost and entered Verdun when it was being heavily shelled. A good fellow, willing and thorough, a fine comrade in arms.

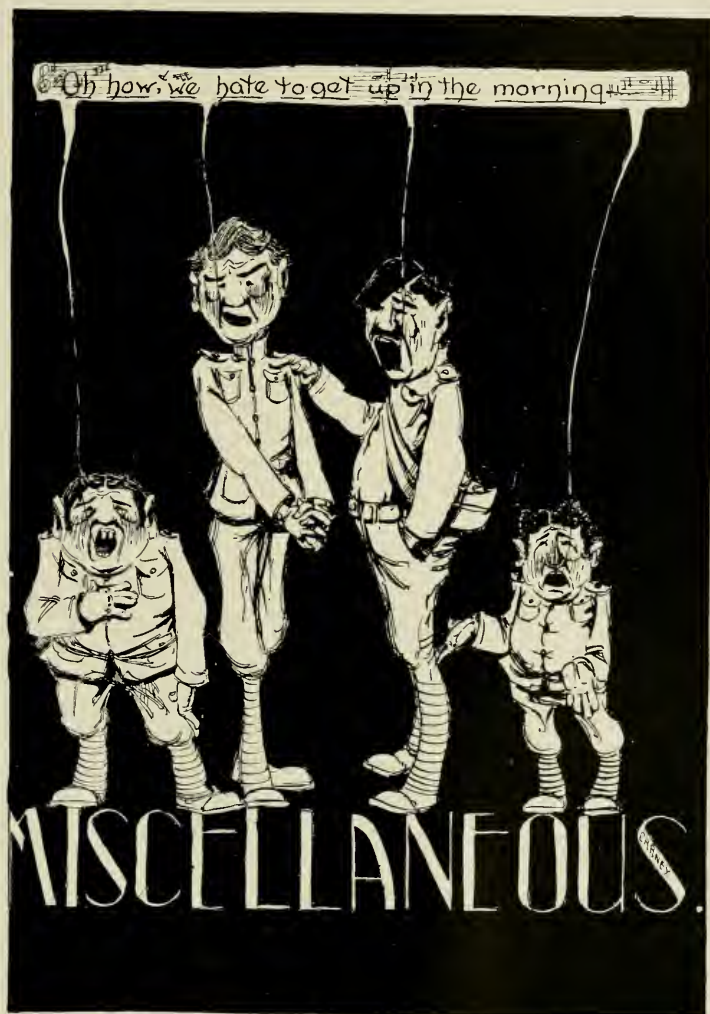


Cook Wilbur Heil

Heil originally was a baker, so in serving as a cook he was experienced in his trade. He formerly belonged to Battery C. but was transferred to us while on the Front.



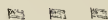
THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



Statistics and Official Letters

# The Trail of Battery D.

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# Station List of Battery D

## 324th Field Artillery (Heavy)

Station	Arrived	Left
Camp Sherman, Ohio	Aug. 30, 1917	June 3, 1918
Camp Mills, N. Y.	June 4, 1918	June 11, 1918
"S. S. Leicestershire"	June 11, 1918	June 24, 1918
Borden, England	June 25, 1918	June 26, 1918
Rest Camp No. 1, La Havre, France	June 27, 1918	June 29, 1918
Bain de Bretagne, France	June 30, 1918	Aug. 13, 1918
Camp Coetquidan, France	Aug. 13, 1918	Sept. 25, 1918
Revigny, France	Sept. 27, 1918	Sept. 27, 1918
Waly Woods, France	Sept. 28, 1918	Sept. 28, 1918
Parois, France	Sept. 29, 1918	Sept. 29, 1918
Hesse Forest, France	Sept. 29, 1918	Oct. 3, 1918
Nixeville, France	Oct. 4, 1918	Oct. 5, 1918
Marre, France	Oct. 6, 1918	Oct. 10, 1918
Samogneux, France	Oct. 11, 1918	Oct. 28, 1918
Camp Maujouy, France	Oct. 29, 1918	Oct. 31, 1918
Bethelainville, France	Nov. 1, 1918	Nov. 1, 1918
Bois de Montfaucon, France	Nov. 1, 1918	Nov. 2, 1918
Cierges, France	Nov. 2, 1918	Nov. 3, 1918
Bois de Beuge, France	Nov. 3, 1918	Nov. 6, 1918
Bois de Rappes, France	Nov. 6, 1918	Nov. 9, 1918
Vilosnes, France	Nov. 10, 1918	Nov. 16, 1918
JaMetz, France	Nov. 16, 1918	Nov. 17, 1918
Marville, France	Nov. 17, 1918	Nov. 18, 1918
Villers la Chevre, France	Nov. 18, 1918	Nov. 20, 1918
Petagne, Luxembourg	Nov. 20, 1918	Nov. 21, 1918
Kirchberg, Lux.	Nov. 21, 1918	Nov. 22, 1918
Hostert, Lux.	Nov. 22, 1918	Nov. 23, 1918
Brouch, Lux.	Nov. 23, 1918	Dec. 1, 1918
Irrel, Germany	Dec. 1, 1918	Dec. 2, 1918
Neiderstedem, Germany	Dec. 2, 1918	Dec. 3, 1918
Badem, Germany	Dec. 3, 1918	Dec. 5, 1918
Manderscheid, Germany	Dec. 5, 1918	Dec. 6, 1918
Dreis, Germany	Dec. 6, 1918	Dec. 7, 1918
Kelberg, Germany	Dec. 7, 1918	Dec. 9, 1918
Kurrenburg, Germany	Dec. 9, 1918	Dec. 10, 1918
Ochtendung, Germany	Dec. 10, 1918	Dec. 13, 1918
Kirlich, Germany	Dec. 13, 1918	Dec. 14, 1918
Sayne, Germany	Dec. 14, 1918	Dec. 15, 1918
Breitenau, Germany	Dec. 15, 1918	Dec. 28, 1918
Kausen, Germany	Dec. 28, 1918	Apr. 22, 1919
Engers, Germany	Apr. 22, 1919	Apr. 23, 1919
Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France	Apr. 26, 1919	May 10, 1919
"U. S. S. Seattle"	May 10, 1919	May 22, 1919
Camp Mills, N. Y.	May 22, 1919	May 31, 1919
Camp Sherman, Ohio	May 31, 1919	June 5, 1919

Organization demobilized at Camp Sherman, Ohio, June, 1919.



# A Complete List

Of the Officers and Enlisted Men of Battery D., 324th Field Artillery, (Heavy) from the time it was organized at Camp Sherman, Ohio, in August, 1917, to its demobilization at Camp Sherman, Ohio, June 5, 1919



## OFFICERS

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Barton, Mason B.	2nd Lt.	8-17-18	8-30-18	Camp Coetquidan, France		Not Known
Bevington, Ralph E.	1st Lt.	8-30-17	6-5-19	Discharged	741 Carpenter St.,	Akron, Ohio
Cooke, Dudley B.	1st Lt.	12-15-17	4-28-18	F. A. R. C. Camp Jackson, S. C.		Louisville, Ky.
Crego, George S.	2nd Lt.	1-8-18	6-5-19	Discharged	10710 Deering St.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Feldman, Arthur J.	2nd Lt.	8-30-17	4-14-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.	1st National Bank,	Hamilton, Ohio
Fittin, Donald W.	Capt.	3-30-19	6-5-19	Discharged		Not Known
Hersman, Romie D.	2nd Lt.	12-15-17	5-1-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Hole, Leonard S.	1st Lt.	8-30-17	1-8-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Horning, Alloyd W.	2nd Lt.	8-30-17	9-8-17	Btry. C. 324th F. A.		Not Known
James, Ellery S.	Capt.	1-8-18 and	3-27-18	Hq. Co. 324 F. A.	68 East 86th St.,	New York, N. Y.
Libbey, Wilbur F.	Capt.	11-18-18	2-20-19	133rd F. A. St. Nazaire, France		
McDougle, Robert B.	1st Lt.	2-24-19 and	4-27-19	Gondrevout, France	2003 Braddock Ave.,	Swissvale, Penna.
			11-23-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.	Parkersburg, W. Va.	
		2-18-19 and	2-25-19	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		
Maiden, Erskine McD.	1st Lt.	3-18-19	4-28-19	British University, London England		Not Known
Palmer, Russell L.	1st Lt.	8-18-18	9-15-18	115th F. A.	825 Yale St.,	Akron, Ohio
Probeck, Edwin J.	2nd Lt.	1-8-18	6-5-19	Discharged		Not Known
Richmond, Alfred L.	Major	8-30-17	9-8-17	Btry. C. 324th F. A.	984 Whittier Ave.,	Akron, Ohio
Row, George W.	1st Lt.	12-15-17	9-29-18	Hq. 158th F. A. Brigade	Pleasant Valley	Wheeling, W. Va.
Schuttis, Gaylord J.	2nd Lt.	8-30-17	11-23-18	89th Division, France		Not Known
Thompson, Arthur S.	1st Lt.	9-8-17	9-7-17	Camp Sheridan, Alabama		Not Known
Thompson, Jerome F.	1st Lt.	7-31-18 and	8-31-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Fayetteville, Ark.
				Camp Coetquidan, France		
Warner, Dean G.	2nd Lt.	9-10-18	9-25-18	Camp Coetquidan, France		Not Known
Williams, George H.	2nd Lt.	12-18-17	1-8-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Not Known
		8-30-17	9-7-17	Camp Sheridan, Alabama		

# ENLISTED MEN

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Ables, Clyde D.	Pvt.	9-20-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Not Known
Achbach, Carl W.	Pvt. 1st C.	10-3-17	Discharged		Yorkshire, Ohio
Ahern, John L.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	South Charleston, Ohio
Albert, Samuel	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged		Utica, Ohio
Aldrich, Albert G.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged		Springfield, Ohio
Aldrich, George M.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-20-17	158th Depot Brigade, Camp Sherman, O.		Granville, Ohio
Allison, Edsworth	Corp.	5-9-18	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.		Burgess, Penna.
Anderson, Clyde	Sgt.	9-17-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Newark, Ohio
Arthur, John E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 9	Springfield, Ohio
Baker, Ezra F.	Wag.	9-21-17	Vet. Corps, A. R. D. No. 318, Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 4	New Carlisle, Ohio
Baker, John E.	Wag.	5-27-18	Discharged		
Baker, Levi H.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Ballentine, Edwin B.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	308th Am. Tr. Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 7	Tremont City, Ohio
Barcus, Harvey	Pvt.	10-4-17	Vet. Corps, A. R. D. No. 318 Camp Sherman, Ohio		Johnstown, Ohio
Bartolucci, Francisco	Pvt.	7-29-18	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	2242 W. Polk St.,	Chicago, Ill.
Battista, John	Pvt.	7-29-18	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	515 N. Racine St.,	Chicago, Ill.
Bauer, William M.	Pvt.	10-22-18	Det. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Baughen, Frank	Pvt.	7-29-18	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.		West Branch, Mich.
Bean, Floyd R.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Det. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Beatty, Ralph E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 9	Springfield, Ohio
Beem, Henry P.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged		Pataskala, Ohio
Berrong, Charles	Pvt.	7-29-18	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 1	Zion City, Ill.
Berry, Willard L.	Sad.	10-5-17	Discharged	127 N. Center St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Beverlin, Alvo	Pvt.	10-4-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Not Known
Boother, Fred	Pvt.	9-20-17	Vet. Corps, A. R. D. No. 318 Camp Sherman, Ohio		Croton, Ohio
Boring, Oscar	Pvt. 1st C.	9-20-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 5	Newark, Ohio
Born, Ernest H.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged		Millersport, Ohio
Bowyer, Ralph W.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Bradley, Clarence M.	Pvt. 1st C.	1-6-19	Dropped never reported		Not Known
Bramel, C. Raymond	Pvt.	5-24-18	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 1	Mt. Olive, Ky.
Branick, Stephen	Pvt.	10-5-17	Discharged	2123 E. Main St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Brennan, Martin F.	Pvt.	5-9-18	Discharged	1093 E. 76th St.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Brown, Frank E.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-17-17	Discharged		Pataskala, Ohio
Buchanan, Patrick J.	Pvt. 1st C.	12-14-17	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.		Marianna, Penna.
Bucher, Clery J.	Corp.	9-6-17	Discharged		Forcy, Ohio
Burns, Mike	Pvt.	9-5-18	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Burns, James	Pvt.	5-24-18	Discharged	5 Wilson St.,	Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Eyerman, Elmer E.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	158th Depot Brigade, Camp Sherman, O.	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Cahill, Martin L.	Cook	10-3-17	Discharged		Not Known
Campbell, John T.	Corp.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Campbell, Stephen R.	Pvt.	7-29-18	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 2	Wyandotte, Mich.
Carey, William A.	Cook	10-3-17	Discharged	259 E. Main St.,	Piqua, Ohio

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Carney, Ewart G.	Corp.	10- 4-17	Discharged		1644 New Hampshire St.,	Lawrence, Kan.
Carson, William E.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	Discharged		537 E. Main St.,	Newark, Ohio
Chambers, Burnie L.	Pvt.	5-24-18	5-26-19	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Ipswich, Ky.
Chase, Robert M.	Corp.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	133 Rose St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Christiansen, Harold	Pvt.	7-29-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.		Not Known
Circle, Emerson S.	Sgt.	9-21-17	6- 5-18	Army Hospital, France	R. F. D. No. 7	Springfield, Ohio
Clark, Charles	Pvt.	10- 5-17	11-27-17	408th Motor Supply Train, Camp Sherman, Ohio	W. Mulberry St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Clark, Ralph H.	Corp.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	1614 Lagonda Ave.	Springfield, Ohio
Click, Edward F.	Wag.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	South Charleston, Ohio
Clickner, Edward J.	Pvt.	9-21-17	4- 3-18	Q. M. C. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Clingan, Bazilla M.	Pvt.	7-28-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.		Not Known
Clingan, Clarence W.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	2- 9-18	Co. F. 368th Am. Tr., Camp Sherman, O.	509 W. Columbus Ave.,	Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Cloud, Martin L.	Corp.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Belleville, O.
Cober, R. LaRue	Sgt.	10- 4-17	4-28-19	Army Hospital, France		Marletta, Ohio
Coleman, Francis R.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-18	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Compliment, Fred A.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	12-21-17	A. S. C. Kelly Field, Texas	321 W. Liberty St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Conner, Herbert	Pvt.	10- 5-17	2-26-18	5th Div. Artillery Brigade Waco, Texas.		Springfield, Ohio
Cook, Mont	Pvt.	9-21-17	2-26-18	5th Div. Artillery Brigade Waco, Texas.		West Liberty, Ohio
Cromes, Walter R.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	2-26-18	Discharged		Troy, Ohio
Cross, Leo V.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	158th Depot Brigade, Camp Sherman, O.	South Vienna, Ohio	Not Known
Crossmuck, Oren R.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	8- 2-18	Cooks and Bakers School Camp Sherman, Ohio		Troy, Ohio
Cruza, James I.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	5-13-18			
Culp, Paul M.	Corp.	10- 5-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	25 Miller St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Culp, Wilbur A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	12-18-18	Discharged		Trenton City, Ohio
Davis, Noah E.	Pvt.	1st C.	9-21-17	Discharged	138 S. Pine St.,	Newark, Ohio
Davis, Oscar A.	Pvt.	12-14-17	1- 1-18	Med. Det. 324th F. A.		California, Penna.
Dickerson, Henry E.	Pvt.	1st C.	9-20-17	Discharged		Potaskala, Ohio
Dietrichkeit, Edward R.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	5-28-18	Sup. Co. 324th F. A.	10 Zelt Ave.,	Washington, Penna.
Dittz, Roger L.	Pvt.	1st C.	9-21-17	Army Hospital, France	R. F. D. No. 11	Springfield, Ohio
Dixon, Stanley R.	Pvt.	1st C.	5-14-18	331st Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 11	Springfield, Ohio
Dixon, Henry B.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	5-21-18	322nd F. A.	825 Kelly Ave.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Doesburg, John	Pvt.	5- 9-18	2-24-19	Discharged	25 Lowry Ave.,	Springfield, Ohio
Donald, William J.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		South Vienna, Ohio
Doyle, John E.	Wag.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Outville, Ohio
Drake, Delmar L.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	127 E. Clark St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Dyde, Harry B.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	5-26-19	Pt. D. A. Russell Det. 324th F. A.		Douglas, Wyoming
Edgerton, William B.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Providence, Ky.
Edwards, Clemon	Pvt.	5-24-18	5-26-19	Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Eyeclet, Clayton H.	Pvt.	9-21-17	11-13-17			Not Known
Elleman, Charles R.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	1- 1-18	308th Sanitary Tr., Camp Sherman, O.		Not Known
Ellis, Isaac E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	5-21-18	331st Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 11	Springfield, Ohio
Engle, Omner H.	Pvt.	1st C.	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	New Carlisle, Ohio
Estelman, Lester R.	Sgt.	10- 3-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Estefine, Vaughn E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 9	Springfield, Ohio
Evans, Louis R.	Pvt.	8- 2-18	5-26-19	Pt. D. A. Russell Det. 324th F. A.	1012 Lake St.,	Salt Lake City, Utah
Evans, Robert C.	Pvt.	9-21-17	1-27-18	Mec. Repair Shop, El Paso, Texas		Enon, Ohio
Evers, Edward D.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	2-18-19	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Napoleon, Ohio

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Eymann, Alpha E.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	New Carlisle, Ohio
Famullo, Domenick	Pvt.	5-9-18	Casual Orig., France	300 Vorebiter St.,	Rochester, Penna.
Fallon, Howard M.	Corp.	10-21-17	Camp Cluster Det. 324th F. A.	525 Hancock St.,	Hancock, Mich.
Fander, Samuel M.	Pvt. 1st C.	5-9-18	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	North Hampton, Ohio
Feichtner, Mathias	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	3327 Superior St.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Federn, Michael J.	1st Sgt.	9-21-17	Discharged		Dubuque, Iowa
Fetherolf, Edgar B.	Pvt.	9-21-17	158th Brigade, Camp Sherman, O.		Springfield, Ohio
Fisk, Harry G.	Ch. Mec.	10-4-17	Discharged		Thornville, Ohio
Fisher, Edward G.	Wag.	10-3-17	Discharged	Walnut St.,	Covington, Ohio
Fisher, George H.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 7	Springfield, Ohio
Fitz, William	Pvt.	7-20-18	Discharged		Stewart, Mich.
Fitzgerald, John H.	Corp.	9-21-17	Camp Cluster Det. 324th F. A.	E. High St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Flanagan, Howard M.	Pvt.	10-3-17	Discharged	404 Phillips St.,	Stewart, Mich.
Florin, George	Pvt.	5-21-17	Discharged	Box 20	Narietta, Ohio
Forse, Albert H.	Pvt. 1st C.	8-1-18	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 6, Sta. P.,	Camochburg, Penna.
Forn, Charles E.	Pvt.	9-20-17	Discharged	Cincinnati,	Croton, Ohio
Fowles, David E.	Pvt.	5-9-18	Discharged		West Union, Ohio
Francis, Adam E.	Pvt.	10-21-17	330th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	606 Salzburg Ave.,	Bay City, Mich.
Frank, Frank M.	Cook	10-4-17	Camp Cluster Det. 324th F. A.		Pataaskala, Ohio
Frock, Carl L.	Wag.	9-21-17	Discharged		Donnelville, Ohio
Frost, Walter	Pvt. 1st C.	10-4-17	Discharged		Black Run, Ohio
Galoney, Thomas	Pvt.	7-20-18	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	Springfield, Ohio
Galton, Frank	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	624-25th Ave.,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Galtner, William J.	Pvt.	10-3-17	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 5	Fletcher, Ohio
Gilber, Wilmer E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Gillespie, Thomas A.	Pvt.	8-9-18	Discharged	9702 St. Catherine Ave.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Gillogly, Donald O.	Pvt. 1st C.	8-9-18	Discharged	5706 Lexington Ave.,	Hanover, Ohio
Glancy, Jesse H.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Sherman, Ohio		
Gleason, Earl C.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 3	Johnstown, Ohio
Gobel, Albert W.	Pvt.	10-5-17	Discharged	832 W. Columbia St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Golings, Olmick	Pvt.	9-21-17	Discharged	1380 Warder St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Gray, Frank M.	Pvt.	10-3-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Gray, Fred R.	Mess. Sgt.	10-5-17	Discharged	16 W. Mulberry St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Green, Daniel A.	Wag.	9-20-17	Discharged		Johnstown, Ohio
Griffin, James L.	Sgt.	10-4-17	Discharged	832 Linden Ave.,	Springfield, Ohio
Grimm, Ralph K.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Johnstown, Ohio
Guttridge, William A.	Corp.	10-4-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 3	New Carlisle, Ohio
Hall, Clayton B.	Pvt. 1st C.	10-4-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 3	Glenford, Ohio
Hall, Clifton W.	Sgt.	8-7-17	Discharged	438 N. Plum St.,	Utica, Ohio
Hamilton, Joseph W.	Pvt. 1st C.	8-9-18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, Coetquidan, France		Union City, Ind.
Hammond, Dean	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged		Not Known
Harnish, Reuben	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	158th Depot Brigade, Camp Sherman, O.		Alexandria, Ohio
Harshbarger, Alonzo	Pvt.	10-3-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Medway, Ohio
Hart, George	Pvt.	7-20-18	322nd F. A.		Piqua, Ohio
Hartsock, Orvin	Pvt.	10-4-17	Discharged		Not Known
Hartzler, Harvey S.	Pvt.	9-21-17	Base Hosp. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Johnstown, Ohio
Hartzler, Herman A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	408th Motor Sup. Tr. Camp Sherman, O.		Not Known
Haycock, Gerald H.	Pvt.	10-4-17	Hq. 158th F. A. Brigade Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Haynes, Oda M.	Pvt.	9-20-17			Not Known



Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Heintz, Henry A.	Pvt.	10-21-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.		Not Known
Henn, Frank J.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	2-24-19	Died at Evac. Hosp. No. 9, Coblenz, Germany	Broadway	Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Henshaw, Clarence	Wag. Corp	10- 5-17	10-23-18	F. A. R. R. France	404 Winter St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Herrick, Roy J.	Pvt.	11-13-17	5-26-19	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 2	Harmon, Wisconsin
Hines, John O.	Pvt.	9-21-17	2-26-18	5th Div. Artillery Brigade Camp McArthur, Texas		South Charleston, Ohio
Hinkle, Charles E.	Mec.	9-21-17	4- 3-18	Died	R. F. D. No. 9	Springfield, Ohio
Hisey, Ward F.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Johnstown, Ohio
Holmes, James C.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 3	Weavertown, Md.
Hornor, Claude J.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 10	Newark, Ohio
Hough, Walter C.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Springfield, Ohio
House, Delbert C.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	12-21-17	A. S. C. Co., Kelly Field, Texas		Hebron, Ohio
Howard, James	Pvt.	10- 4-17	5-26-18	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Versailles, Ky.
Huber, George A.	Pvt.	9- 8-17	2-26-19	5th Div. Artillery Brigade Camp McArthur, Texas	36 Church St.,	Lambertsville, N. J.
Huffman, Harry E.	Pvt.	9-20-17	9-28-18	Army Hospital, France		Denison, Ohio
Hughes, Benjamin C.	Pvt.	9-20-17	12-13-17	28th Engrs. Camp Meade, Md		Not Known, Ohio
Hundred, Paul F.	Pvt.	9-21-17	1- 1-19	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Medway, Ohio
Hunter, Ellis E.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	4-26-18	Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 11	Springfield, Ohio
Hunter, James O.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Croton, Ohio
Hyser, John H.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	1827 W. Washington St.,	Springfield, O.
Insko, William C.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	Van Atta, Ohio	Van Atta, Ohio
Ireland, Roy	Corp.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	South Vienna, Ohio
Jamison, Robert L.	Corp.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Newark, Ohio
Johnson, John M.	Pvt.	12-14-17	5-26-19	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.		Cokeburg, Penna.
Johnson, Lawrence J.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Union Furnace, Ohio
Johnson, Murry N.	Wag.	10- 4-17	10-18-18	F. A. R. R., France		Pataskala, Ohio
Johnston, Grover C.	Sgt.	9- 6-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	539 Dorr St.,	Toledo, Ohio
Jones, Arthur W.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	Broadway	Granville, Ohio
Jones, George H.	Wag.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Mec. Repair Shop, El Paso, Texas	R. F. D. No. 1	Granville, Ohio
Jones, John S.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	1- 6-18	Discharged		Granville, Ohio
Jones, Raymond J.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	7697 Marble Ave.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Jones, Roy D.	Cook	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Pataskala, Ohio
Juergens, Carl A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	3-20-18	35th Engr. Camp Merritt, N. J.		Springfield, Ohio
Jury, Chadwin T.	Corp.	10- 4-17	4-20-18	Discharged to accept commission as 1st Lt. D. R. C.		Newark, Ohio
Keller, Charles H.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	712 East St.,	Tremont City, Ohio
Kenney, Frank B.	Pvt.	10- 5-17	3-12-18	Discharged		Springfield, Ohio
Kerns, Elmer E.	Pvt.	9-21-17	3-24-18	Cooks and Bakers School Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Kincaid, Henry	Pvt.	10- 4-17	9- 8-18	Base Hospital No. 8, France		Not Known
Kirkpatrick, Henry P.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	12-21-17	Discharged		Medway, Ohio
Kline, Charles A.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	385 E. Union St.,	Nanticoke, Penna.
Kolodizak, John	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.	386 Atlantic Ave.,	Monaca, Penna.
Kommel, Albert B.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	5-26-19	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 6	Springfield, Ohio
Kyger, Charles A.	Pvt.	9- 2-17	11-10-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Springfield, Ohio
Kyger, Otis	Pvt.	5- 9-18	5-22-18	330th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Springfield, Ohio
Lair, William C.	Pvt.	5-24-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.		Not Known



Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Lake, Edward E.	Pvt.	9-20-17	1-2-18	Medical Det. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Larkin, Mark E.	Wag.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged		South Charleston, Ohio
Lawson, Roy L.	Pvt.	10-5-17	8-2-18	Hospital, Camp Mills, N. Y.		Not Known
Leath, Raleigh W.	Pvt.	10-5-17	4-18-18	Cooks and Bakers School, Camp Sherman, Ohio		Harris Station, Ohio
Livingston, Clyde D.	Pvt.	10-4-17	8-2-18	158th Depot Brigade	Camp Sherman, O. R. F. D. No. 7	St. Louisville, Ohio
Locke, Herman D.	Corp.	11-6-18	11-25-18	Accidentally Killed		
Locke, Frank W.	Wag.	10-3-17	6-5-19	Discharged	1022 Broadway	Springfield, Ohio
Londorf, Octave	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 4	Mechanicsburg, Ohio
Lookabaugh, Ralph R.	Pvt. 1st C.	10-4-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Anderson, Ind.
Looker, Eddie C.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	South Charleston, Ohio
Looney, Charles E.	Pvt.	10-5-17	2-8-18	Died	251 E. Pleasant St.,	Not Known
Lupton, John G.	Pvt. 1st C.	1-6-19	5-26-19	Camp Lee Det. 324th F. A.	32 National Ave.,	Springfield, Ohio
Lupton, William J.	Wag.	10-4-17	10-18-18	F. A. R. K. France		New Bern, N. C.
Lytle, Lynn L.	Pvt. 1st C.	10-4-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Hebron, Ohio
Lynn, William Z.	Pvt.	10-4-17	12-19-17	Discharged		Croton, Ohio
McClintock, James F.	Corp.	9-21-17	8-2-18	138th Depot Brigade	R. F. D. No. 1	Newark, Ohio
McConaughy, Warner W.	Corp.	10-31-18	6-5-19	Discharged		New Moorefield, Ohio
McCoy, John W.	Pvt.	9-20-17	10-18-18	F. A. R. K. France		Not Known
McDonald, Jack	Pvt.	5-9-18	6-5-19	Discharged		Peebles, Ohio
McDowell, Claude	Pvt.	9-21-17	10-5-17	Discharged		Gillespsieville, Ohio
Marker, Fred M.	Pvt.	5-24-18	5-26-19	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Mt. Olivet, Ky.
Markley, Max W.	Pvt.	10-21-18	5-26-19	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	1421 Van Dyke Ave.,	Detroit, Mich.
Marsh, Warton T.	Corp.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Mt. Sterling, Ohio
Marshall, Arthur J.	Pvt.	10-5-17	6-5-19	138th Depot Brigade	Camp Sherman, O.	Springfield, Ohio
Meyer, William M.	Pvt.	9-20-17	10-23-17	Discharged		Croton, Ohio
Mello, Francis M.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Dodge Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 3, Box 66	White Lake, S. D.
Menger, Herbert R.	Pvt.	4-24-18	5-26-19	Camp Taylor Det. 324th F. A.		Sturgis, Ky.
Menger, Harry V.	Pvt.	10-5-17	1-25-19	322nd F. A.	Harrison St.,	Columbus, Ohio
Miller, August W.	Wag.	10-3-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Springfield, Ohio
Miller, Edward J.	Pvt.	10-21-18	5-26-19	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	General Delivery	Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Miller, Harrison M.	Pvt.	10-6-17	2-8-18	A. R. D. No. 318, Camp Sherman, Ohio		East Tawas, Mich.
Miller, William H.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	South Vienna, Mich.
Miller, William T.	Corp.	10-4-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 4	Springfield, Ohio
Miller, Vernon R.	Pvt.	9-20-17	11-40-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Newark, Ohio
Minor, Alvin	Pvt.	1-10-18	2-26-18	5th Div. Artillery Brigade Camp McArthur, Texas		Not Known
Mirkin, George D.	Pvt.	5-9-18	6-5-19	Discharged	241 S. 5th St.,	Cincinnati, Ohio
Mitchell, Andrew P.	Pvt. 1st C.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Ft. D. A. Russell Det. 324th F. A.		Steuensville, Ohio
Mock, Russell F.	Pvt. 1st C.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Lenore, Wyoming
Moderegger, Adolph	Pvt.	7-29-18	9-24-18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, France		North Hampton, Ohio
Monahan, William J.	Pvt. 1st C.	5-12-18	12-2-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Not Known
Montgomery, Francis E.	Pvt.	5-9-18	6-5-19	Discharged		Columbus, Ohio
Moon, Willard C.	Sgt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Temperanceville, Ohio
Moriarty, Thomas	Pvt.	10-21-18	5-26-19	Camp Upton Det. 324th F. A.	310 3rd St.,	South Charleston, Ohio
Morrison, Ralph W.	Wag.	10-5-17	6-5-19	Discharged	1322 Clifton Ave.,	Little Falls, N. Y.
						Springfield, Ohio

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Morrison, William H	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	209 Commercial St.,	Dayton, Ohio
Morrow, Robin R.	Sgt.	9-6-17	4-28-19	British University	R. F. D. No. 8	Dondelville, Ohio
Mossman, Howard W.	Pvt.	10-4-17	2-15-18	Discharged	825 Park Ave.,	Newark, Ohio
Mott, Fred A.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Pike Det. 324th F. A.	325 Glenn Ave.,	Hot Springs, Ark.
Moulton, William R.	Mec.	1-4-18	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	Springfield, Ohio
Mount, Glendale	Pvt.	10-4-17	6-5-19	Discharged	1421 65th St.,	Alexandria, Ohio
Murphy, Russell F.	Pvt.	5-9-18	5-26-19	Discharged	136 Brown St.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Murphy, Benjamin F.	Wag.	10-21-17	5-26-19	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 1	Saginaw, Mich.
Musser, Benjamin F.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	New Carlisle, Ohio
Myers, John W.	Pvt.	5-9-18	4-28-19	Army Hosp., France	1032 Franklin Ave.,	Columbus, Ohio
Needles, Howard A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	810 Bellefontaine St.,	Enon, Ohio
Neidmire, Harry L.	Pvt.	11-23-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Lima, Ohio
Nethercot, Arthur H.	Sgt.	10-4-17	5-18-18	F. A. R. C.,	Not Known	Not Known
Nethers, Edwin	Pvt.	10-4-17	6-5-19	Discharged	Not Known	Hanover, Ohio
Nethers, William A.	Pvt.	10-4-17	11-10-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.	West Milton, Ohio	West Milton, Ohio
Netzel, Harold W.	Corp.	10-3-17	6-5-19	Discharged	Not Known	Not Known
Norris, Carl L.	Pvt.	11-5-17	11-10-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.	Hebron, Ohio	Hebron, Ohio
Oldaker, Fred V.	1st Sgt.	9-7-17	6-5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 4	Bay City, Mich.
Olsinki, Anthony	Pvt.	10-21-18	5-26-19	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	New Carlisle, Ohio	New Carlisle, Ohio
Overholser, Calvin R.	Pvt.	9-21-17	10-13-18	Killed by enemy shell fire near Samogneau, France		
Pancake, Ralph	Sgt.	9-6-17	6-5-19	Discharged	South Charleston, Ohio	South Charleston, Ohio
Pangonis, Anthony	Pvt.	12-14-17	1-24-18	Detention Camp, Camp Sherman, Ohio	California, Penna.	California, Penna.
Park, Norman W.	Pvt.	5-9-18	5-22-18	330th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	5470 Rosetta St.,	Pittsburgh, Penna.
Parker, Thomas L.	Sgt.	10-4-17	5-18-18	F. A. R. C. Camp Jackson, S. C.	R. F. D. No. 1	Springfield, Ohio
Parson, Ralph V.	Pvt.	5-9-18	5-27-18	Ord. Det. 324th F. A.	Paulding, Ohio	Paulding, Ohio
Penquite, Pearl L.	Sgt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged	North Hampton, Ohio	North Hampton, Ohio
Perkins, Allen S.	Wag.	5-9-18	6-5-19	Discharged	Bethesda, Ohio	Bethesda, Ohio
Petlman, Irving	Pvt.	4-28-19	5-26-19	Army Hosp., France	Cleveland, Ohio	Cleveland, Ohio
Petrusky, Vincent P.	Pvt.	7-29-18	1-25-19	Camp Grant Det. 324th F. A.	Chicago, Ill.	Chicago, Ill.
Pettifor, Walter	Pvt.	9-21-18	6-5-19	Discharged	Not Known	Not Known
Pierce, Ed. G.	Pvt.	10-4-17	4-24-18	158th Depot Brigade Camp Sherman, O.	Utica, Ohio	Utica, Ohio
Polak, George N.	Pvt.	9-6-17	12-2-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.	Springfield, Ohio	Springfield, Ohio
Polak, Frank	Pvt.	5-9-18	7-29-18	O. T. S. Saumur, France	Cleveland, Ohio	Cleveland, Ohio
Price, Ralph E.	Sgt.	10-3-17	10-22-17	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.	Terre Haute, Ind.	Terre Haute, Ind.
Proctor, A. M.	Pvt.	10-5-17	6-5-19	Discharged	Not Known	Not Known
Prosser, George H.	Corp.	9-6-17	2-26-18	5th Div. Artillery Brigade, Camp McArthur, Texas	2222 Lagonda Ave.,	Springfield, Ohio
Purk, Lon L.	Pvt.	10-3-17	5-18-18	F. A. R. C., Camp Jackson, S. C.	South Charleston, Ohio	South Charleston, Ohio
Rankin, Stacy B. Jr.	Sgt.	9-6-17	6-5-19	Discharged	Utica, Ohio	Utica, Ohio
Rea, Eugene C.	Corp.	9-21-17	6-5-19	330th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	Hanover, Ohio	Hanover, Ohio
Richards, Clyde A.	Pvt.	10-4-17	5-22-18	Camp Dix Det. 324th F. A.	St. Clairsville, Ohio	St. Clairsville, Ohio
Ricketts, Earl H.	Pvt.	9-20-17	10-25-17	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 3	Vestaburg, Penna.
Rine, John E.	Pvt.	12-14-17	6-5-19	Discharged	St. Clairsville, Ohio	St. Clairsville, Ohio
Rodrigio, Guismino	Pvt.	5-9-18	6-5-19	Discharged	St. Clairsville, Ohio	St. Clairsville, Ohio
Rogers, Fred G.	Mec.	10-3-17	12-30-18	Ord. Det. 324th F. A.	1580 Highland Ave.,	Aid, Ohio
Russell, Roy	Pvt.	10-5-17	12-21-17	A. S. S. C. Kelly Field, Texas	Wardner St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Sackenheim, Joseph A.	Pvt.	10-5-17	6-5-19	Discharged		Plattsburg, Ohio
Sampson, David L.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged		

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Sauers, Charles	Pvt.	5- 9-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.	R. F. D. No. 2	Not Known
Scarberry, Grover C.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	Proctorville, Ohio
Schaff, Howard N.	Sup.	9- 6-17	5- 5-18	F. A. R. C.	R. F. D. No. 2	New Carlisle, Ohio
Schiff, Harry J.	Pvt.	12-22-18	2-24-19	322nd F. A.	1421 Pleasant St.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Schuesslin, Louis A.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	10-13-17	329th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Not Known
Schultz, William C.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	6- 5-19	Discharged	3155 Berkshire Rd.,	Cleveland Heights O.
Scott, Morris	Pvt.	5-10-18	5-18-18	158th Depot Brigade Camp Sherman, O.	558 E. 102nd St.,	Cleveland, Ohio
Selzer, Edgar T.	Sgt.	9- 7-17	1-10-18	Discharged		Not Known
Sessler, Wardie A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	A. S. S. C., Urbana, Ill.	R. F. D. No. 1	New Carlisle, Ohio
Sherts, Lewis W.	Pvt.	9-21-17	1- 3-18	319th Field Sig. Bn. Camp Sherman, O.		Not Known
Shelton, Preston W.	Pvt.	5-24-18	1-25-19	322nd F. A.		Fairpoint, Ohio
Shipley, John	Pvt.	5- 9-18	6- 5-19	Discharged		De Graff, Ohio
Shoe, Park A.	Pvt.	9-21-17	12- 4-17	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.		Springfield, Ohio
Sides, Virgil	Pvt.	10- 5-17	10- 9-17	Camp Custer Det. 324th F. A.	R. F. D. No. 7	Claire, Mich.
Soleum, Albert M.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Discharged		Hebron, Ohio
Slocum, James E.	Bug.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 4	Oakwood, Ohio
Smith, Benny	Pvt.	5- 9-18	5-22-18	320th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Johnstown, Ohio
Smith, Frank C.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	8- 2-18	158th Depot Brigade Camp Sherman, O.		Johnstown, Ohio
Smith, Oliver M.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	11-10-17	317th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Laura, Ohio
Snyder, Chester A.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	4-27-18	Discharged		Bentleyville, Penna.
Snyder, James R.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	9-25-18	Camp Hosp. No. 15, France		
and						
Sprague, Charles E.	Pvt.	11- 9-18	4-28-19	British University		South Charleston, Ohio
Stabler, John F.	Pvt.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 8	Springfield, Ohio
Stabler, William H.	Corp.	9-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 8	Springfield, Ohio
Stackhouse, William E.	Pvt.	5-22-18	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Unityville, Penna.
Staybrook, Earl	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Det. 1st. 324th F. A.		West Liberty, Ohio
Steel, Frank C.	Pvt.	9-21-17	5-22-18	326th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio	550 W. 174th St.	New York City, N. Y.
Steel, Stanley R.	Pvt.	10-22-18	5-26-19	Camp Upton Det. 324th F. A.		Santa Fee, Ohio
Stilwell, Lamar S.	Pvt.	10-21-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Clayton, Ohio
Subie, Joe	Sup.	10- 5-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	1017 Clifton Ave.,	Glencoe, Ohio
Sunkle, Lewis L.	Pvt.	5-10-18	5-14-18	Q. M. C. Camp Sherman, Ohio		Alexandria, Ohio
Swartz, Ray	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 2	Not Known
Tallant, Robert H.	Pvt.	11-10-17	11-10-17	Discharged		Pendleton, Ind.
Taylor, Myron E.	Mec.	4- 4-18	5- 5-18	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		Millersport, Ohio
Thompson, Carl H.	Bug.	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	F. A. R. C. Camp Jackson, S. C.		Granville, Ohio
Thompson, George L.	Ch. Mec.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Newark, Ohio
Titus, Howard E.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	234 Lawrence St.,	Springfield, Ohio
Titus, Malcolm E.	Pvt.	11-27-17	11-27-17	498th Motor Sup. Tr. Camp Sherman, O.	R. F. D. No. 6	Tippecanoe City, Ohio
Troude, John W.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	11- 8-17	Discharged		Utica, Ohio
Trowbridge, Ralph L.	Cook	10- 4-17	6- 5-19	Discharged		Not Known
Tyner, Richard H.	Pvt.	4- 4-18	4- 7-18	Chemical Service Section, N. A.		
Washington, D. C.						
Vallier, George J.	Pvt.	11-30-18	5-26-19	Camp Devens Det. 324th F. A.	118 Dean St.,	New Bedford, Mass.
VanAllen, James C.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6- 5-19	Discharged	R. F. D. No. 1	Hanover, Ohio
Vandeveer, Llewellyn E.	Pvt.	9-20-17	10- 6-18	Army Hosp. France		Not Known
Van de Water, Horace W.	Pvt.	11-30-18	5-10-18	324th F. A. Det.	10 Ormand St.,	Hempstead, N. Y.
Van de Water, Walter E.	Pvt.	11-30-18	5-10-18	324th F. A. Det.	10 Ormand St.,	Hempstead, N. Y.

Name	Rank	Joined	Transferred	Discharged	Transferred to	Street	City and State
Van Winkle, Everett	Pvt.	1st C. 10- 4-17	6-5-19	Cooks and Bakers School	Camp Sherman, Ohio	R. F. D. No. 2	Black Run, Ohio
Vermillion, Earl L.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	3-23-18	Died.	Coblenz, Germany		Not Known
Vinson, George L.	Pvt.	11-30-18	1-22-19	Camp Jackson Det.	324th F. A.		Eureka, Texas
Walker, Joseph L.	Pvt.	11-30-18	5-26-19	Discharged		439 W. Main St.,	Paxton, Ohio
Wallace, William B.	Pvt.	2- 8-19	6-5-19	Discharged			Urbana, Ohio
Warfel, Walter	Pvt.	9-20-17	10-24-17	26th Engr.	Camp Dix. N. J.		Not Known
Watkins, Charles E.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	6-5-19	Discharged			Brownsville, Ohio
Wears, John R.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	6-5-19	Discharged			South Columbus, Ohio
Wears, Marvin J.	Wag.	9-21-17	6-5-19	Discharged			Pliny, W. Va.
Weaver, Gaimor W.	Wag.	10- 3-17	6-5-19	Discharged			West Milroy, Ohio
Weller, John B.	Bn.Sgt.	7-29-18	6-5-19	Discharged		192 Granville St.,	Newark, Ohio
Wellington, Oscar	Pvt.	4-27-19	1-25-19	322nd F. A.			Not Known
Wells, Curtis	Wag.	9-20-17	6-5-19	Discharged			Not Known
Wentz, Roy M.	Corp.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Presidio, Calif. Det.	324th F. A.	924 Adeline	Granville, Ohio
Whipp, Horace A.	Wag.	9-21-17	10-18-18	F. A. R. R. France			Oakland, Calif.
Whitney, William H.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Presidio, Calif. Det.	324th F. A.	323 Rutledge Ave.,	Donnelsville, Ohio
Wilgus, John W.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	5-23-18	360th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio			San Francisco, Calif.
Wilgus, Robert N.	Pvt.	9-21-17	10-13-17	Med. Det. Hosp. Camp Sherman, Ohio			Shadyside, Ohio
Wilkinson, William H.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	6-5-19	Discharged		R. F. D. No. 1	Not Known
Willey, Virgil	Pvt.	9-20-17	6-5-19	Discharged		R. F. D. No. 1	Warnock, Ohio
Williams, Edgar S.	Pvt.	5- 9-18	10-21-18	Army Hosp. France			Hanover, Ohio
Williams, G. C.	Corp.	9- 6-17	9-10-17	Btry. B, 324th F. A.			Not Known
Williams, H. M.	Pvt.	9- 8-17	9-10-17	Btry. B, 324th F. A.			Not Known
Williams, John A.	Pvt.	1st C. 10- 4-17	6-5-19	Discharged		R. F. D. No. 1	Not Known
Williamson, Clarence	Sgt.	10- 4-17	5-26-19	Camp Custer Det.	324th F. A.		Granville, Ohio
Wilson, Ben	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-10-19	324th F. A. Det.			Crowsell, Mich
Wilson, Harry L.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	5-18-18	Discharged			Worley, Ky.
Wilson, William F.	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-10-19	324th F. A. Det.		R. F. D. No. 3	Pataskala, Ohio
Winson, Morey M.	Pvt.	10- 4-17	11-10-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.		R. F. D. No. 2	Fairview, W. Va.
Wolfram, Louis H.	Pvt.	10- 3-17	11-10-17	347th Inf. Camp Pike, Ark.			Not Known
Wolochawitz, Adam	Pvt.	7-29-18	5-26-19	Camp Dix Det.	324th F. A.	1039 Main St.,	Dickson City, Penna.
Wright, Harry G.	Pvt.	1-22-18	3-23-18	Died Camp Sherman, Ohio		R. F. D. No. 2	Quincy, Ohio
Wright, James B.	Pvt.	9-20-17	6-5-19	Discharged		347 Union Place,	Akron, Ohio
Wright, Lon	Sgt.	5- 9-18	5-26-19	Camp Dix Det.	324th F. A.		Bristoria, Penna.
Wyeth, Claude S.	Pvt.	1st C. 10- 4-17	6-5-19	Discharged		R. F. D. No. 2	Johnstown, Ohio
Yowler, Lawrence W.	Pvt.	9-21-17	3-11-18	Sup. Co. 324th F. A.			Medway, Ohio
Zerkle, Charles O.	Corp.	9-21-17	1-28-18	308th F. S. Bn. Camp Sherman, Ohio		R. F. D. No. 7	Springfield, Ohio
		and					
Zimmerman, Clark	Pvt.	2-17-18	6-5-19	Discharged			Lima, Ohio
Zimmerman, L. Vern	Pvt.	10- 3-17	4- 5-18	Hq. Co. 324th F. A.			Troy, Ohio
			5-22-18	336th Inf. Camp Sherman, Ohio			
				MEDICAL DETACHMENT			
			5-26-19	Camp Dix Det.	324th F. A.	229 S. Cliff St.,	Butler, Penna.
			5-26-19	Camp Dix Det.	324th F. A.	Box No. 232	Roscoe, Penna.
			5-26-19	Camp Dodge Det.	324th F. A.	2927 Colfax Ave.,	Minneapolis, Minn.
				SUPPLY CO. DETACHMENT			
			6-5-19	Discharged			Columbus, Ohio
Carl, Wilbur	Cook						

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the  
people of the British Isles welcome  
you on your way to take your  
stand beside the armies of  
many Nations now fighting in  
the Old World the great battle  
for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart  
& spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake  
the hand of each one of you  
& bid you God speed on your  
mission.

George R. D.

April 1918.

A copy of this letter was presented to each American Soldier who passed thru England.



THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

P. C. DIVISION

SECRET

G. S. G—3.

8 Nov., 1918

MEMORANDUM:

1. The following compilation of statements of prisoners captured by units of the First Army, American E. F. during the period September 12 to November 4 is extracted from an Army Artillery Summary dated November 5, 1918. It furnishes interesting evidence as to the effectiveness of the fire of the American Artillery:

"(G—2, 3rd Army Corps), October 10th—Prisoner stated that as a result of a direct hit a week previous, of large caliber, 40 horses and 4 grooms of the 7th Field Artillery Regiment, quartered in Aincreville, were killed outright. Another prisoner states that the American artillery is easily distinguishable from the British in that the latter concentrate on definite objectives, while the former always adopts a form of harassing fire which effectively sweeps backward and forward over large areas indiscriminately."

G—2, 3rd Army Corps), October 11th—Two escaped prisoners report our shell fire on Dun-sur-Meuse compelled the Boche to abandon that town as a detrainning station and transferred the same to Stenay.

"G—2, 5th Army Corps), October 11th—Prisoners of the 110th Regt., 28th Div. taken north of Cunel, who were in position in the Bois de la Pultiere and on both sides of the Cunel, Clery le Grande Road, state that there were no shelters for their machine guns and they were forced to change their emplacements continuously on account of the intensity of our artillery fire. In this region the enemy suffered quite heavy losses and most of the 12 machine guns of the 3rd Machine Gun Company were put out of action.

"Prisoners commented on the accuracy of our artillery fire on the rear areas, particularly on the narrow guage railroad running from Saulmaury to Villers-Devant-Dun, which seriously impaired the bringing up of ammunition for the German Artillery. In the reigon of Douloon the 110th Regiment suffered severe casualties from the effects of gas shells.

"(No. 45, G—2, 1st Army), October 11th—The Colonel declares that his regiment (the 11th Regiment) was to make a counter attack about the time when the American Barrage opened. The result was complete disaster; the Regiment was "completely shattered". The artillery unit of Captain Cramer, which was to prepare the counter offensive, was either captured or broken to pieces; a large number of the officers were wounded or killed.

"(G—2, 3rd Army Corps), October 14th; from captured documents—an exact report on the amount of heavy artillery and field artillery put out of use says that in one month 13% of all pieces in line have been completely destroyed by enemy artillery.

"(No. 54, —2, 1st Army), October 22nd—The 458th Division has suffered such heavy losses that on October 15th it had only five companies, with effectives in each company very low. Prisoners stated that losses were large, due to artillery fire.

"(G—2, 1st Army Corps) September 26th; Prisoners from the 2nd Lw. F. A. Regt.—states that he and two other men tried to retreat on account of our artillery fire but it was impossible.

"Prisoner, Landstrum Battalion X 15, September 26th. Prisoners were cut off by our barrage and said that it was so heavy and well placed that they could not return.

"(No. 35, G—2, 1st Army), October 3rd—The company had 75% losses from gas shelling on September 27th and 28th. (4th Company, 112th Kuk)"

By Command of Major General Haan,  
R. M. BECK, JR.,  
Colonel, General Staff  
Chief of Staff

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

BAIN-DE-BRETAGNE LAUDS AMERICANS QUARTERED THERE

(From a French Correspondent)

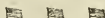
Bain-de-Bretagne, Friday,—Lieut. Colonel Harry Morse has just sent the municipality of Bain-de-Bretagne the sum of 4,000 francs to be given, in the name of the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the 324th Regiment of Heavy Artillery, U. S. A., to the war orphans of this commune.

This magnanimous donation, due to the initiative of a superior officer of this fine regiment is a striking testimony of the noble and generous sentiments of our American Allies.

The delicate thought which accompanies these gracious collective subscriptions is marked with the remembrance of the brotherly welcome given at Bain-de-Bretagne to this particular regiment, whose courtesy and distinction are combined most naturally, in all the degrees of military hierarchy, with the spirit of chivalry and the qualities of discipline and good bearing.

The inhabitants of Bain-de-Bretagne will always give the warmest welcome to American regiments which may be quartered in the town, but the 324th will carry away with it their unanimous regrets, sincere good wishes and most cordial sentiments, which will follow it more particularly on the road to victory.

(Taken from the New York Herald, Paris Edition)



Colonel Thomas Q. Ashburn,  
Commanding Officer, Artillery Brigade.

October 25th, 1917

In the review which took place last Thursday, I observed that the following companies of your brigade presented a very creditable appearance and marched steadily and in good line, viz:

Headquarters Company, 322nd Field Art.  
Battery "D" 324th Field Artillery.

Sgd., E. F. GLENN,

W.JEG.

Major General Commanding



158th F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

General Order No. 17

15th March, 1918.

1. The Commanding General of the Third Army Corps, Major General Hines has directed that the Brigade Commander convey to the Commanding Officers, Officers and men of the 158th F. A. Brigade his congratulations upon the splendid appearance presented by the Brigade in today's review and inspection before the Commander-in-Chief, General John J. Pershing. He has also directed me to convey his appreciation of the splendid spirit which has enabled the Brigade to accomplish such gratifying results under the present conditions.

2. In conveying these sentiments of the Commanding General Third Army Corps to the Officers and Men of this Brigade, the Brigade Commander desires to express his profound gratitude for the willing spirit of co-operation and overcoming difficulties which has characterized this Brigade from its inception, and it is a matter of great pride to him to feel that he had the honor of organizing a Brigade capable of winning such commendation from the Corp's Commander.

3. The Brigade Commander directs that this order be published to every officer and man of this Brigade in order that they may feel that their efforts toward making this the best Brigade possible has won commendation from such military authority as the Corps Commander.

By order of Colonel Ashburn,

S. R. HOPKINS,

Lt. Col. F. A.

Adjutant.

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

HEADQUARTERS 3rd ARMY CORPS

From:—P. C. 32nd Division  
To All Brigade Commanders.

11 November, 1918.

To:—Commanding General 32nd Division.

1. You are informed that hostilities will cease along the whole front at 11:00 A. M. 11 November 1918, Paris Time.

2. No allied troops will pass the line occupied by them at that hour and date until further orders.

3. Division Commander will immediately report on sketch exact location of their front line. This sketch will be returned to these headquarters by courier who bears this order.

4. All communications with the enemy, both before and after termination of hostilities, is absolutely forbidden. In case of violation of this order, the severest disciplinary action will be taken. Any officer offending will be sent to these headquarters under guard.

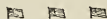
5. Further emphasis will be laid on the fact that the arrangement is an armistice only, and not a peace.

6. There must be not the slightest relaxation of vigilance. Troops must be prepared at any moment for further operations.

7. Special steps will be taken by all commanders to insure the strictest discipline and that all troops are in readiness, fully prepared for any eventuality.

8. Division and Brigade Commanders and Commanders of Corps will personally inspect all organizations with the foregoing in view.

By command of Major General Hines  
CAMPBELL KING  
Chief of Staff



HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

201—1 (Commendations)

Rengsdorf, Germany, 16 March 1919

From:—Commanding General, 32nd Division, American E. F.

To:—Commanding Officer, 158th F. A. Brigade, American E. F.

Subject:—Commendation.

1. A general order issued today from division headquarters informing the division of the high commendation which the Commander-in-Chief passed upon the division as a result of his review and inspection of yesterday.

I wish, however, to express to you in this more personal way my very high appreciation of the fine spirit which so obviously animated the troops under your command. The 322nd Field Artillery, the 323rd Field Artillery and the 324th Field Artillery, in their soldierly bearing, in the appearance of their mounts, of their tractors and their equipment generally, made a showing of which they may well be proud. The light regiments in passing in review stirred to enthusiasm all who watched them. The 324th Regiment reached all the expectations of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Division Commander in that so soon after being motorized and under such unfavorable conditions they had their tractors and guns on the reviewing ground ready for inspection and brought to such a high standard of cleanliness and obvious efficiency.

(Signed) WM. LASSITER  
Major General  
U. S. Army

WL-M.

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

158th F. A. BRIGADE

A. E. F.

General Order No. 35

12th Dec. 1918

1. In the period of less than three months that has elapsed since the Brigade has left its training camp for the front it has traversed France; fought in four Divisions and three Corps; borne its full share of the great Offensive, first west of the Meuse, then north of Verdun, then again west of the Meuse, which it once more crossed in pursuit of the vanquished enemy.

And on every occasion the guns of the Brigade have responded fully to all the needs of the Infantry. This has been rendered possible only by the untiring labor and the devotion of its personnel, both commissioned and enlisted.

2. Since the signing of the armistice the Brigade has marched through part of Belgium, crossed Luxembourg and all of Germany west of the Rhine. During the march to the Rhine there has been a marked and constant improvement in its march discipline and march efficiency of the units of the Brigade. The conditions under which the march was undertaken and has been conducted have afforded no adequate opportunity for the re-equipment of the troops; yet by their continued efforts the organizations of the Brigade have done much to rehabilitate their war worn equipment.

3. The Brigade Commander, who is surely its severest critic, feels great pride in these achievements of the Brigade and congratulates all officers and men, who have contributed to them, on the results obtained.

4. The high standard which has been insisted upon by the Brigade Commander is within reach, but the price of its attainment and maintenance is unceasing and unremitting effort by every member of the Brigade.

By command of Brigadier General Fleming

S. R. HOPKINS

Lt. Col. F. A.

Adjutant

FA FA FA

### HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

From:—Commanding General, 32nd Division.

Rengsdorf, Germany, 24, March 1919

To:—Commander-in-Chief, American E. F. (thru channels)

Subject:—Date of return to the United States of the 158 Field Artillery Brigade.

1. The 158th Field Artillery Brigade was attached to the 32nd Division from September 27th to October 3, and from November 1 to the present date. A large part of the active service of the Brigade has been with this Division. The Brigade now feels identified with the Division and has been expecting to return with it to the United States. Their own Division, the 83rd, is reported to have already returned.

2. Information has now been received from the Third Army Headquarters that the 57th Field Artillery Brigade, the organic artillery of the 32nd Division, will accompany it to the United States and that the 158th Field Artillery will remain behind. Of course, it is desired to have the 57th Field Artillery Brigade share the fate of the rest of the Division, but I would ask that consideration be given the case of the 158th Field Artillery Brigade. The men of the Brigade have been building their hopes on going home with the 32nd Division. Now that they are to be left behind, there will be a good deal of depression as they feel that they are orphans, their own Division having left.

3. If it is not possible to send the 158th Field Artillery Brigade home immediately, I recommend that they be told when they will go so that they will have something definite to look forward to.

Sgd. WM. LASSITER,

Major General, U. S. A.

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T H E   T R A I L   O F   B A T T E R Y   D

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HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES  
—CONTINUED—

1st Ind.

Hdqrs.:—3rd Army Corps, A. P. O. No. 754, A. E. F., March 26, 1919.

To:—Commanding General, Third Army, American E. F.

1. Forward for consideration.

Signed J. L. HINES  
Major General, U. S. A.  
Commanding.

2nd Ind.

Hq.:—Third Army, American E. F., 28th, March, 1919—To Adjutant General.

G. H. Q.:—American E. F.

1. For consideration.

Signed MALIN CRAIG  
Chief of Staff  
For the Army Commander

3rd Ind.

G. H. Q.—A. E. F., April 3, 1919: To the Commanding General, 32nd Division.

1. General order 56, c. s., assigned 57th Field Artillery Brigade to the 32nd Division and it is the desire of the Commander-in-Chief that this Brigade accompany that Division to the United States. Therefore, it is not the intention to assign or attach the 158th Field Artillery Brigade to the 32nd Division.

2. No definite date can be given at this time for the return of the 158th Field Artillery Brigade to the United States and it is not intended to move this Brigade from its present locality unless military considerations make it necessary or until its preparation for return to the United States.

By command of General Pershing  
Signed J. M. WOOLFOLK  
Adjutant General

4th Ind.

Hq.—32nd Division, American E. F., 6 April, 1919

—To Commanding General, 158 Field Artillery Brigade.

1. Returned, inviting attention to preceding indorsement.

By command of Major General Lassiter  
R. M. BECK, JR  
Colonel General Staff  
Chief of Staff

5th Ind.

Headquarters 324th F. A. (Heavy) A. P. O. 710, 9th April.

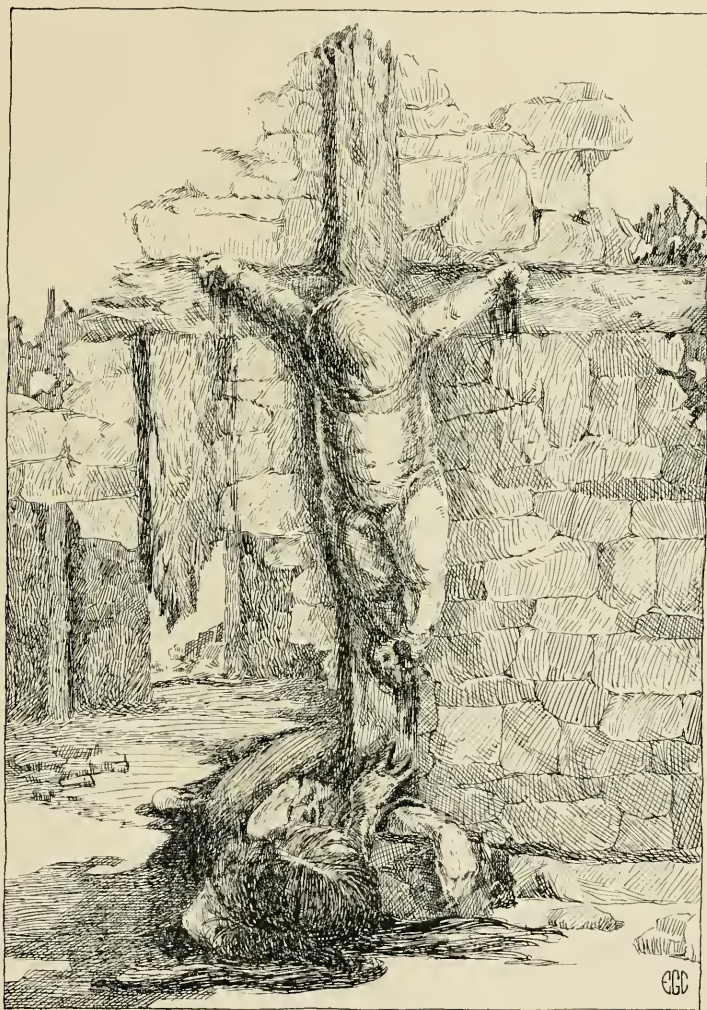
To all organizations.

1. This letter will be read at first formation after receipt and posted on bulletin boards.

By order of Col. Ashburn  
E. F. NORTON  
Capt. 324th FA. USA.  
Adjutant



THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



ONLY ONE OF GERMANY'S CRIMES

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES  
Office of the Commander-in-Chief

Major General Ernest Hines  
Chief of Artillery  
A. E. F.

France, March 27th, 1919

My dear General Hines:

As the time approaches for the return home of the greater portion of the artillery of the American Expeditionary Forces, it gives me great pleasure to extend to you, and to all officers and men under your command, my heartiest thanks and congratulations for their share in the successful conclusion of the war period.

Rushed to France with but the most preliminary training and here assigned to new material and unaccustomed methods, they overcame all difficulties by their energy, determination and devotion to duty, affording the infantry that powerful support without which success would have been impossible. From the earliest days of our active participation in the battle, the officers and men of all branches of the artillery won the admiration of our allies. They co-operated effectively in stopping the great attacks of the enemy and in making it possible for us to take the offensive. In the Meuse Argonne operation, they over-whelmed him at a critical point in his lines, making possible the advance of our troops, which jeopardized his communications and made the surrender or annihilation of a large part of his troops inevitable.

No less deserving of praise is the work of the officers and men of the training staffs at the several schools and training centres. Deprived of the opportunity to serve at the front, they carried on with zeal, energy and efficiency, the instructions of the artillery, a task no less essential than the actual combat work in the firing lines.

To all units and individuals under your command I desire to express my thanks and the thanks of their comrades of the American Expeditionary Forces. Our interest in their welfare will continue, accompanying them to their homes and back into civil life.

Sincerely yours,  
JOHN J. PERSHING

1st Ind.

Hdqs.:—158th F. A. Brigade, American E. F., 27th April, 1919.

Copy furnished 322nd, 323rd, and 324th F. A., to be read at the first formation after receipt.

2st Ind.

Headquarters 324th F. A. (Heavy). A. P. O. No. 734, 28th April, 1919.

To C. C's. Organizations.

1. For Compliance with the 1st Indorsement.

By order of Col. Ashburn  
E. E. NORTON  
Capt. 324th FA. USA.  
Adjutant

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

158th F. A. BRIGADE  
A. E. F.

11th April, 1919

Memoirandum:

1. The following letter received by the Brigade Commander from Brigadier General A. S. Fleming is published for the information of the Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS, 5th F. A. BRIGADE  
American E. F. A. P. O. 745

4th April, 1919

From:—Brigadier General A. S. Fleming, USA.

To:—Commanding General, 158th F. A. Brigade.

Subject:—Commendation of Officers and Men of the 158th F. A. Brigade.

1. Because of my relief from duty with the 158th F. A. Brigade during my absence therefrom I was unable to publish an order relinquishing command of that Brigade.

2. Will you therefore please convey to all the members of the Brigade my great appreciation of their work and their accomplishments while I had the honor to command the Brigade.

3. In the training area the Brigade strove to complete its mastery of the technical details that would fit it to take its place at the front. According to the statements of the authorities of the training camp at Camp Coetquidan the Brigade surpassed all previous standards attained by the eight Brigades which had preceded it there, and established new records which have not since been equalled.

The Brigade received its baptism of fire on the 26th of September, 1918, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and acquitted itself with entire credit. From the 8th to the 19th of October, 1918, the Brigade participated in all the engagements of the 17th French Army Corps north of Verdun and there earned the reputation of being one of the best fighting artillery Brigades in the A. E. F.

Upon the cessation of activities of the 17th French Army Corps, the Brigade was again attached to the 32nd Division and with the latter crossed the Meuse at Dun-sur-Meuse in pursuit of the retreating enemy. On the morning of the 11th of November, 1918, when news of the armistice reached us, all the regiments of the Brigade were in action, closer to the German Frontier than any other artillery of the Allied armies north of Verdun.

On the march to the Rhine the Brigade earned the appreciation of all and the commendations of the Corps and Division Commanders for its excellent marching, march discipline, and care of its animals. In the Coblenz Bridgehead, as part of the American Army of Occupation, the Brigade attained standards which later resulted in the high commendation of the Commander-in-Chief.

These accomplishments resulted from a zeal and a devotion to duty which are beyond all praise, and would have been impossible without the loyal co-operation and untiring efforts of both officers and enlisted men.

(Sgd.) A. S. FLEMING  
Brigadier General, U. S. A.

By Command of Brigadier General Craig:

A. L. Richmond  
Major F. A.  
Acting Adjutant

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THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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158th F. A. BRIGADE  
A. E. F.

17th April, 1919.

General Order No. 20

I. The following letter of the Division Commander is, by his express desire, published to the Regimental Commanders and to the Regiments of the Brigade.

"HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION  
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Brigadier General Adrian S. Fleming, Commanding  
158th Field Artillery Brigade  
American Expeditionary Forces.

Rengsdorf, Germany, 17th April, 1919

My dear General Fleming:

Before the 158th F. A. Brigade starts on its way home I desire to express to you and to the Brigade in what high estimation I hold the services which the Brigade has rendered in France and in Germany.

The Brigade came under my command as a part of the 32nd Division when I took over the command of that Division for the march to the Rhine. On this long and arduous march, so trying on men and animals, the artillery always showed up to advantage. Its good discipline and high spirit carried it successfully through all the obstacles and difficulties to be overcome. Since we have been in the Coblenz Brigehead I have always felt that I could rely upon the artillery to meet any new development which might arise. Their situation has not always been easy, in that they have been transferred from Division to Division during the active operations and so have had to get established in each new organization; but I can testify that with the 32nd Division their capabilities have been recognized and relied upon. The regiments of the Brigade, the 322nd Field Artillery, the 323rd Field Artillery and the 324th Field Artillery have the right to take with them to the United States the consciousness of work well done.

I would ask you to convey to the regimental commanders and to the regiments of the Brigade my congratulations on their fine accomplishments.

Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) WM. LASSITER,  
Major General, U. S. Army  
Commanding 32nd Division.

II. This letter is a tribute to the loyalty, devotion to duty, and patriotism of every officer and enlisted man who contributed to the results which earned it.

Previously, during the Meuse-Arconne Offensive, the Brigade supported, in battle, the 91st, 18th (French), 29th and 32nd Divisions; and with all of these Divisions this work of all of its units was of the same standard as that to which the Division Commander bears testimony.

"The right to take back with them to the United States the consciousness of work well done" is an achievement of the highest order and an honor second to none. They have earned this right and are entitled to the pride and distinction of its possession.

By Command of Brigadier General Fleming  
A. L. Richmond,  
Major, F. A.  
Acting Adjutant.



## To the Men of Battery D

CAPT. DONALD W. FITTON

I am highly grateful for this opportunity of recording my admiration of the splendid record of you men of Battery D, and of expressing my appreciation and gratification for my association with you, if only for so short a time. When in the latter part of March, 1919, I was ordered to take command of the Battery I realized I had been assigned to a splendid organization. You had been blessed by having in Major Richmond, your first Battery Commander, an officer and gentleman of exceptional ability and character and your entire military record has been a credit to him and to yourselves. You performed every duty and endured every hardship asked of you in the true American spirit,—and were at all times in your personal conduct and life the highest example of American manhood. I shall only look back upon my few weeks of companionship with you with the greatest of happiness and pride. Because of the uncertainties and separations of demobilization I did not have the opportunity of personally bidding you farewell, so am taking this opportunity of extending to each one of you my congratulations on the past and best wishes for the future. This splendid Battery Cook, conceived, written and printed by you men should be a medium, by which the events and associations of this organization will always remain fresh in our memories and may the bond of service and friendship now formed be continued and strengthened through life.



## Two Tributes

CAPT. ELLERY S. JAMES

It is with an apology that I attempt to take my place in this book as an author, but I am grateful for the opportunity, if for nothing else, to say good bye until we meet again. I have heard it said that in the army a man's first command is his first love. At any rate so it was with me. Although I did not have the honor of ushering Battery "D" into the light of an astonished world, nor even of commanding you at the Front, to me you were always "my battery". I think what little success I had was due to this—to me always the battery was an entity; it had a heart, mind and soul. I was responsible for its well-being. It was mine. And from this came my greatest reward. The tremendous satisfaction I possessed in my position came from the bottom up and never from the top down. The men were always the same; loyal, willing, thorough, and hard working. Of course, there were some to whom this ideal did not appeal. When this was temporary it made little difference. When it was permanent, they were not Battery "D" Men.

Before the war I was sometimes rather disloyal to my country. The Men in the Battery taught me loyalty and respect. They were certainly representative of America and they represented all that was good. I have always been an admirer of the French and have no patience with those Americans who run down what France has done. Those of you who do not respect the French should withhold your judgment until you know them better. Their greatest virtue is sincerity. The Germans are the most insincere people of the earth. Next to sincerity one may find in the French a certain sensitiveness of nature possessed I firmly believe to no such extent by any other people of the earth. The German coarseness is proverbial. In America we possess sincerity and sensitiveness of nature, and are unconscious of them. This unconsciousness has its dangers. When accused of these virtues we are often ashamed. We must take care lest the rough diamond we all admire turns to a lump of coal. When we see these virtues in others we may be even contemptuous. Why has all the civilized world fought for France? Because she represents the greatest cause of history—spiritual good. God grant that we never forget it! Before I bid you all Godspeed, let me thank you for all you did. I must do so collectively, although it is in my heart to do so individually. The men who won the war were the cooks who always cooked, the drivers who always fed their horses,—the list is endless. It comprises those men who "knew their stuff" and did it. And then let me invite you all to call on me for anything I can give you when we get back home. It will be small but always it will be yours.



# THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

## HEADQUARTERS 158th F. A. BRIGADE CAMP MERRITT, N. J.

May 14th, 1919.

General Order No. 23

1. The policy of the War Department for demobilizing troops returning to the United States from the A. E. F. results in the beginning of the disintegration of commands upon their arrival at the port of debarkation. Even now the 158th Field Artillery Brigade, as such, has virtually ceased to exist. The personnel of the various units is being segregated into groups which will be sent to various points for muster out of the Service. Neither the Brigade nor any of its units will ever again be assembled as an organization.

2. It is with profound regret that the Brigade Commander realizes that this magnificent Brigade must cease to exist. The record of its units, the 322nd Field Artillery, the 323rd Field Artillery, 324th Field Artillery, the 308th Trench Mortar Battery, and the 308th Ammunition Train, is without blemish during their service in France. Their promise during the period of training was more than fulfilled during the battles of the entire Meuse-Argonne Offensive. After the Armistice the standard attained in marching to the Rhine, during the intensive training as a part of the Army of Occupation in the Coblenz Bridgehead, and during all the preparations attendant upon their return to the United States was second to none. This record of achievement and the traditions acquired thereby are imperishable, and will constantly be the source of pride and inspiration to every member of the Brigade.

3. The Brigade Commander desires that this order be promulgated throughout the Brigade. He also desires to express to every officer and enlisted man of the Brigade his appreciation of the loyalty and faithful devotion to duty of the members of the Brigade. He hopes that they will carry with them into civilian life, and, wherever their future may lead them, the pride of accomplishment which is theirs, by virtue of achievement.

By Command of Brigadier General Fleming.

A. L. RICHMOND,  
Major Field Artillery  
Adjutant





## Battery Comment and Songs

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### BATTERY D OF THE FUTURE

We want you to read this article from beginning to end. It has to deal with the Battery D of the future,—the reunions of our old buddies; the re-singing of the songs we sang through those wet and dreary night hikes; the telling again of the jokes on each other that age will only make the merrier; the answer to the roll call;—and last, but not least, to assemble in memory of our own who sleep in peace on the battle fields of France.

We had heaps of pep in the old days, and we're going to have a heap more in the days to come. Each one of us is interested in forming a permanent organization. An organization which will work out the details of the reunions,—the correspondence, the locations, the hotel arrangements, the banquets, the printing, and the hundred other items that go to make a successful reunion.

Organizations of this sort don't materialize from imagination only. It takes work and the co-operation of each and every one. Some one has to start it. Some one has to organize, and some one has to push. In other words it depends on YOU! Are you interested? Will you do your share? And we know the one unanimous answer will be yes. Then you can have a part to play. You can serve on the committees. Or if that part doesn't appeal to you, you can boost and support every arrangement the various committees will make.

A number of us got together and decided that it would be a splendid idea to create temporary officers whose duties will be to begin planning for the first reunion. The Chairman we have chosen is no other than "Goldie" or, in a more dignified presentation, Mr. Fredrick V. Oldaker, of the city of Hebron. The next officer pro tem is Bobby Griffin of 832 Linden Ave., Springfield.

Those two will get together and begin forming committees and start the ball to rolling. The proceeds of this book creates the fund for the developing of plans,—for the buying of oats for "Bunny" Morrison's old nags, for the blood-pudding and hard tack, which will be served in courses. And, when we all make the mad rush to be first to hit the old chow line, Devil take the hindmost.

Expect to hear from the committees that are now being formed soon. And when you do answer promptly and go "over the top" in doing your part.



### INEXCUSABLE INFORMATION

The Senate Committee on Public Information rendered truly extraordinary services. Not only to the folks at home were their published columns concerning the Boys in France sources of brightening information and up-bouying encouragement, and all that; they were a revelation to the the Boys in France themselves, the Boys at the Front. I present a few quotations from one of their sparkling columns in *Colliers*—or did I clip it from the *Saturday Evening Post*? To-wit:

"He"—the "man who is fighting for your security and happiness"—"He has good wholesome food, well cooked, in great abundance and variety,"—bully beef, dog biscuit, spuds unboiled with the jackets on, and salmon,—what more could his dainty palate crave, pray? Unless 'twere German blood pudding, to be sure, or Australian rabbit!

"He lives under conditions of healthfulness maintained by sanitary experts. His health is constantly looked after by capable physicians—who bend every effort toward keeping him well, instead of waiting to cure him after he becomes ill".

A Pretty paragraph—Oh, so sollicitous, so motherly, so tender! Remember Canal Street, under the hill there above Samogneux? And C. C. Pills! Charles E. Hinkle took 'em back in Camp Sherman; and Frank J. Henn in the little German village of Kausen; besides whom there were others.

"Every conceivable condition contributes to his safety, comfort, and happiness". What, enough, you say? But, my dear comrade, it is all very illuminative and interesting, I assure you. Ah, now I understand—you don't really get the humor in this sort of illumination. Very Well!

But let's not be too hard on the Committee on Public Information. I do maintain the body rendered a noble and worthy service—at least to the folks at home. It took our letters, you see, anywhere from six or eight weeks till eternity to get home, while in the meantime the Committee's publicity work ran Old Man Gloom ragged back there.

Of course I have since learned that my wife, all this to the contrary, worried her sweet self into a decline about her hubby. But other wives, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts and cousins were naturally not as anxious about their dear ones as my wife was about me. Of course not!

# THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

## SONGS

### Battery D Song (Tune: On Wisconsin)

On to Paris, then to Berlin,  
Come on Batt'y D;  
Make the Kaiser, be the wiser  
Of this Battery.  
While we're singing, voices ringing,  
We'll go marching on;  
We've the hunch we'll land the punch  
For liberty.

### Oh The Army (Tune: In My Harem)

Oh, the Army, the Army,  
The life is real and charming,  
They clothe you and they feed you,  
They call you when they need you.  
Hash for breakfast,  
Beans for dinner,  
"Slum" for supper time,  
Thirty dollars every month  
Deducting twenty-nine.  
Oh, the Army, the Army  
The democratic Army,  
If you like your beer  
You are S. O. L. in here,  
For we're all in the Army now.

### March To The Rhine (Tune: Alabama Jubilee.)

Out in the mud on a Germany pike,  
The three-twenty-fourth was a takin' a hike,  
Its one-thirty now and no kitchen in sight—  
We got an early start,  
Bring on that ration cart;  
Old Colonel T. Q. is makin' a rep,  
The Captain shouted double time with lots of  
pep,  
Help, help, the gang's all in  
When the 32nd marched to the Rhine.

### Ohio

Ohio, Ohio,  
It's a name known to fame in days of yore,  
May she ever be glorious,  
Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more.

### Battery D Marching Song

(Tune: Tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.)

We belong to Batter'y D  
And we're feeling gay and free,  
'Cepting when we think of  
Damned old Germany.  
Then our blood begins to boil,  
And we're ready for the toil,  
And we'll buckle down and  
Fight for Liberty.

### Chorus

Boom! Boom! Boom! We're the Battery D  
boys,  
That's the reason for this noise.  
Though we work like Hell each day  
We are ready for the fray,  
And we'll fight for right and old Democracy.

### 324th Regimental Song (Tune: Boola Boola.)

Oh, here we are, yes, here we are,  
We are training for a short and bloody war.  
With shot and shell  
We'll give 'em Hell,  
And they'll never want to see us any more.  
We give ourselves to Uncle Sam,  
We don't give a tinker's damn;  
With our six-inch guns  
We'll get those Huns,  
And then return to Uncle Sam.

### Chorus

For we're training, yes, we're training,  
To beat the Kaiser, to beat the Kaiser;  
And we'll beat him,  
When we meet him,  
With our Heavy Artillery.

### Three-Two-Four (Tune: Casey Jones.)

There was a doughboy in the Artillery,  
Who laid by the wayside at the break of day,  
And as we went by we heard him shout—  
"If you don't quit double timing you can count  
me out."

### Chorus

Three-two-four, on our way to Germany,  
Three-two-four, marching o'er the Rhine,  
Three-two-four, on our way to Germany  
It didn't take us long to break the Hindenburg  
Line.

### Parlez Vous

The Y. M. C. A. went over the top,  
Parlez vous,  
The Y. M. C. A. went over the top,  
Parlez vous.  
The Y. M. C. A. went over the top  
And didn't know just where to stop,—  
Oh, hinky dinky parlez vous.

2  
I got a pass to Aix-le-Bain,  
Parlez vous,  
I got a pass to Aix-le-Bain,  
Parlez vous,  
Well I got a pass to Aix-le-Bain,  
And they shipped me down on a cattle train,  
Oh, hinky dinky parlez vous.  
(The next twenty verses censored.)

### 83rd Division Song

When the 83rd Division falls in line,  
We'll find ourselves in file across the Rhine,  
And we will fight, fight, fight for liberty,  
And rush our troops across the lines of  
Germany.  
With England, France and Italy by our side,  
The 83rd Division is our pride,  
And we will lay the Kaiser 'neath the sod, yes  
by God,  
U. S. A.

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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### THE ARTILLERYMAN

The Field Guns snarl and bark and curse  
Like a hundred angry wolves, or worse;  
Their slender shells speed away in the dark,  
And the O. P. tells if they reach their mark.

The artilleryman sweats, and his eardrums throb,  
But he's going to stick till he's finished his job.

The Heavies explode with a deafening roar  
Like a tidal wave on a rock-ribbed shore;  
Their cumbrous shells soar aloft into space,  
And an aeroplane tells if they reach the place.

The Artilleryman staggers, his eardrums throb;  
But he's going to stick till he's finished his job.

The wily Trench Mortar lets go with a crash  
Like a couple of thousand tiles a-smash;  
The deadly bomb whizzes over to Fritz,  
And the periscope tells just where it hits.

The Artilleryman chokes, and his eardrums throb,  
But he's going to stick till he's finished his job.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

■ ■ ■

### "IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAD"

Samuel M. Fansler

Lest we forget, 'mid daily toil  
The ones who sleep in foreign soil;  
Let's stop a while and bow our heads  
In silent memory of our dead.

They fought the fight, they fought it well;  
Denied are they their tales to tell.  
They sleep far from their native state  
A victim of the hand of fate.

Yet each one lives, they did not die,  
For as the years go rushing by  
They still will be with us in thought  
The ones who slumber where they fought.



THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### HARD LUCK

Sgt. Johnston:—Well there's not much pleasure in smoking, George.

Cpl. Prosser:—How's that, Sarge;—you've got a good meerschaum pipe, haven't you?

Sgt. Johnston:—Yes it's a good pipe I've got. I paid forty marks for it in Coblenz. But you see if I am smoking my own tobacco I'm thinking of the terrible expense, and if I'm smoking someone else's tobacco my pipes rammed so full it won't draw.

### ANOTHER FISH STORY

Lieut. (to mess Sgt.):—Are you sure that salmon is fresh, Sgt.?

Sgt. Grey:—Absolutely, Lieutenant, I've just had it cut up to keep it from jumping at the flies.

### GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS GEORGE

Penny was buying some apple butter and wanting a box to have it put in called in Geo. Fisher to ask for it. Geo. said in choicest German:—"Hain't got haben sie un bok."

Did you ever hear Beavy say?—"Put that garbage in the insinuator."

Did you ever see the German kids stand reverently quiet while the captain read the evening devotions out of his note book?

Did you hear Willie Donald say when called upon to form a detail of men? "At'ensun, Right Address."

Were you one of the onlookers at the backward race in which Corp. Hall came out winner?

### TWISTED

Dickerson discussing the times to come with Walker. Dick:—"And when you come to see me I'll introduce you to that Brown girl."

Walker:—"Looky heah boy, I don't want to go messing up with no white trash."

Curt Wells:—(Greatly pleased at the prospect for a row)—"Why "walk," that's his sister-in-law."

### TEAR GAS

Capt.:—Sgt., what man in the battery do you think has shown the most care for his equipment?

Olde:—(Thoughtfully), "Well Morrison and Fisher were always very careful and—McDowell cried for his gas mask back on the front."

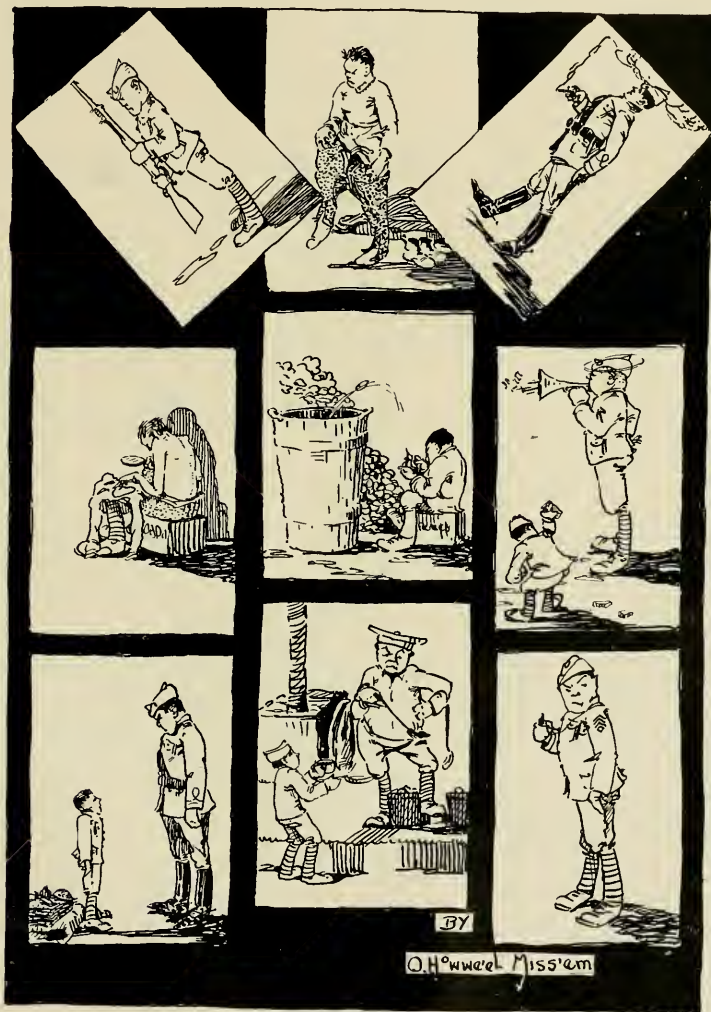
### NEVER SAY CAN'T

Sam Albert looking up French phrases in a book and searching particularly for "Oui, oui Manure" said:—"I can find "oui" in this Frog dictionary but "Manure" ain't in here."

### SOLID IVORY

Larkin was on a foraging expedition in Kausen and found two eggs in barn 30. Hastening to his billet he procured his mess kit and prepared to have fried eggs on toast. He changed his mind after he cracked one as they turned out to be made of china.

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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When Heine's shrapnel was buzzing around, did you ever hear a "Y" man say,—“No I'm sorry fellows this stuff is for the boys up at the front.”

Or at a training camp. “All that stuff goes to the boys at the front. They need it.”

■ ■

### POOR MARVIN

The following conversation took place in Sgt. Anderson's billet not long ago.

Marvin Wears:—Andy, we got too many fellers in that there billet of curn.

Sgt. Anderson:—What's the matter pig face?

M. W.:—Aw we're too thick up there. Sombody ast to move out and if you move anybody I think it aught to be one of them privates.

■ ■

### ANDY'S BEE HIVE

We often wonder whether Sgt. Anderson remembers the time when he, with the other Sgts., were called into the Orderly Room by the Captain.

Captain James:—There has been a bee hive stolen from one of the villages, and this morning the empty hive was found down at the creek. Do you suspect any of the men in your sections as having done this? (Sgt. Anderson and the rest of the Section Chiefs replied that they did not.)

But some how or other, when thinking over this matter, it seems to me that I can picture Sgt. Anderson manouvering with a bee hive, on a moonlight night and wandering laboriously to the creek. Where upon he soaked the hive in the water until the little bees had had enough to drink and then proceeded to open the hive and enjoy the contents.

Say, Andy, how about it?

■ ■

### PRETTY NEARLY

Walker, while watching Slocumb reading a story, saw him laugh and asked:

“What's the matter, Jim? Did you see it?”

“What” coming out of his trance.

“Your mustache?”

■ ■

### THE PICKET LINE

The chief bone of contention is, whether more shells dropped at the picket line, or at the battery? If left to Corporals Hall and Gutridge they would vouch for the latter. This night Fritz was dropping his G. I. cans a scant 50 yards away from their tent, his object being a railroad. After one particular close shell, Corp. Hall was heard to explain, “Gee whiz, but that was a close one. did you feel me jump?” And Gutridge answered, “No, I was too busy jumping myself.”

■ ■

### TAYLOR DOESN'T LIKE COOTIES

At Octending, where we hesitated for two days on our march to the Rhine, the mechanics were billeted on the top floor of a Post Office. Myron E. Taylor was awakened one morning by a signal corps man coming into the room like a man shot out of a cannon, and exclaiming “Do any German women come in here?” And Taylor, raising himself on his elbows, and blinking like an owl said, “No” and the soldier in the meanwhile was busy pulling off his shirts. to Taylor's amazement, but finally, he asked him; “What are you up to?” And the answer was “cooties” but he left followed by Taylors empty shoes.

■ ■

### REAL SERVICE

“Say” said the enraged private to the supply Sergeant. “These pants you gave me are too small. Looky! They don't meet by two inches.”

“Well,” replied the S. S. “I'll speak to the Mess Sergeant and see if he can't train you down a bit.”

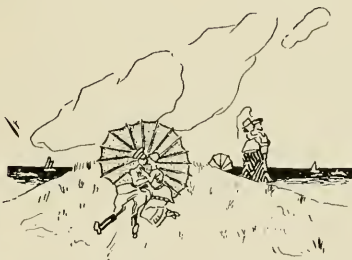
THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

**A**rtille**r**y **T**erms.



A-GOOD- position.

**C**ross **B**attery **W**ork -- (Heavy Guns)



A **M**asked  
**B**attery

A **B**ox **B**arrage

WITH THE GUNNERS.

BAUER



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### HOW ABOUT IT?

When we were "rookies" we were very much impressed with the "soft stuff", and were very apt to believe anything that was handed us. But after nine months service in the States, and eleven months abroad we were not quite able to believe that anybody's heart could "jump with joy."



### "KIT" GETS POLITE FOR THREE DAYS

Sometimes it pays to be polite. Our well known artistic comrade, Corporal Carney, can vouch for this. Carney was called before Captain Ellery S. James one time for some minor offense. After an inquiry the following dialogue took place.

Capt. Ellery S.:—I have decided that you shall be punished so I have put you on K. P. for one day.

Carney:—Thank you, sir.

Capt. Ellery S.:—I'll just make that three days. And Carney was so surprised that he forgot to again show his gratitude.



### SHOES

Private, (of D Battery), addressing supply Sergeant, "Say, Sarge, I can't use these shoes you gimme this morning. One of 'ems a 6-E and the other's an 8½-E."

Sergeant, (impatiently) "Now ain't that funny? That's the second time that has happened in this last bunch of shoes. That blanky Quartermaster's always balling things up so's we can't use em."



### ORDERS THAT NEVER WERE

HQ. 324th F. A. HEAVY

A. P. O. 734,

FEB. 8, 1919.

General Order No. 73

Par. 1. The attention of Division, Brigade and Regimental commanders has been called to the fact that typhoid fever has made its appearance among the enlisted men and officers of the army of Occupation. It is reported that new cases are developing daily.

Par. 2. Whereas typhoid fever is strictly a water disease and is caused by germs finding their way into the intestines, it is ordered that the following regulations be strictly complied with.

1. Each organization will prepare, before breakfast every morning, a large quantity of fried eggs. The eggs are to be prepared as follows;—Skillet will be greased with butter, and four eggs at a time will be broken and placed therein. While cooking, the eggs will be salted and peppered to the individual's taste. Cook slowly until all but the yolk is firm to the touch. Hot butter will be poured over eggs just prior to serving.

2. Men will be forced to line up and two eggs will be issued to each one. Men should be checked up on the roster of the organization to see that all under go this preventative treatment.

By order of Colonel Ashburn,

E. E. NORTON,  
324th F. A., U. S. A.

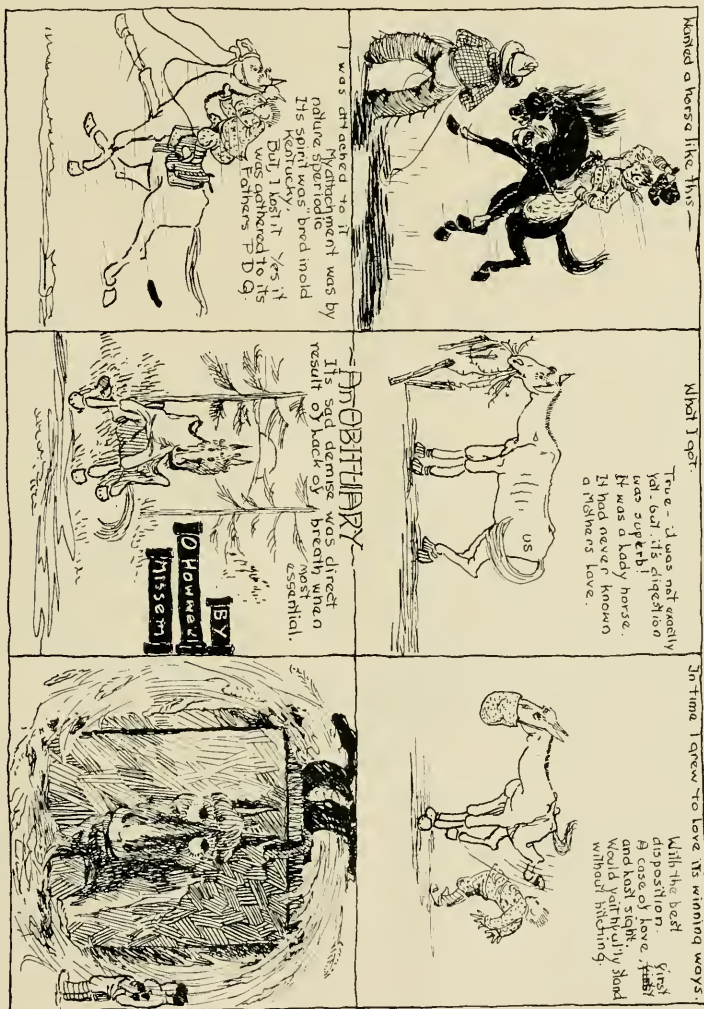


### THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Our Father who art in Washington, honored be thy name. Give us this day our long delayed pay and forgive us our A. W. O. L., as we forgive the bugler, the mess sergeant and all who wear bars: And lead us not into the Army of Occupation, but deliver us from the fatigue squad, for thine is the army, the M. P's, the Q. M. and the field Clerks, forever and ever,

AH OUI.

# THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### MAJOR NASH'S IVORY DOME

Back in the days of the Army of Occupation, while we were stationed at Kausen, we used to go over to Brettenau occasionally to see a show. The shows were generally delayed from fifteen minutes to half hour, until the Second Battallion officers made their appearance. The first time it happened we whiled away the time by "cussing" all officers in general and those of our Battalion in particular. Afterward, we always waited patiently, until the officers filed in and took their seats in the very front row. And were amply rewarded for our wait when Major Nash removed his cap.

### MOUNT ON THE JOB

Lt. Crego, "All cannoneers and drivers will grease the pieces immediately."

"Snappy" Mount, sitting by a warm bon-fire, addresses his bunkie, "Wall, Bill, oun don't need it yet, it ain't a squeakin', but then we'll grease'er anyhow."

Ray Jones has the reputation of being "consistent", yet even a man with that reputation will make a mistake once in a while. Ray went into the Orderly room once at Kausen, and, after execut-ing a very snappy salute, informed Lt. Palmer that he came in after his "record." Cross examina-tion brought out the fact that he was after his months pay.

Scene:—General Court's Martial, held in a cafe at Grossemaiched.

Enter Ben Wilson.

Judge Advocate:—"Tell the court your name, rank and organization."

Ben (Slowly and precisely):—"Ben Wilson, second class private, Battery D, 324th Field Artil lery."

Freddy Compliment, (at Coetquidan):—"Yes, sir, I went to bed last night all ready for reveille, but some way or another my cap slipped off during the night. I was the second one out at that."

### RUSS TAKES A BATH

Anyone who was with Battery D on the Front could well imagine what this world would be without women. It is some relief to know that women are not going to bother a fellow, especially when he is going to take a bath. Russel Mock set the example when he heated water over a fire and bathed on a high bank by the side of the main road, just outside of Samognieux. Russ kept an anxious eye on the main road and when questioned about it he explained that there might be a stray Y. M. C. A. car wander up that way.

He need not have been alarmed, for there had been a Y car through there with the latest news-papers just five days before.

### HOW ABOUT IT, CANNONEERS?

Cannoneers may, and doubtless will, protest this assertion, but the lot of a "driver" in the Field Artillery is a hard and busy one. Ninety-nine per-cent of all the drivers in the army cherish the hope that some day they will get on a squad and forever have it "soft". There in lies the following story.

The "Duke" of Wellington, otherwise known as Oscar J., No. 2686943, was a driver in Battery D. He departed from our midst while the battery was at Kausen, being transferred to the 322nd F. A. Upon reporting to his new B. C. the following dialogue ensued.

Battery Commander:—"Are you a driver or a cannoneer?"

"The Duke"—"Cannoneer, sir"

B. C.:—"Where do you put the aiming stake?"

Wellington, after an embarrassing pause, "I dunno, sir."

B. C. (addressing the top kick), "Sergeant, have this man report to the Stable Sergeant in the morning. And don't trust him with any of our aiming stakes!"

THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### THAT Y MAN

All of the boys have, or should have, a good word for the Y. M. C. A. Yet some of us always have a good laugh when we think of the secretary who took a run and dive up the hillside the evening Heine cut loose on us with his 77's. The funniest part of it was that he went the wrong direction.



### HENRY BECOMES A HERO

Down at Cierges—you remember Cierges, don't you?—the 324th was halted in the middle of the town for a long time. The combat train of Battery D was parked in the middle of a very, very muddy stretch of road, beyond which on the right loomed the towers of a very fine church, and on the left—O! Ye Gods of War—the commissary and ration dump of the 90th Division.

Battery D had pulled into the eastern part of Cierges late the night before in the midst of a dismal drizzle. Supper had been a minus quantity and breakfast consisted of bully beef, Christian Science bread and the ever present "Murjatic Acid." Imagine the consternation (?) in the breast of the two hundred odd members of D Battery when the above mentioned ration dump appeared on the horizon. And when the combat train halted exactly in front of the dump, and word was passed back that the column would be there for some time, it looked bigger to the men than the Woolworth Building. And they went after that ration dump like a German prisoner after a can of bully. The cannoneers went across the field double time, while the drivers leaned far out on their horses and shouted encouragement to them, and admonitions to "Bring some back."

But every ration dump is guarded in a more or less systematic manner. This one looked like a hard nut at first, for the guards met the boys on the "first-step" and shoved them up into one corner, where they had piled a large quantity of hardtack which had been exposed to the rain the night before. Again and again some enterprising buck or non-com would try and run the gauntlet and get to the piles of jam, milk and canned beans, only to be headed off with his goal in sight.

The duel between the guards and the hunger of Battery D continued for some time and it began to look like the hungry ones would have to retire in disorder. But we have reckoned without our hero, who is none other than our enterprising Chief Mechanic, Henry Fink.

Henry had been one of the first to alight when the ration dump came in view. He had made a reconnoitering tour while the remainder of the Battery was busy with the guards, and had located an unprotected pile of canned beans. He loaded up one case and made the trip to his wagon safely. One case of beans does not go far among two hundred men, to whom beans are a treat, so Henry started on a second trip. He secured the second case of beans, while all the D drivers on the road watched anxiously and with bated breath, ready to shout a warning if they saw that he was spotted.

When Henry, with his heavy case of beans under his arm, had negotiated about half the distance to the road, a strange Captain made his appearance, coming from the ration dump and directly toward Fink. He was within twenty feet of him before unsuspecting Henry saw him. Immediately he quickened his pace. The Captain did likewise. The audience of drivers drew long breaths and held them. The Captain and Henry arrived at the point where their paths must cross at exactly the same second. The expectant drivers were within easy hearing distance and braced themselves to hear Henry get a bawling-out. But the Captain merely drew back to let Henry pass, and then continued on his way!

Well, the drivers all helped Fink cool his fevered brow, after which the beans were opened and every one had an appreciated lunch.



"What do you think of the army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after awhile, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.



THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D



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## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

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### ONE EXCUSE DESERVES ANOTHER

Colonel Ashburn:—Young man have you a pair of shoes?"

Shipley:—"Yes Sir."

Col.:—"What are you wearing those boots for."

Ship:—"To keep my feet dry."



### HEARD AT THE PICKET LINE

Bevy:—"That's a bum job. You'll have to curry those forelegs again."

Keller:—"All right."

Bevy:—"I supposed a farmer could curry a horse."

Keller:—"They can but they don't curry by counts."



J. R. Wears:—"I'm going out west when the war's over."

Shipley:—"What State?"

J. R. Wears:—"Maine or Florida."



Wilkinson, who was never known to be in a hurry, was slowly walking towards the school house in Kausen when a head popped out of billet No. 30 and said, "Better snap'er up, Taps sounded at 10 o'clock.



It may be due to the fact that our knowledge of music is very limited but will some one kindly tell us how John R. Wears gets vocal music out of a violin.



### CROOKS ALL

Once upon a time there was a corporal named Prosser who by dint of close watching and fast work accumulated two loaves of bread. One a fine white loaf and the other of half and half. The bread was carried under the seat of the chariot de pars from which point of vantage the afore mentioned corporal put out an occasional slice cut from the half and half. This fact of course rankled in the hearts of the buddies as they thought inasmuch as there was white bread on hand it should be passed around.

Now Prosser was away finding the billets for the section, the extra cannoneers were helping the drivers put away their mounts, and all that was left of the section was a corporal, a sergeant and a—buglar. The idea seemed to strike them individually but approximately at the same time. Jim walked along on one side of the wagon and mounted the front wheel, climbing from there to the seat only to meet Morrow who was coming up from the other side. Jim looked at Morrow and vice versa.

"I know what you are after."

"Yes it's Prosser's white bread you want, isn't it?"

Suffice it is to say that they agreed to share alike and soon made their get away. Stopping on the other side of the next wagon to conceal their plunder they observed Esterline approaching the wagon with a determined expression on his face. They lingered just a moment to enjoy his discomfiture when he found someone had beat him to it; and that night they—the—buglar and the sergeant—put out good white bread to its original owner and snickered.



"They're dudes," the German junker cried,

"They cannot fight, that's true."

Since then he's had cause to decide

What the Yankee dude'll do.

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

### GOOD INSTRUCTIONS

Tact and diplomacy have their place, even in the army, but Ward Hisey threw both to the winds the time he—But here's the story; you can judge for yourself.

Brigadier General Fleming was inspecting the Battery, and he was accompanied by Major Nash. Every inspection has a "specialty", and this time the General was very inquisitive about the horses; their care, grooming, etc. That department of the Battery being under the supervision of Lieutenant Crego, he also accompanied the General and the Major.

All went well until the General cast his eye over Hisey's firey steeds. Then he stiffened perceptibly and Lt. Crego saw breakers ahead.

"Those horses have not been properly groomed", snapped the General. Then, to Hisey, "Show me how you do it."

Hisey hastily clutched his manicure set (i. e.—grooming kit) and made several frantic passes at the nearest horse. The General watched closely.

"See there! See there!" He exclaimed, in an 'I told you so tone'. He don't know how to do it. Who told you how to groom a horse that way?" Hisey hesitated for a long five seconds, while Lt. Crego drew an anxious breath. then—"The Major," explained Hisey.

When last seen, Lt. Crego wore a relieved smile, while Major Nash had a curry comb in one hand and a brush in the other waving them alternately between the horse and the General, talking rapidly all the time.



Captain:—Your rank, sir?

Rookie:—Don't rub it in, Captain! That's just what the Sergeant told me."



Uncle:—The French gained 400 meters from the enemy.

Auntie:—How splendid! That should help to put a stop to these dreadful gas attacks."



The Youth:—When we were torpedoed I swam about forty-two hours before being picked up.

The Maiden:—Oh, how jolly! I love swimming."



### PLUGS

It was grooming period at the picket line and the command "Stand at Heel" had been given. Capt. James started down the line to inspect the horses. Upon coming to one with a cracked hoof he asked the buck if the horses hoof was cracked. This answer was given—"Yes sir, he's part cow."



It was in Bain-de-Bretagne during one of the usual Sunday inspections that the following was said—

Major Morse:—"McCoy, how tall are you?"

"Mac":—"Six feet four."

Major Morse:—"Huh, I didn't know they piled it that high."



While discussing the road that leads from Kausen to Stebach, Shipley grew rather warm under the collar and vehemently said:—By God, they're not all right angles some of them are left angles. I've been over often enough to know."



This was heard at our second position on the morning we pulled into it. Everyone was out trying to get the guns into position but "Doc" Watkins. All efforts to rouse him seemed futile. Finally Major Nash was heard to say in a rising inflection "Put the boots to him—Put the hobs to him—Leap upon him."

## THE TRAIL OF BATTERY D

This little accident happened in one of the cafes at Bain. One well known and only Tom Gaffeny being out of cigarettes kindly asked a comrade how to ask for some in French. On entering the cafe Tom asked for "Pain et Beurre" and the waitress immediately brought some bread and butter to the table at which Tom was sitting. Thinking that she was just setting 'em up, Tom ate the bread and butter and once more asked for "Pain et Beurre". This time he was expecting his smokes to be trotted out but to his amazement the waitress brought out another plate of bread and butter.

This made Tom Check. He had to hunt up another friend to enable him to get his smokes.

### A PESSIMIST

Penquite:—"Freddy, somebody been mistreating you?"

Compliment:—"Aw, we're going home now and I'll have to put postage stamps on my letters!"

One day Sam Fansler handed Larkin a letter. Mark didn't notice that it was addressed "Mac" Larkin. Full of happy anticipations, he tore it open and drew forth the photo of a big fat colored girl.

"This ain't for me! said Mark, "Take-it-back.

Freddie Compliment and the Supply Sergeant were discussing the squad with which they were to make the trip across the Atlantic.

Said Freddie:—"We ought to get Nethers in our squad; he's got a hundred bucks."

Stilwell:—"What good is that to us? He don't shoot crap."

Freddie:—"I know, but he sleeps."

"Now then," said the Captain to his men, "we'll go through the drill quickly. Fall in."

The men did.

"Fall out."

The men did. But one man started to walk off.

"Here, Rich, Where are you going?"

"Back" was the laconic answer. "I'll be damned if I go through such fool stunts. You don't know your own mind one minute from another."

A burly Irishman brought into the base hospital pretty well "shot up." After giving his name, the doctor asked him:—

"You're an Irishman?"

"Half of me, sir," he replied.

"Half of you?" asked the doctor in surprise. "And what's the other half."

"German, sir," was the reply. "German shrapnel, bits of iron, and holes."

Cholly:—The war was dreadful, why one couldn't tell when the laundry was coming home!

"Who was the chap who dragged you out of no man's land—K. of C., Y. M. C. A., Jewish War Relief or Salvation Army?"

"Sure, what's the difference."

She had intently watched the soldier for some time. Then she ventured: "The chin strap, I suppose, is to keep your hat on, my man?"

"No," replied the Yank, "It's to rest the jaw after answering questions."

## Short Stories



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## Squirrel Food Twenty Years After

ROY J. HERRICK

It was a September morning, 1950. I was down on my luck, tired and out of humor; I was ready to throw my job, in fact, and hit the pike and kitchen doors for good. I sat down on the roadside, and laid my dog-eared portfolio and my battered old brown derby, on the grass beside me.

"A dog's life, this book peddling" said I to myself. "Besides, who in hell wants to buy this cursed old horse-doctor book, anyhow? Nobody. That one I got rid of day before yesterday the farmer took off my hands just to get me off the place. Dad burned it—

Just then my eye fell upon a big red and yellow poster on the board fence across the road:



"Here's luck!" said I to myself. Why todays the 10th and Onionville is right back of that big woods over there. Guess I'll just drop over and see the doings!"

A farmer in a lumberwagon came along and I bummed a ride. When we came to the big yellow arched gate at the fairgrounds, the farmer drove right in, but I got off and retreated to a shady tree across the road. Under the big yellow gateway, you see, there stood a tall lank man in a stove pipe hat, who sported a white ribbon on the lapel of his coat, and who had seen me coming.

For two hours I sat under that tree, watching the crowd come in and cursing my luck and the hard-hearted world. Then a member of the Road Fraternity approached me. (Why members of this honored organization had of late been making free of my society I'm sure I don't know; unless it was that my clothes had gathered dust from many country roads—which was nothing to be ashamed of, I'm sure!) This member gently laid his baggage—which was tied up in a red bandana and slung on the end of a stick—upon the grass and sat down beside me with the free easy manner of an own brother.

I would have liked to say, "Well, I like your nerve!" but I didn't. He was about six feet two and a yard wide. What I did say was, "Fine day, aint it!"

He sized me up, lamped my dog-eared portfolio, reached over and picked it up, and looked into it as cool as you'd wish.

"Putting anything out?" he asked suddenly.

"Well, not exactly, but that ther book, now, it's invaluable to all!"—

"Oh hell!" I didn't ask you if you were puttin' anything out—not a bum like you. But here at the fair, any free lunches around here?

I looked this shiftless, low-lived fellow over a second time—and then a third—and clapped him on the back!"

"Andy, by heck!" I explained, "aint you Anderson, the guy that used to be in Battery "D" back in the war?"

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He swelled up and glared at me for hitting him on the back, and I thought sure I was a goner for a minute, then he recognized me.

"Herrick, by dad!" Who'd 'a' thunk it!

Well, Andy and I talked over old times for a while, then we decided to go in and see the fair. Picking up our possessions, we pressed into the crowd next the gate, awaited our chance, then slipped on thru.

"Hey, you there!—you bum with the brown derby!—get out of here!"

It was the six-o'clock in the stove-pipe hat. He was bearing down on us from his stand by the yellow gate. We cut and ran for it thru the crowd, but six-o'clock hollered, "Hi, there, Carson—stop 'em!" and we charged plumb into the hands of a big copper in full uniform and buttons.

He was as big as Andy, and more over he had a club; so we did a right-about and set out, left, right, left, right for the gate. Outside, he lined us up for a lecture.

"I'll give you two buns one chance," he declared. "Hit the pike, and hit it right away. If I pipe you again, it's the jug for!"

He stopped and peered down into our faces. We looked at each other, Andy and I.

"Bust my dome off if it ain't Anderson!" said the bull, "And"—

"Herrick," said I. You wouldn't be hard on us, would you, Carson?"

"Go along down the fence there across from that old shed, and I'll let you in" he answered.

Inside the fence, behind the Agricultural Building, we three exchanged a few brief memories. Carson, of the Springfield Police force, had been engaged by the Fair association at Onionville for the week.

"And do you remember Stilly—Lamar S. Stilwell—what used to be our supply sergeant and took our clothes away from us in the old days? Well, that's him—that long gent in the stovepipe up at the gate—same fellow that run you two bcs out of the grounds. Secretary of the Onionville Fair Association. And, say, hold on a minute! We're holdin' a re-union tonight. Stilwell got a room for us above the Citizens Bank, which you'll find down on the right of the street. You may look a little the worse for wear, but don't worry; the men'll overlook a little thing like that. Stilwell didn't recognize you, or he'd 'a' let you in. Here's a quarter apiece; get a hot dog!"

I hesitated about taking the handout, but I noticed that Andy bent forward to it.

"World owes it to you!" he afterward explained. "Might's well take what you got comin'. Besides, I ain't had a shot in the arm for a coons age!"

Carson had scarcely turned his back on us when we heard a terrific uproar in the crowd just around the corner of the Agricultural Building. There was a series of crashes like a train wreck, accompanied by loud and bloody screams and many oaths. You would have thought a band of Apaches had got loose with Geronium himself at their head.

We looked at each other and our jaws fell. Andy's phiz was so white you could see it under his dirt and whiskers. We grabbed each other round the neck in mortal and panic fear.

"Haw—haw—haw—hic'. Waw—Hic! Looka tha'—hic—looka tha' boes!"

We looked around. There stood a shabby, clownish-looking fellow of middle age, his nose alight with the workings of the water of life, laughing like a silly drunken gaffer. He rocked on his heels, and pointed a grimy finger at us.

"Looka the'—hic!—boes! Wha—Wha'—ya scared of, hey? Haw-Haw! Tha' l'il fracas round the corner? Tha's-hic!-tha's notin'—only Bunny Mor-rison drivin' his coal wagon over a rut! Haw-haw-hic!—Haw-haw!"

Now Anderson had always been a very brave man. Give him a fair show and he'd never back down for anything, man or beast. He straightened up out of hand and enquired of that tipsy rascal what th'ell he meant by carryin' on that way: He, Anderson, wasn't afraid of the President himself.

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"No-hic!—Betcher ain't!" replied the other. You're h-hic!—here, President he's over in the White House, thousand miles away! Haw-haw!"

This riled Andy and he collared the fellow; but he didn't lambast him; on a close look—up where the light of the facial ornament shone past and didn't hurt a man's eyes—he recognized—Penquite!

Not desiring to spoil our good reputation, we shoved Penny behind the Agricultural Building a measly trick, I admit, and hit for the crowd. It was the usual fair crowd, dusty and hot, as the hour was near noon and the September sun still mustered some degree of his summer heat. Kids frolicked hither and thither; old gentlemen marched arm in arm with a look of happy reminiscence upon their faces; the balloon man's cluster of variegated bubbles bobbed above the stream of heads, and cries of the nigger-baby man, the fruit peddler, the side-show barker, and other advertisers rent the air.

"It is hot—and so dirty! My!" said a voice at our elbow, a masculine but somewhat delicate voice.

"Just so,—Ed. I just hate these messy county fairs," responded a second voice, also masculine and of a rather dainty timbre; "but, my sakes, one has to attend them, you know!"

We shied and piped the lay. "I never did see why they couldn't keep some of this vulgar crowd out"—and we saw that the first voice belonged to a pale, slight gentlemen of middle age, who, just as we lamped him, winced and brushed his coat sleeve with a dainty hand where a careless passerby had肘ed him.

"What I say,—is, we ought to have a fair of our own." The second speaker was tall, fair-cheeked, plump of hand, and stylishly dressed from his modish and new felt hat down to his twenty-five dollar shoes. He held a green rubber balloon by a white thread from his right hand, while in his left I saw a neatly pulled pair of suede gloves. "If we held a fair of our own," this fair-cheeked gentleman continued, "we would feel like bringing one's wife and children to it."

"And one's grandchildren!" pursued the other, the slightly man with a smile. "By the by, how is little Freddie, I see you have a balloon for him!"

"My daughter's first born? Oh, the youngster is doing fine since he ate that last doorknob—just fine!"

There was something reminiscent about them two gentlemen; we scrutinized them and exchanged glances. "By Bevy," whispered Anderson, "I—I—Damon and Pythias!"—and his jaw dropped. We edged away and went about our business of seeing the fair.

Between a nigger baby outfit and a side show with an "undress" performance being staged as bait on its barker platform, there was an open space, and in front of this open space we observed a large conglomeration of people. Even the balloon man had gravitated thither standing there, on tip toe, at the outside of the crowd trying to see over the heads in front of him. The attraction was a speaker on some sort of raised stand. His head, shoulders, and gesticulating arms were visible above the audience; bareheaded, his dark hair danced, tousled and wild atop his stressful movements; his mouth was wide and served a fairly effective megaphone, and his eyes seemed to bulge from his head, no doubt pushed outward by the pressure of inspired gray matter within.

We stepped closer.

"Come to God, men and women, come to God, I say, and let him kiss away your sins!" we heard the speaker say. Andy was for retreating; but I grabbed his arm, and we staid on a bit. "Come to God, for Christ's sake, the Devil, and come to God; for old Satan's a wicked cuss and he means nobody good but himself. Maybe, dear brethren, you've got debts to pay the Devil. What of it? Let God pay them for you! He will!"

The speaker waxed warm. His protruding eyes searched the crowd, as if he was looking for the Old Boy himself. And they came to rest upon—Andy and me.

"You!—there!—you two brethren. Come and kiss the hand of Christ! Come—"

But we were taking for tall timber. And yet the fellow jumped down into the crowd, rushed after us, seized us by the arms, forced us to accompany him back to his stand. He lugged us up by

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the ears, you might say; but just as he raised his arm to summon God to witness before his audience, a blank look overcame his face. "For the Lord's sake, men," he whispered to us across his shoulder, "Don't spill the beans or your old friend Eddie Pierce is a ruined man! I didn't recognize you till this minute or I'd never have got you up here. Meet me down at the race track pavilion tonight at twelve bells and we'll kill a quart of good old Three Star apiece. Have a heart: say a word for God and the three of us, and half the proceeds are yours! Now—let 'er go!"

It's a measly shame we never got to meet Pierce that night down at the pavilion. Pierce was a loyal fellow and no doubt kept his word. Pierce was always a loyal fellow, one of the most loyal fellows we had with us in these early days when we fought the Boche over there across the pond. But, you see, that Onionville sheriff, dad burn his ornery, unsympathizing hide, he—but I'm getting ahead of my story!—

Andy and I had lots of surprises that day at the fair. We had an unholy streak of good or bad luck, as you care to take it, running into boys from old Battery "D". It's beyond me how they all happened to congregate at that fracas in Onionville—unless it was on account of the Three Star that happened mysteriously to be around!

The next member we met had a collection of war relics gathered. Gentlemen and ladies, at the cost of heroic personal exposure under devastating shell fire upon the bleeding and hell-smithen fields of France, Adults 10c, Children 5c, step right up, gentlemen, women an' children, and see the Wonders of the Great War! The chance of a lifetime, don't miss it—don't miss it, I say! Better than college education, better than a trip to South America, at only a dime, ten cents, the tenth of a dollar, children five cents!

At our approach, the owner of the collection, a lanky man with a straggling sandy mustache and wearing a stove-pipe hat, struck the gorgeously painted canvas at his back a resounding crack with his whip and burst forth anew in description of his show. The canvas represented a lurid battle scene in bloody, horrifying colors. One wee small boy, open-mouthed and pop-eyed, represented the showman's audience; it was evident that the fresh appeal had been directed to Andy and me.

Andy, seeing how there was nobody around, grew bold. Raising a deprecating hand. "Stay off that stuff, man, you're scaring the crowd away" he remarked to the lank man in the silk skypiece. "As for us, me an' this gentleman's seen more o' them trinkets than you ever dreamt existed. We been there. Why—"

The showman interrupted him.

"Where'd you get your moonshine?"

"Moonshine hell!" retorted Andy; and then the argument started which disclosed George Preser's identity to us.

We had a friendly chat, and saw the collection for nothing. George told us some of the amusing tales he was in the habit of relating visitors about how he had secured this and that relic "at great personal risk and danger;" also, that this present venture was only a scheme he had for making enough shekels to take him to South America, where he hoped soon to lead a revolution in the country of Ecuador. At length he reminded us of the reunion to be held that evening above the Citizens' Bank; gave us each a shot of Three Star, and bade us good-bye for the time being. His profits weren't mounting very fast, you see, and he wanted to get away on his trip before the rheumatism hit him too hard.

It was right after leaving George that we ran across poor Jim Slocumb. He was trying to play the coronet in the Onionville band, you see, and just as we came by they ejected him. I don't understand why they had to be so rough with him, tho; he was doing his level best, that which no man can do more! He hit on his head. We had already recognized him by his note in the new song, "Jenny Won't you Tickle Me." Anderson stood him on his right end and handed him his damaged instrument; then we tried to console the poor, unfortunate man, telling him that we knew he couldn't do any better no matter how hard he tried, and that now everything would be all O K. for he probably wouldn't play on that old Onionville Band again and all this sort of stuff; but he didn't



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seem to care a cent for our consolation, we left him and went on our way.

During the course of the afternoon we met Ben Musser in an old soldier's uniform strolling leisurely down the pike, telling the kids war stories, etc. He told us he didn't have any use for that oriental show up next to Pierce's place—girls and all that, you know. And we ran into Gutridge. It was down among the machinery.

"Reckon I'll buy one, o' these here gasoline engines," he informed us. "Want to git shet o' that ole water power consarn o' mine up in the hills." It was a saw mill he was referring to. He studied the bright new engine snorting there before us with a pleased shine upon his face. "Reckon she'll run that-a-way with coal oil, do ye?" he said; "I kin git slathers o' coal oil, but gasoline's rether shy."

Leaving this corner of the grounds, with its clanking and snorting and the oily smell of machinery, Andy and I proceeded over to the race track a half mile ellipse enclosed in white-washed board fences. We went down below the grandstand where the crowd, mostly men, gathered in knots near the starters pavilion. An event had just been finished; drivers in bright colored caps, led away their horses, which had been blanketed by the flunkies who dashed out from the sides of the track.

Now, we should never have gone down there to the races at all. If we had kept away from there the chances are we would have reached the reunion that night and probably got a few shots of Three Star. But, then, accidents will happen, even in a Sunday School, so there you are! In brief, this is what occurred:

We happened into the vicinity of three men near the white-washed fence, one of whom wore a bicycle cap, another, a tall, lean man with a bootjack face, had on a well worn derby, and the third rather smaller than the other two, was dressed in sober black with a plain black felt hat to match. The latter carried his arms in a peculiar manner, the elbows slightly bent and hitched backward from his body; and the man in the bicycle cap had extraordinary big ears.

"That's why he only wears a cap," whispered Andy in my ear; "Them ears'd be shade enough for any man."

The man with the ears was leaning back against the fence. "Y'ever heard the story"—he commenced, but was cut short by a blast from the tall one, a——blast which was directed to no one in particular but rather at a fence post:

"Frame up, I tell you! Nothin' but another dog-goned frame up! Nothin' but another dog-goned frame up to steal a fellows money!"

"Now, Jack," said the soberly attired gentleman in a sober and earnest voice—"Now, Jack, don't blaspheme. It's against the commandments, and moreover you did wrong in the first place to bet your money in this sinful way!"

The one with the bootjack face lifted a baleful eye. The man with the ears tried to launch his story.

"I say, men, 'Y'ever hear the story—"

"Yes, Jack, you did wrong; to bet is a sin." The sober chap with the funny looking elbows grew more earnest, and raised his hands in the fashion of one who would make an appeal. "To bet is a sin, for Christ, who came to earth to save our souls, has told us so. Besides, your wife; What would she say?"

The baleful eye of the tall one grew steadily more baleful; but the man with the ears, failing to observe the strained situation, tried again to brouch his story.

"I say' men, did you ever hear about—"

"And the influence upon your children!" continued the slighter man in the sober clothes. "Why, Jack Campbell, if your children ever—"

"Say Clifton Hall, what n'ell you mean buttin' in my private affairs this way, huh? You blinkety blank fool, what you mean, hay! I'll—"—and the ireful Jack made a bruising motion forward that almost scared the preacher out the back of his neck.



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We recognized our friends by this time, with dear old windy Wid Moon in the background; and thinking to avert the shameful row, we rushed between them, their names upon our lips. But, alas, at this moment something hard and heavy took us each a clip on the crown that showed us seven new constellations apiece and set us to dreaming of home and mother; when we awoke we were on the outside of the fairgrounds, half a mile away, facing the county pike.


Climbing to our feet, we rubbed our battered heads. Standing there facing us were two big bulls in the regulation blue, with between them a morkey-eyed little old whiskered duffer who was in the act of displaying to us a tin star affixed to that part of his vest above his breast.

"Tryin' fer assault and robb'ry, was ye?" announced the constable. "Hanging around this fair so's ye could attack peaceable citizens, was ye, an' rob them in broad daylight, was ye?"

"But—" said Anderson.

"But we no buts!" said the constable of Onionville, "If 't' warnt thet our jail was already full to overflowin', in yed'd go, the both of ye. But we ain't got no more room. Set off down the pike, now, an' be peaceable; and don't show up agin round this here Orionville County Fair. Git!"

We got. There was nothing else to do. No doubt our old comrades had failed to recognize us, or they might have helped us out of the scrape. Still, I'm not sure about it: the lid had been on for an unholy long time you see, and there must have been a limit to old Three Star!



### A. W. O. L.

(Anonymous)

It was at Kausen a few days before the ban was placed on deer hunting. Conditions were ideal. We knew that we had no right to hunt, but yet we had no orders not to. It would be a poor soldier and a poorer sportman who would not take advantage of such conditions of affairs; so after ducking one formation and fixing the sarge for the next one we sneaked out with our rifles. As we were leaving the village the following conversation took place:

"Corps, we have got to look out for the officers."

"No they went say anything."

"Maybe they won't, but we have sure got to look out for Bevy."

"Thats right, he would tell on himself if he caught himself doing anything."

"Well here we are load and fire at will."

"Brush are thicker'n hell here, aint they Put."

"Yes corp. but keep your mouth shut and your eyes open."

"There goes one."

"There goes one."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"Well Corps I guess that I was waiting for orders."

"Let's move on and maybe we will find another one."

"Say Corps these Germans shure have some system haven't they. They have even got the trees trained to right dress. Look at the rows lined up like Battery "D" in review."

"You see Pvt. this is just a sample of good forestry system. It works this way. With the timber well taken care of and planted close together, the land produces more, the owners make more money so they are able to pay more taxes and—"

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"Gee you are smart aint you Corp?"

"But here is a thicket, you wait here and I will chase them out to you."

I waited, Pvt. went into the thicket and in about five minutes three deers came tearing out by me and I shot at them as long as I could see them. Pvt. came out in a few minutes expecting to see at least two, he said, but after looking all around and seeing none he asked:

"Well Corps why didn't you get one?"

"It seemed like everytime I got ready to shoot a tree jumped between me and the deer. But that is a good idea of yours, just chasing them out to be shot at so we will try it again over here in another thicket which they went into. I will wait right here while you chase them out to me and—"

"Wait a minute there Corps you don't spring your rank on me like that, I will wait here and you can try a turn on the chasing out stunt."

I did not have anything to put up against an argument like that so I went into the thicket to chase them out. I crawled through, under and over some of the thickest undergrowths possible and just before I finally reached the edge Pvt's gun cracked and a bullet went very near to my head. I stepped out into the open quickly and Pvt. spoke. "Gee I almost got a goat that time!" But I asked him reproachfully, "How often have I told you to be careful about your sights? "Look at your gun now you have the sight set at 200 yards, you never will hit anything that way. Anyhow I guess we had better hunt together from now on so let's move on."

"Private a year ago you were a simple country boy and did not dream that today you would be a member of a triumphant army, hunting the kaiser's deer in the beautiful forest of conquered—many and—"

"Say Corps where do you get that simple stuff. If I was a simple country boy what did you happen to be?"

"Now, now Private—" bang bang bang!

"I got him"

"I got him!"

"Where do you get that stuff corps, didn't you see me shoot him?"

"Well anyhow we got it so now you go back and get a sack from Markley to carry it home in while I stay here and watch it. And while you're going you might just as well take both guns with you."

"There you go again, Corp. springing your rank on me! That would be fine, me taking all the chance of being caught carrying the rifles in besides going after the sack."

Well Pvt. we will flip this mark to see who goes. So which do you want heads or tails?"

"I will take heads."

"Well Pvt. you see it isn't heads."

"No there ain't no heads on a mark, now that I think of it, but if I have to go I must."



Private Brennan complained quite often of stomach trouble. "Stewed" up pretty well one day on champagne and sour wine he reported at sick call. Munching a big chicken sandwich he walked into "Doc's" office.

"Doc" Byrne knew him by reputation and smiled as he asked. "What's the matter Brennan. Is it your turn to do guard duty today?"



"They've got to stand at attention when Bevington comes around just as they do for us officers."



Did you ever hear Pvt. Slocum say? "I won't be "sassified" until I meet Mrs. F. A. Heavy."

## An Impression, What I Mean!

Roy J. Herrick

It was well and good to try and make an impression on the Germans—an impression of dignity and power, as we gathered from sundry orders and memorandums it was our duty to do. But at critical times the roast should never have been left in the hands of any shavetail. It stood chances of getting burnt.

That time the memorandum came out that General John J. Pershing was expected to spend three minutes in Schnablegabledorf—the exact time it would take his car, at thirty per, to spread a dust cloud over the village—the matter of getting Schnablegabledorf into shape was left to his nibbs, Second Lieutenant A. Homer Jones. And the roast was burnt, as you might know. The village got cleaned up after a fashion, but so far as making an impression on the Germans went—well, it went in the wrong direction and altogether out of bounds.



Not a little Hans Schnicklefritz in the village but will remember till death do us part the "impression" made on the town that day.

Second Lieutenant A. Homer Jones was an active little man with a big jaw and a small forehead. He had been made Town Major because the Captain figured, no doubt, that a wholesome occupation with the distribution of candles and the inspection of latrines would keep him from committing any grave errors that his energy might otherwise lead him into. Perhaps it was for this reason—his being town major—or perhaps it was because the captain himself was busied with other matters, that our honored loot was given the job of setting the town ship shape.

"Well, A. Homeh, we've geat a teask foh you", announced the captain one night up in his private reception room, one leg thrown across the little table there, "We have orders from Headquarters to make an impression on the Geahmans."

Lieutenant Jones sat on the other side of the table, chewing gum.

"An impression on the Germans?" he repeated.

"An impression on the Geahmans. The General is inspecting the Division, and might come thru Schnablegabledorf. We ah to clean up the place theahly. I put you in cheage."

"In Charge?"

"In cheage. Announce the thing—give the natives a day's grace—then give them the once-oveh to assuah yohself yoh uhdehs have been theahely kayeed out."

They sat a few minutes in silence. Suddenly the loot's little eyes grew bright; he chewed hard on his gum, and poked and pulled it between his teeth with his finger and thumb out of sheer glee.

"Tell you what, Captain," he cried, "I'm going to put this thing over right! Call the whole town out before the schoolhouse and give them a solemn address—interpreter and all—you know! Let the town crier!"—

"But wouldn't it hold the villageahs up from theah wuk down in the quarry and oveh in the fawest where they are cutting wod?"

"What of it! We've got to make this thing impressive, you know!"

"Check to you!" said the captain. "Throw the dog all yoh want—I heahby theahely wash my hands of the business".

So it came to pass that the village crier, in his little green cap, went from house to house thru Schnablegabledorf ringing his handbell, and called the people together on the road before the stone schoolhouse.

The vorsteher, the schoolmaster, the Gasthaus man, the round little, red-faced little miller, the shepherd, the gossiping housewives, the little Hans Schnicklefritzes and the little Marie Schnickle-

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fritzes,—all of them were there, in front of the high stone landing before the schoolhouse door, to which you ascended from either side by an iron-railed flight of a dozen stone steps. An eminent place, for shavetail—but, still seeing that a shavetail is next in rank to a general, perhaps the place was all right after all!

As the people began assembling, they fell into small groups and compared notes in low tones, thin faces and ill-looking. Things looked sinister. Presently a sullen silence fell over them, as Second Lieutenant A. Homer Jones, followed by "Whitey", the official battery interpreter, ascended the stone steps with the dignified and solemn air of a Roman senator.

"Call them to attention", barked the loot to Whitey,"—and order those two brats across the road to come over here!"

The desired attention to all appearance obtained, Lieutenant Jones drew himself up to his full height—which was not so much—thrust out his jaw, and glared ferociously for a minute upon the crowd. Then, in the magniloquent manner of the high school orator who has learned his piece by heart, he began:

"Citizens of Schnablegabledorf, all you assembled here, heed what I say to you. Translate that". (The latter aside to Whitey.)

Whitey—who had been a vaudeville comedian in private life—swelled himself up after the best manner of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and translated.

"It has been ordered by the High command," continued the loot, "that the village of Schnablegabledorf be, in all its nooks and corners, streets and alleys, yards front and rear, lumber piles, manure piles, wagons, gardens, houses and barns, thoroughly policed, cleaned up, and set in order. Translate."

Whitey translated, again in the said best manner of the late Theodore Roosevelt. An observant bystander might have noted a change in the expression upon the faces of the audience, there was a slight softening of the sullen looks, a twinkle appeared in many a bitter eye. It might have been due either to the appearance of the Lieutenant or to that of the interpreter; and it might have been due, on the other hand, to some words or other that Whitey slipped into the translation on his own account. At any rate, there was an evident mitigation of resentment upon the part of the hearers.

The address, or whatever you want to call it, continued.

"The High Command is expected in person, in the near future, in Schnablegabledorf. It is to the interest—we might say the profound interest—of the citizens of Schnablegabledorf, as well as of the soldiers of the American Army of Occupation, that everything appear in perfect order.

The splendid and glorious cause,—the splendid and glorious cause—cause"—the speaker paused, and glared resentfully at the iron railing before him. Then he scratched his head and turned to Whitey.

"Damn, I've forgotten the rest of that spiel the captain wrote out. Tell 'em to clean up the town and that we'll inspect 'em tomorrow afternoon at one o'clock and let's beat it!"

The Lieutenant failed to notice the sniggering that Whitey's words drew forth among the crowd, for on the way down the stone steps he asked his interpreter if he thought he had made a good impression.

"I wouldn't!" said Whitey, "Hard to tell!"

The following afternoon at about half-past one (yes, you can be late in the army from brass bars up) Second Lieutenant A. Homer Jones set forth from the Gasthaus on his inspection tour.

"To do the roast up Theahly, better take a staff along" advised the captain.

So his nibbs selected a staff. There was Whitey, of course, besides whom he picked upon the top kick, the chief mechanic, and the instrument sergeant. The instrument sergeant was a clever little shrimp with a big nose, and the chief mechanic has a walk like Charley Chaplin.

At the very threshold of the Gasthaus an incident occurred which threw the loot into a temper that made him hard to get along with all the rest of the after-





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noon. To be sure, that fat little Hans Schnicklefritz shouldn't have laughed at the procession; but you couldn't deny that the procession did look rather amusing, what of the prize-fighting carriage of Whitey, the Charley Chaplin walk of the chief mechanic and the shrimp with the big nose cutting faces on the tail end of the thing.

The loot shook his fist at Hans and said things that wouldn't bear repetition. Then the show proceeded up the village road.

It is the nature of things that billets must be inspected; so our officer and staff rounded a manure pile, brushed aside a couple of pop-eyed old women and a swarm of grinning kids, and entering a white little timbered house, came into a low room with soldiers and soldiers' paraphernalia in it. On the floor, in alignment, were straw ticks covered with O. D. blankets, upon which lay the display of equipment, all in proper arrangement.

The soldiers jumped to attention; close behind Lieutenant Jones the staff crowded into the small room. Nudges and kings passes behind his nibbs' back.

For about five minutes his nibbs glared hard at one of the bunks. Upon the ceiling, stuck over a heavy center beam, there were pieces of harness, extra shelter halves, German helmets, dirty rifles, and all sorts of things that wouldn't stand inspection. But the men knew before hand who was coming, so they felt safe. And of course the lieutenant didn't disappoint them in the matter of these trinkets. He glared hard at one of the bunks for five minutes, then discovered something there that was gravely amiss. An overcoat had been flung carelessly across the middle of the bunk and left so by mistake.

"That bunk yours, Anistophylis?"

"Yes, sir, b'long me," said Anistophylis.

"That the way regulations say it is to be laid out?"

"No' sir—me—sir—the regulations he no say he b'long dees plase, but—"

"Why in hell didn't you put it where regulations say to put it then? What, forgot to, did you? Well, you won't forget the next time! Put him down in your book, Sergeant, for a week in the kitchen. We've got to let these fellows know who's who, dam it, or first thing you know they'll be running the army!"

With this fine flourish the officer stormed out of the door. As the tail of the staff was about to disappear, the shrimp on the end hissed over his shoulder, in mock ferocity, "Ah-ha, Anistophylis, planning insurrection, are you? Now you know who's general and who ain't!"



In the course of the afternoon many a manure pile—that oft-sung jewel and treasure that the German peasant holds close to his bosom, or to his kitchen door and under his own and his family's noses, which is the same thing—was smelled and passed and smelled still; many a corner was poked into; many a straw was found wind-blown upon the yard, and many a Dutchman (or Dutchman's wife) yanked over the coals; and many an old tin can, or shoe, or pellmell woodpile was overlooked that would have caused our meticulous captain or as a matter of fact any other officer than a shave-tail to throw a fit.

The loot atoned, in a measure, for his oversights by inflicting upon the natives a wild order that surely took its rise from no headquarters memorandum or any other elevated and commonsense source whatever. It could only have originated in his own young and extravagant brain. An order, to-wit, that every wagon, wheelbarrow, or other vehicle by the inhabitants had to be thoroughly washed and scrubbed with water out of hand—within the next hour—by the owner; punishment for omission to comply with which order to be summary court-martial and anything from three day's pushing brown apples on the village road to being shot at sunrise.

The loot announced this order before each villager with as fierce an air as he could master; and it was translated by Whitey, you can rest assured, with a bravado, a Roosevelt chestiness, that was a scream.



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The natives did scream, too—that is, those of them who had no wagons to wash. Those of them who had to get out and do the scrubbing naturally lost the comedy of the situation. Old women wrung their hands and laughed themselves hysterical. Children ran in shouting crowds, in their clumping wooden shoes, down the street; they swarmed along in the wake of the staff—who goose-stepped, and lockstepped it, and jigged by twos, and pantomined like regular circus clowns.

His nibbs was uneasy. He had been uneasy, putting it mildly, ever since that little fat Schnicklefritz had laughed at the procession in front of the Gasthaus door. He knew right along that something was awry in his rear; but he caught none of the staff red-handed; so he wrecked vengeance on Herr August Zauerkroust.

Returning, full parade, toward the Gasthaus, he spied a bit of brush lying on top of a little pen beside the road—probably an empty pig pen, or something of the sort, it was—and by means of this bit of brush he determined to vent his spite. No matter, that there was brush lying all about the village, in the shape of faggots and the like; that the village appeared as a whole to be little else than a dumping ground for brush picked up in the surrounding forests. In point of fact, the loot was probably unaware of all this other brush; but the innocent bit of brush on top of the pen caught his bitter eye, and at once he stopped.

The staff stopped. The cortege of small Schnicklefritzes stopped. And thru neighboring doors and windows popped many a housewife's head.

"Who owns this pen?" snapped his nibbs at the top kick.

"Sir," said the interpreter, "this pen is the property of Herr August Zauerkroust; he owns and lives in the mill down there."

"Bring him here."



Herr August Zauerkroust was brought. He was a short, fat man with a florid face and a quick and greedy gray eyes. You could see that his being "brought" was an outrage to him; it had doubtless interrupted some penny bargain he was driving with this or that poor, overworked village wife.

"You leave this brush on here?" demanded the loot of Herr Zouerkroust, the same as if Herr Zauerkroust could understand it.

Whitey translated. The miller said that everybody left brush everywhere around Schnablegabledorf.

"By thunder," declared the loot in a rage, "I didn't ask him what everybody else did everywhere else in town! I asked him if he left this brush here! Ask him once more, and if he gets funny we'll—we'll—"

Whitey repeated the question, not waiting upon the statement of the threat. The miller said he had left the brush there, yes. Whereupon his nibbs flew into a frenzy, and asked him why in hell he had left it there, and what he meant by trying to override the order of the American Army of Occupation—the orders of the whole Allied Armies, in fact. And he ordered him arrested and brought before the captain for summary court-martial.



"Athawity—it is oweh duty to theahly impress upon these Geahmans the nature of oweh athawity." Thus announced the captain upon hearing the lieutenant's recital of the miller's insubordination. And his verdict—"three days on the street with a broom—under guard."

Now it happened that the feeling existing between the miller and the village folks was not what you might call genial. The facts were, the miller and his two brothers, the tavern keeper and the owner of the sawmill, up above the bridge, had formed a sort of co-operative screw-press for the purpose of squeezing groschens out of the poor villagers during the hard times of the war. Such proceedings don't usually promote friendship.

Therefore it was that the sight for three successive days of the fat little red-faced miller pushing brown apples down the street of Schnablegabledorf with a brush twig broom, a man with a gun behind him, didn't arouse any fellow feelings and sympathy in the hearts of the natives. On the contrary, it was a sight that aroused in them only the highest mirth and delight. They kidded and jeered him, the kids swarming after him like children after a clown at a circus parade. The more he cursed and shook his fist at them, the more they howled with laughter. All agreed from the tiny tot in the blue dress and the funny little wooden shoes, up to the oldest grandmother with the brown shawl over her head, that it was, so to speak, the end of a perfect day.

The lieutenant always considered that he had succeeded in making an impression on the Germans. "And he did make an impression upon the Germans, what I mean" Whitey never failed to agree.

## First Impressions

OHMER H. ENGLE.

At 10 P. M. the train stops and an officer entered the coach. "Open all those suitcases at once" comes the order and then begins the search for old John Barleycorn. "After a thorough examination of all suitcases and a search of pockets comes the order, "All off here." To be suddenly called from your comfortable coach and stand in line for half an hour answering roll is bad enough but when told that we are to hike to camp, "Old Man Gloom" begins to appear very prominent to us.

Hike, well, to one not accustomed to it, we begin to wonder whether we are having an endurance contest or if there really is a camp until we suddenly see tents and hear men talking about that wonderful chicken supper we are to have. To one who has had neither dinner nor supper! Can such be possible in the army? We will have to wait and see.

Suddenly, thru the dark, looms up the outline of a wooden structure. In fact we see many of them now and much to our amazement we march directly into the building and upstairs where a most inviting sight greets us, iron cots with well filled straw ticks. Blankets are soon issued and also a queer looking device, which we soon learn is most essential, the army mess-kit. But where is that chicken supper? We are at last told to, "Come and get it" and we eat our first army meal of bacon sandwiches and coffee. This meal causes the rookie to have a queer idea of the army and he wonders if all meals are like that.

Soon all are ready for sleep and all crawl in for the first night's sleep wondering if two blankets will suffice to keep them warm. Lights are out and all quiet when suddenly comes Lee Baker's calf bawl followed by the laughter of all. Then, "If you fellows don't keep still, I'll take your names for K. P. Duty". The rookie forms an opinion of the non-com's at once, but just what a K. P. is he can't tell. Soon all is quiet and the first day in the army is past.

To be awakened early in the morning is bad enough but when told to dress and go down stairs and line up for roll call is worse. To the rookie this seems all foolishness but he soon learns that his opinion is not authority in the Army and that reveille is a daily occurrence.

Mess. The rookie labors with that mess kit at first but soon learns how to use it to good advantage. Table etiquette also takes a different phase when "ponk", "spuds" and "slum" are added to his vocabulary. He also learns to be his own dishwasher.

The customary filling out of papers follows and then the physical examination. To the rookie that physical examination appears as if it would be every strict. Most every one thinks there is something wrong with him but he soon learns that army examinations are quite easy to pass. But he has a different opinion of the inoculations. To see a man take a needle and stick it deep into a

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man's back gives one an awful feeling. He wonders when his turn will come and if there is much pain. He discovers that the pain doesn't come then, but the next morning when he tries to raise his arm. The soreness wears off in a few days and he is ready for the next.

He is now given his first drill. "About face" and "squads right" seem almost impossible at first. He is provoked at his own awkwardness. At first the drill is confined to a few hours but he learns in the first few lessons how to salute and whom to salute. As he grows older in experience he becomes harder, so gradually drilling and exercising is increased, and his daily work becomes more strenuous.

About this time he discovers what K. P. means. After working the entire day in washing pans and kettles and scrubbing tables and floors he is almost disgusted with army life. It appears to him that the cooks try to dirty every pan owned by the battery.

Guard duty is another surprise. As he is new at the game he is willing to learn. At first he labors with his general orders and learns just why he is on guard and what to do. His first weapon is, not a gun, but an ax handle. Those two hours of walking his post seem the longest and most tiresome two hours he has ever spent. He learns to be on the alert at all times for the Officer of the Guard and Officer of the Day.

In the congested civilization in which the rookie is placed we see many of the old habits and pretty vices begin to disappear. After a few days, laziness begins to wane. Carelessness is abolished after the first inspection and a good lecture on that particular subject. "Knocking" and "Beefing" begin to disappear by the time the rookie is accustomed in what to expect.

After a few months of training in the fundamentals of military life no trace of the old habits appear. Vigorous discipline and routine have crushed them all and the rookie stands forth a clear-eyed, clear-cut private.



## Quick Change of Equipment

Arthur W. Jones

It was quiet that morning of November fifteenth, in the peaceful town of Vilosnes. A handful of men from Battery "D," chiefly non-coms, were leisurely policing and caring for the horses, the majority of the men having gone to Montfaucon on a detail. Suddenly the bugle blew assembly; the men fell in; the Major General of the division would inspect the battery. He came shortly—where was all this battery, why weren't the men shaved, why were the men in sweaters, what in hell was the matter? Luckily the battery commander, in civilian life sold real estate and soon matters were smoothed out. That inquisitive General, even after being told by Major Nash the wagons were dirty because machines in passing splashed mud on them, insisted on seeing the other side, next to the canal, which strangely were dirty also.

All that day non-coms washed pieces, caissons, chariot du parc and fourgons—and not a buck there to watch the unheard of event. At four they quit, vowing to rest for the next three days. Four-thirty came and also four loads of assorted straps and buckles were dumped on the picket line. Seven o'clock, a weary procession of men riding and leading two hundred and fifty gassed, mangy ponies from a British light artillery regiment came in. At nine o'clock when the horses had nearly all been watered and fed an order came—"Clear Vilosnes by six A. M. on November 16th." The battery sorted harness, by eleven most of the sets no longer resembled Chinese puzzles, and a tired bunch hit the hay.

Two A. M.—November sixteenth—"I can't get 'em up" blared out. By three the last sleepy eyed buck from across the canal was in line with pack and full equipment even to his souvenirs. The

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cold was penetrating but often some particularly sulphurous explosion warmed the atmosphere. Every fourgun was packed and repacked at least twice. The horses were fed, watered, then paired and hitched to the pieces and wagons. At six the battery was on its way. Somehow the new horses made that memorable, long, ice coated hill and the last detachment pulled into Bois de Ecurey at eleven-thirty.

Here all horses had to be turned in at once and one hundred and fifty-four new horses were issued. New clothes were also issued; at sight of those leather jerkins many a man tore over the field leaving his horses to wander at will. The horses were taken to the picket line, paired off and assigned to the different sections while the drivers salvaged harness from a large heap in a corner of the field. By four-thirty it was—"Three-two-four, on the way to Germany", after having completely changed horses and harness twice in the past twenty-four hours.



### The Boomerang

George H. Prosser

Things were awfully dull in Kausen along the latter part of March 1919. So it is small wonder that April 1st found Battery "D" ripe for mischief. This annual joke day happened to come just when the men were expecting to get word to turn in their equipment and get ready to leave the Coblenz bridgehead for their long journey back to the good U. S. A. Rumors from various sources were in the air so it was quite natural when Oldaker, the top kicker, announced at reveille that all rifles and revolvers would be turned in at the supply-room before 8:00 o'clock the statement was received with loud cheers.

Breakfast was a tame affair and nobody stayed for seconds but practically all the men made a beeline for the arms room, drew their weapons and were soon busily cleaning and oiling them with cosmoline. Such industry and attention to detail never having been noted before in any military organization. Soon there was a steady line of men going down the street to the Gasthaus with their rifles dripping with oil. There was a smile on every face and many were the speculations as to how long it would be before we would all be in "Gods Country".

The Supply room in the Gasthaus was on the top floor and only up eight flights of stairs. When the men reached the door quite out of breath and were met by a crudely painted but quite legible sign of "April Fool" the language that came in explosive bursts as each newcomer arrived on the scene was quite unfit for publication. There was talk of riding the perpetrators of the joke on a rail to the creek and there giving them their just deserts.

However the sign was carefully removed from the door and nailed to a tree in front of the schoolhouse where the Battery had their formations, after it had been decided that there were other people who could do some fooling. During the half-hour preceding the first formation it was noticeable that there was quite a bit of scurrying around from billet to billet and much excited talking among the men.

Of course the bugler knew what was up when the time came for first call he blew as usual. Soon Oldie came trudging up the hill to form the outfit for the usual routine. A sickly grin overspread his countenance when he arrived at the appointed place and not a man was present. However he laughed and announced to the town at large that the joke was about even, that he would call it a 50-50 affair and let it go at that. The bugler was ordered to blow first call again but the men held firm and the top-kicker was compelled to announce to the schoolhouse that the joke was on him. Fire call followed but the boys in the billets laughed and remained where they were.

Then a happy thought struck Oldie. Why not give a personal order to the sergeants to get



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their men out, so for the next half hour our honorable top tramped from billet to billet and told each section chief to get his men out. First call blew again, the command "fall in" was given followed in due time by "Call the roll". Eight section chiefs promptly about faced, produced note books from which they loudly read the names of men in their section, about faced and smilingly reported "all absent". The only thing left to do was to depart so Oldie announced so the ears listening behind closed doors and windows could hear. "I'll work you all day Sunday for this." But he didn't.



### Punk

George H. Prosser

Once upon a time in the good old days when tinned roast beef was known either by the poetu name of "tinned Willie" or "monkey meat;" when rations, clothes and footwear were so hard to bring up all but the absolute essentials were overlooked; the days when a slice of white bread was worth to the possessor, quite a few "pfennigen" or at least "one of them franc things." A loaf of real bread was beyond price and the owner of such a dainty was liable to being slugged and robbed. Such a time happened at Breitenau.

Across from the church was a barn that the Supply Co used as a temporary storehouse for the Second Battalion. Jam, karo and bread were semi occasionally unloaded from trucks and piled on the floor of the barn and it was generally believed that provisions were left unguarded, though locked in the barn over night. There was a rickety window in the back, and, a corporal upon a forage scouting trip observed that it could easily be removed. Seeking help, he detailed a sergeant and a bugler as assistants, and while waiting for darkness laid the plans of the raiding expedition that was to return bread a hundred fold.

A service bayonet and a thirty foot pole if properly manipulated through the window were thought to be necessary implements to secure the punk, still not lay the culprits open to court-martial. Lashing the bayonet on the end of the pole and inserting the makeshift bread spear through the window they probed the darkness patiently and thoroughly but to no avail. Finally as no bread was forthcoming caution was partially cast to the winds and preparations were made to invade the strong-hold in force. The corporal insisted on being the one to take the risk and was soon pushing his long and lanky frame through the window into the gloom. Falling over a hay cutter and knocking over a basket and a fork he slowly felt his way to the open place and upon hands and knees began to search the super-darkness.

Being unable to strike anything caution was completely cast to the winds and a match lit. Gazing around on the floor nothing but an empty box or so and several old papers lying on the floor were to be seen. No jam, not even a can of Kare and not a single crumb of bread was in sight on the floor where untold wealth was believed to rest unguarded. In his anguish at the terrible disappointment he used his eyes and swept around the walls of the barn searching for something to take back to his hungry comrades resting in the billet. There, he saw it just as the match flickered out. There on the end of the beam it sat just as though it had been put there. Quickly feeling his way in the darkness to the beam he followed it along to his goal. His hand closed over it fondly and feeling his way to the window he passed out to his pals, a roll of toilet paper.



### DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN?

At reveille Corp. Chase whose mind was on mundane things surprised the "Top", when called upon to report the Detail Section, with "Breakfast is ready."



## Battery D Prisoner

George H. Prosser

It happened about the time the 158th Brigade was detached from the 32nd Division, when the men were in an ugly mood over the prospects of spending the rest of their lives in the Army of Occupation, holding down a bunch of dumb Junkers. For some reason or other a German civilian had been making bi-weekly trips thru Kausen on a motor-cycle and relying on the speed of his motor had frequently made defiant and obscene gestures at the men of Battery "D".

Complaint was made to the officers and as he passed thru one day a group of men were detailed to stop him as he came back and bring him before the captain. He returned just after supper and as he rounded the curve into sight the cry of "Here he comes. Stop Him." arose from many throats. The men on guard before the orderly room quickly held a large door across the road and as he came to a stop he was surrounded by an angry crowd of soldiers.

The captain came to the steps and thru an interpreter inquired what he meant by such gestures. He admitted making faces at the men but denied meaning anything by it. The captain was telling him that the Americans would stand for no such foolishness when someone suggested ducking the German in the creek to cool him off. This suggestion meeting with the approval of the men standing around, the captain and the top kick obligingly found work for themselves in the orderly room.

Strong hands were gently but firmly laid on Mr. German Smarty and he was dismounted from his cycle and escorted to the creek. Of course he was unwilling to take a plunge but with half a dozen good men propelling him his decent was quite rapid. So rapid in fact that the men assisting in the ablutions fell into the water along with the Boche.

Dripping with water and covered to the waist with mud he climbed out on the bank and walked slowly towards his machine. Pale faced and speechless with anger he seemed unable to decide what to do until the boys gave him to understand he was to get out of town. Mounting his cycle with the utmost dignity possible under the circumstances he started towards Coblenz and just before he went around the turn in the road that would hide him from sight he made the same gesture of defiance.

Gillogly had his motorcycle warm and waiting so only a kick was necessary to start it and he was off down the road in pursuit, accompanied by Guy Maffet of Battery "C", in the side car. The pair caught up with Fritz in less than two miles but he refused to stop. Gillogly drove his cycle along side and crowded the German off the road into a cliff. Somersaults were in order and when Heinie came out of his daze Gillogly was shanking him and pointing to the seat in the side car that had been used by Maffet. The fall had taken all the fight out of the culprit and he meekly climbed into the basket and soon was speeding back to Kausen.

Gillogly's eyes snapped and his famous grin was never more in evidence than when he rode victoriously up to the Gasthaus steps with his prisoner. Rough hands pulled the German from the basket and the arrival of the Captain was all that saved the prisoner from general manhandling.

He was taken into the orderly room where he was courtmartialled and fined 100 marks. Upon being told he was at liberty to go he fell on his knees and said "I beeg of you Herr Captain, Go wiz me to my muzzer. Die soldats will keel me."

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